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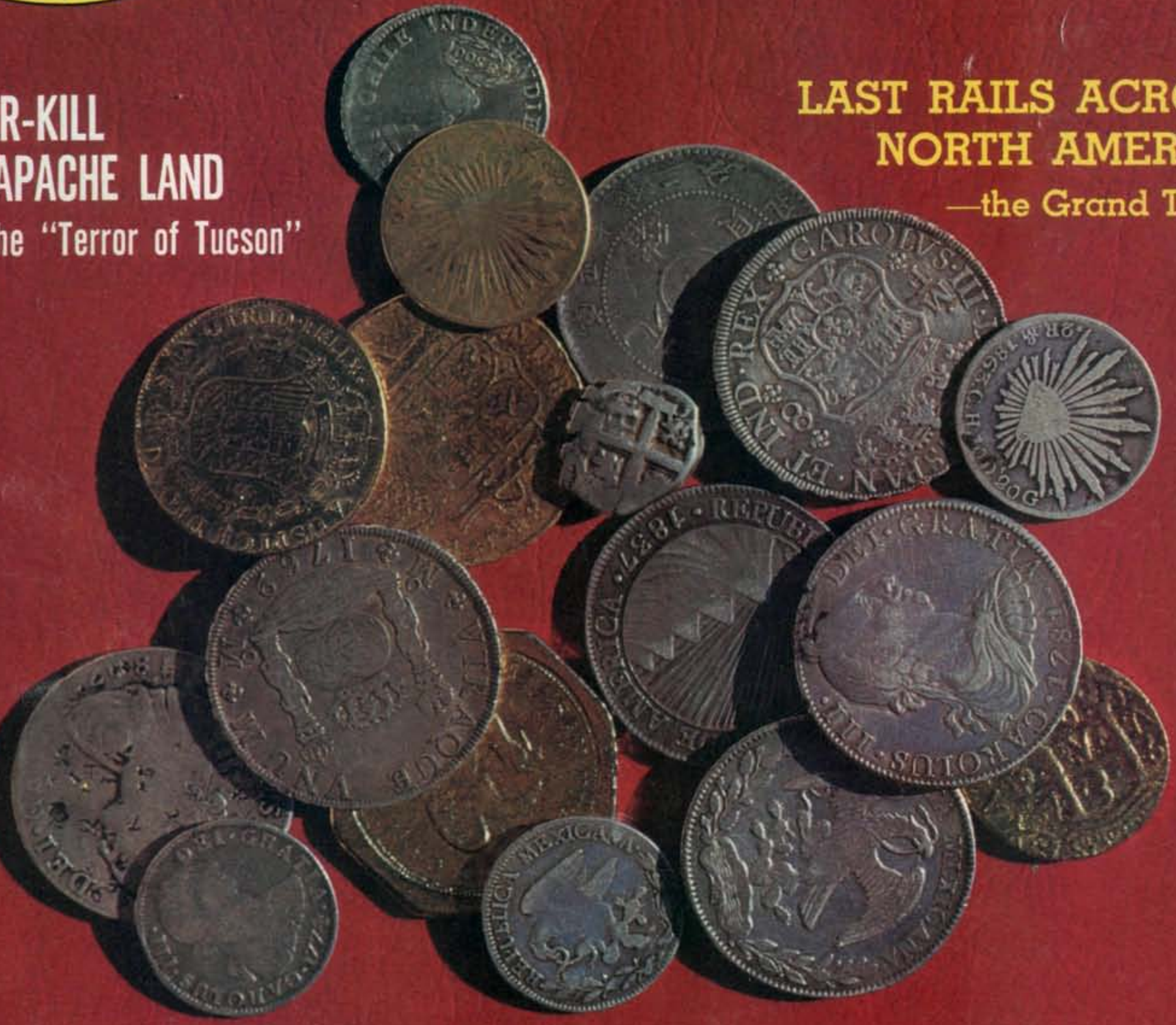

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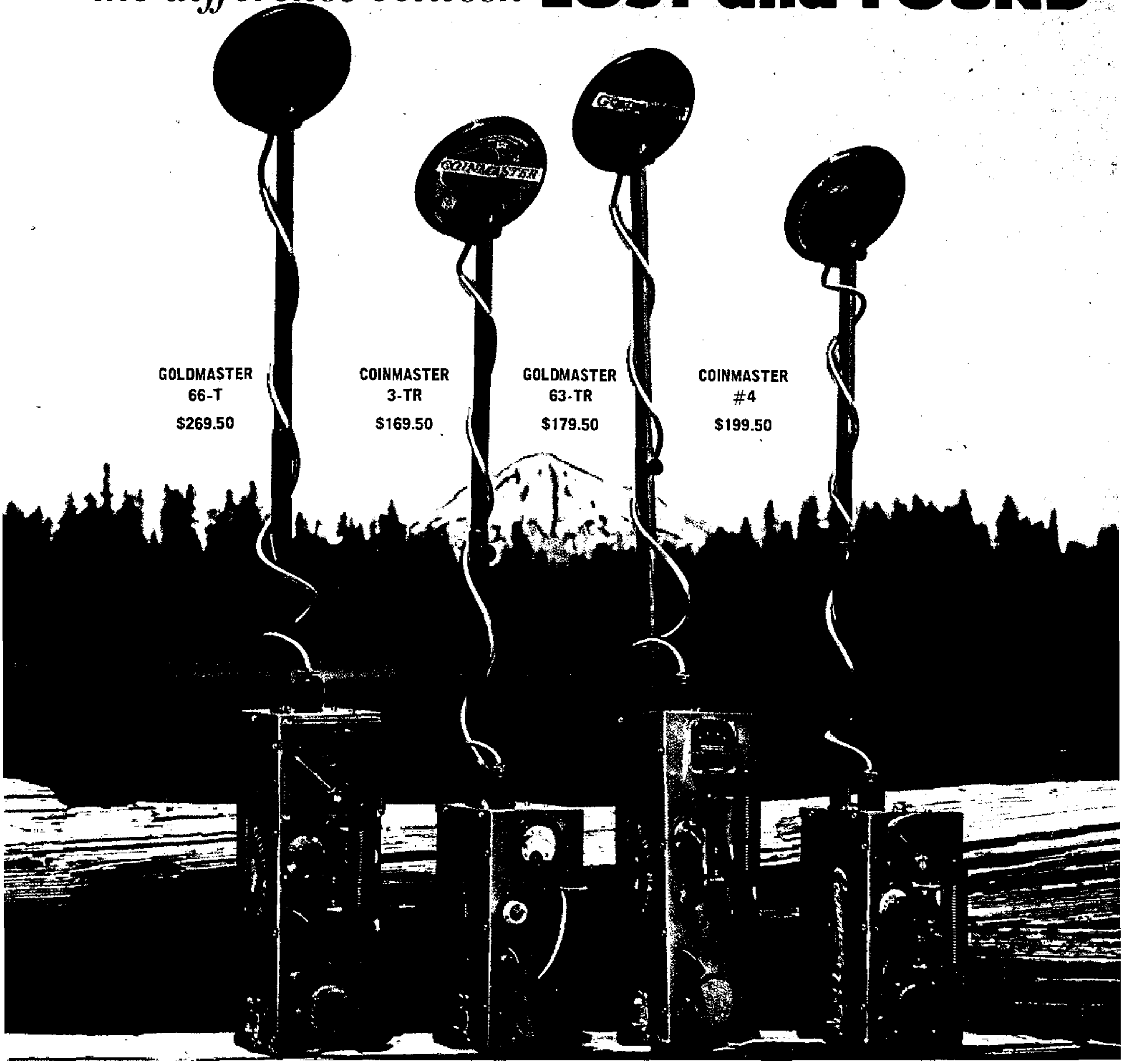

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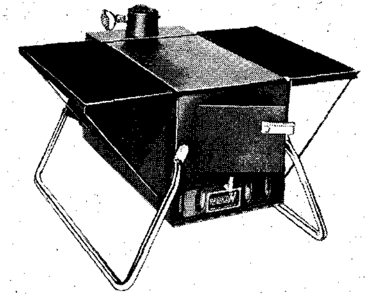

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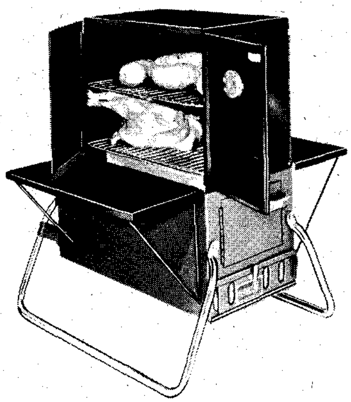

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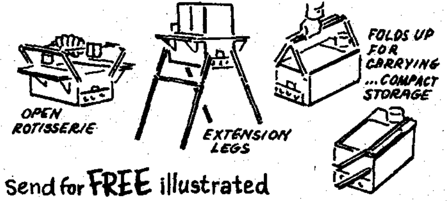
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A Joe Small Publication

June-July, 1971
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In This Issue—

FRONTIER POST 4
LAST RIG TO BATTLE MOUNTAIN . . . . . By Walt Wilhelm 6
MOTION PICTURES VIGNETTES—NEAL HART . . . . . By Robert S. Birchard 10
CLUES TO FRONTIER TREASURE . . . . . By Ford Green 12
OVER-KILL IN APACHE LAND . . . . . By Helga Danielsen 14
LAST RAILS ACROSS NORTH AMERICA . . By Harry Nicholl Starkey 20
A HUNDRED MILES OF LONELY RIVER . . . . . By Dick Waits 23
TOUGHEST SCHOOL IN THE COUNTY . . . . . By Will Harris 24
STARS OVER CHLORIDE . . . . . By Michael Jenkinson 28
"MY GOD, MY HERO, MY IDEAL" . . . . . By Thelma Kimmel 32
NUGGETS 34
LITTLE JO . . . . . By Roger Rickert 39
TRAILS GROWN DIM 40
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP . . . . . By The Old Bookaroos 72
TUMBLEWEEDS . . . . . By Tom K. Ryan 72

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FRONTIER POST

Dad Got a Locoed Horse

I read Walt Coburn's story in the January 1971 FRONTIER TIMES with a good bit of interest. I remember very well the loco weed in northeast Colorado when I was a boy. I was born at Brush, Colorado in 1906 and there was some open range in that country for the next eight to ten years.

I also remember a "weedy" horse Dad got in a horse trade or deal of some kind. How that bronc would go crazy at times with no warning! He'd spread his front feet and swing his head from side to side and anything that happened to be in the way got hit—hard. You couldn't halter or bridle him like any other horse; you just held it out and if he felt like it he would stick his head into it. He could have been hit on the head sometime also I guess. I can't recollect how they got rid of him, I reckon another horse trade, as I think that anything and everything went in a horse trade there in those days. Horse traders came through the country all the time and anyone who got the best of one of them sure had to know his horses.

I remember too how horses would get to eating sage sometimes in the winter. After eating too much of it they would eat nothing else and wouldn't drink either. They would get real thin and gaunt, start staggering and falling down and soon they would not get up. They'd raise their head and let it fall against the frozen ground and beat it raw. They'd soon die; never saw one cured after they got to that stage though they tried everything.

It's kinda hazy but I seem to remember from animal husbandry class in high school, or picked it up somewhere, that there was practically no weed or plant seed that would grow from sheep or chicken droppings. But sheep sure do carry in their wool every kind of weed and other seed that they come across. Am I right or wrong? Sure hope someone knows the answer—will gladly take a "chewing" to find out. I remember seeing in South Texas, many times, little mesquite trees growing from cow chips, also green mounds of Bermuda and Johnson grass. Anyhow, it was darn good and interesting story and done as Walt Coburn can do them, "Good."

"Riding To The Hounds," Winter 1970 OLD WEST, was also a good one. A brother-in-law of mine kept hounds for a number of years and I rode with him lots of times. He used a stripped-down, souped-up Model "T," just a seat, windshield and a box for the dogs and I tell you at times it was about as hard to stay in as on a saddle horse. The picture is of my brother-in-law, some of his hounds and the result of one chase.

The only coyote I ever shot was with a .22 Winchester and out of the window of a Plymouth coupe doing "miles per hour" over a buffalo grass prairie. A wild ride for sure. It's good to read about things a person remembers from everyday life way back then.—Ralph R. Miller, 712 West Jackson Street, Medford, Oregon 97501

Ralph Miller's brother-in-law with hounds and victim.

The Death of Fred Huffman

In the September 1970 FRONTIER TIMES you had a very interesting story on Temple Houston, Red Buck and Alfred Son. This incident took place one mile southwest of my father's (Frank Butler) homestead southwest of Taloga, Dewey County, Oklahoma.

The man killed was Fred Huffman, a squawman and the county treasurer. The outlaws thought that Huffman knew too much and was reporting to the U.S. marshal. Alfred Son was a victim of circumstances—he was simply going the same route that Red Buck and his friends were going. Son was returning his girlfriend, Minnie Shanholster, to Taloga from Lenora where she had been visiting school. Son was not an outlaw and had no occasion to kill anyone. He was a half-brother of Lee Moore, a big rancher, and the son-in-law of the famous Amos Chapman, also a big rancher, Indian scout and squawman.

My father was working on the road when he saw a man in a buggy and the men on horses go by but not close enough that he could identify them. He was called to testify but could be of no help. The only evidence they had against Son was the extra small sharpheeled bootprints found at the scene. However, Son knew that if he testified against Red Buck he would be killed. It would be better to take the rap than to be six feet under.

It was about three days before Huffman's body was discovered in a ravine near the road. It was never established whether he ran there to hide or if they led the horse in and then shot him and the horse. Jim Reaksecker was the first to discover the body and my father was the second one there. They found one bullet in the blood-stained sand where Huffman had been shot once after he was on the ground.

Temple Houston did make an excellent plea for Alfred Son which earned him a short sentence.—Harry J. Butler, Box 96, Taloga, Oklahoma 73667

California Pioneers

Everytime I have read one of your accounts of events and people that I knew of in my childhood—at the turn of the century— I promised myself I would write to tell you how very much I enjoyed every one, but I never seemed to get around to it.

My grandmother went to Texas in the 1850s from Missouri. She was Sarah Harris Prettiman Hall (maiden name Harris and married to Prettiman and later Hall). My father William French Hall, was born in Grapevine, Texas in 1857.

In the 1880s Grandmother moved to California with her children, after her third husband (Peggram) had died. They settled in West Ontario, California where two brothers and a sister and I were all born on an olive and prune ranch. I was born in 1898, the youngest of the four children. So you see I, too am a "Western pioneer."

I learned of your publications while visiting with my sister's family near

(Continued on page 44)

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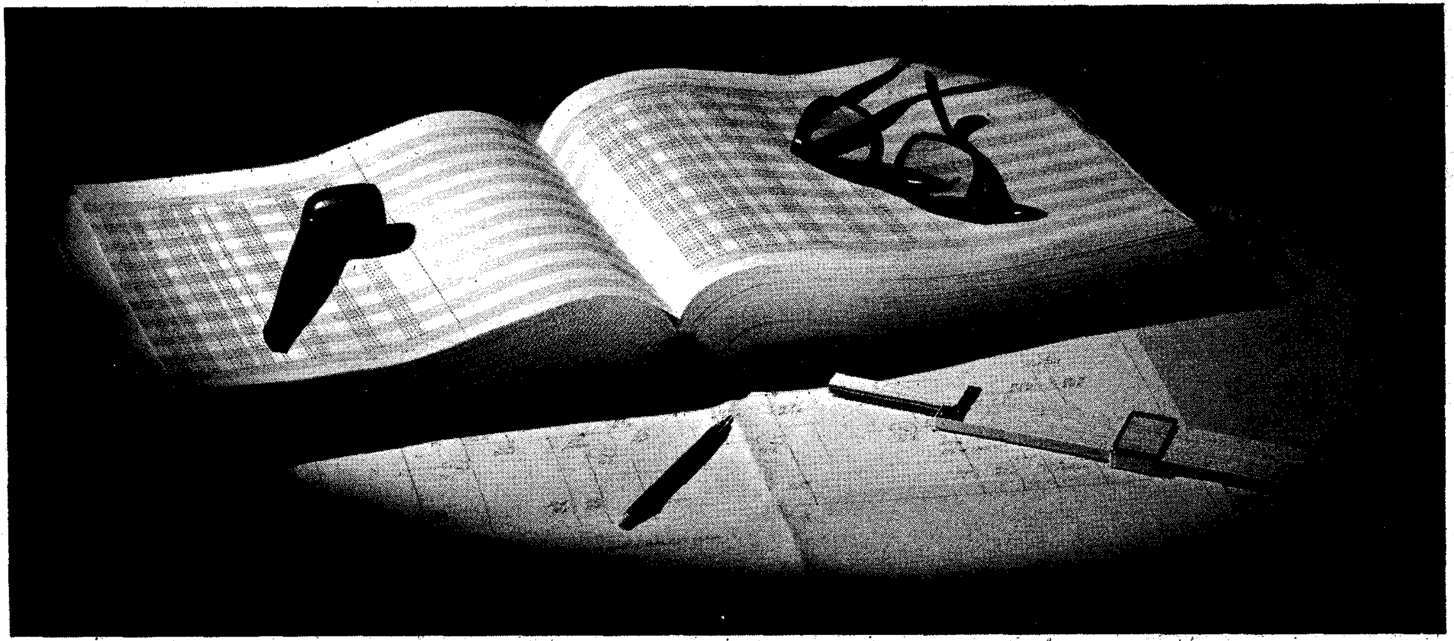

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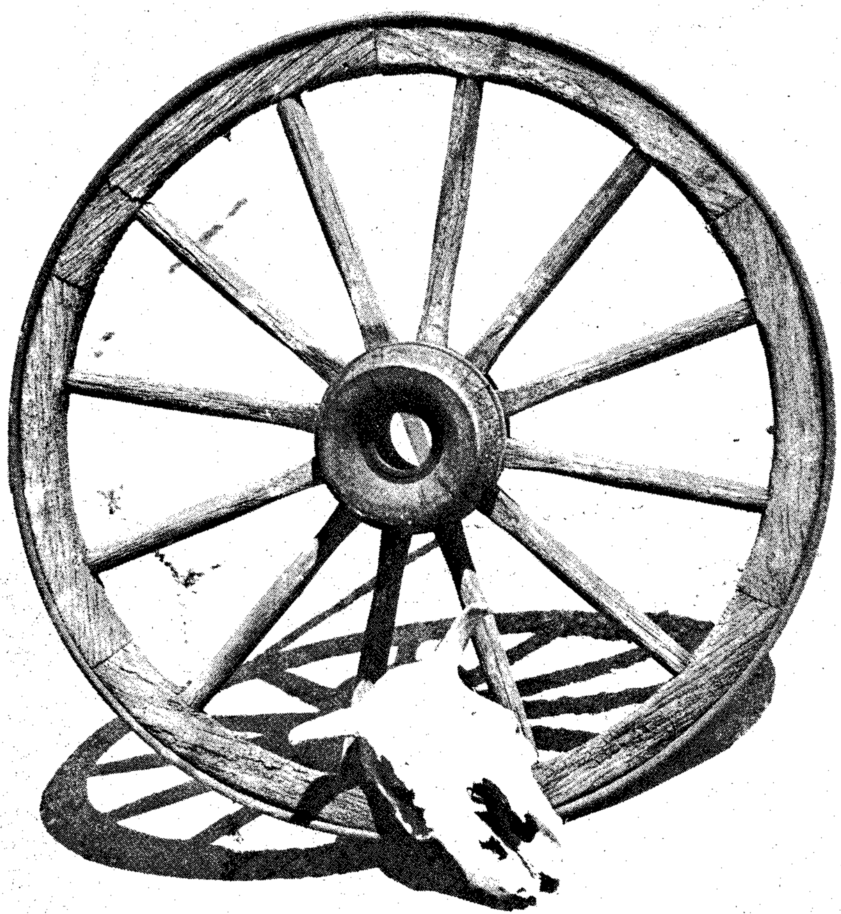


Photo by George E. Virgines

LAST RIG TO

By WALT WILHELM

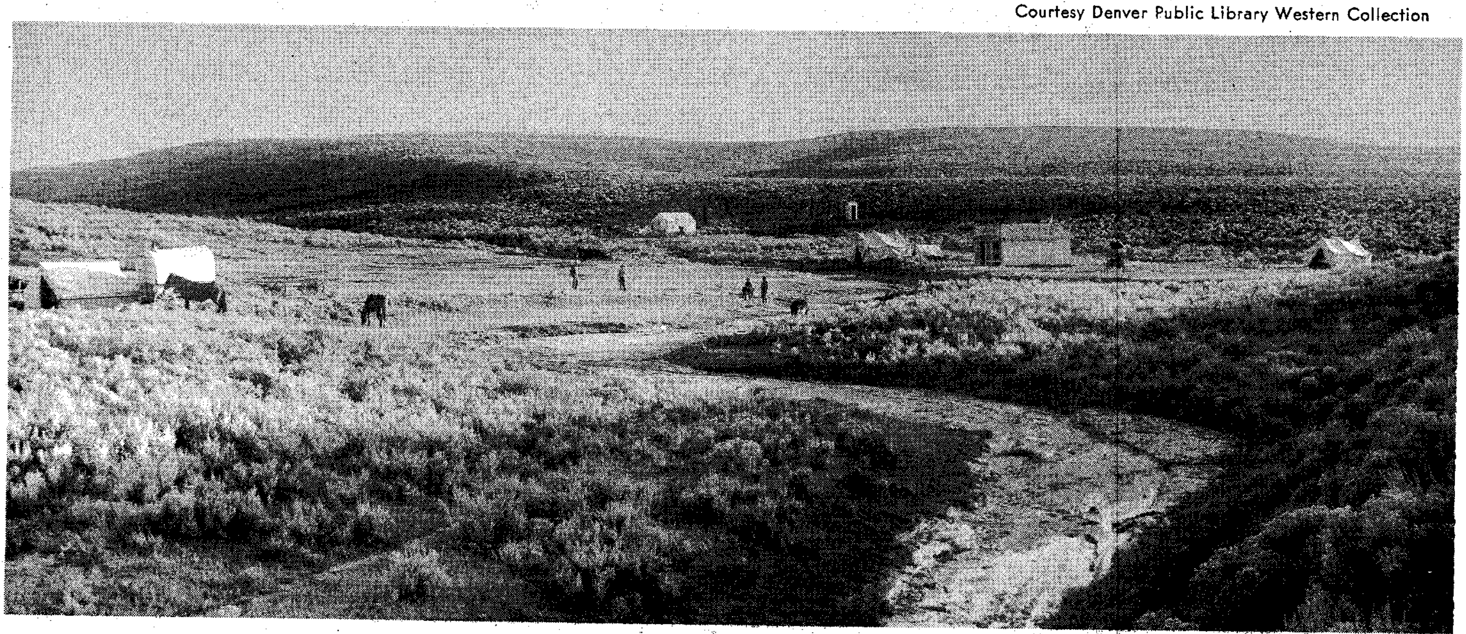
Condensed from **LAST RIG TO BATTLE MOUNTAIN** by Walt Wilhelm by permission of the publisher, William Morrow & Company, Inc. Copyright © 1970 by Walt Wilhelm.

IN EARLY JUNE 1900, the family headed north through Park County to Fairplay, Colorado, a small camp about twenty-five miles east of Leadville. We'd followed the South Platte River most of the way. From Fairplay to Breckenridge is a distance of about thirty miles. The family was five or six days making that jaunt, as they fought snowdrifts and rock slides most of the way. It rained most every day and the nights were freezing cold.

We crossed Hoosier Pass at more than eleven thousand feet and went into Summit County. All the high peaks were covered with snow and the drifts in the canyons were many, many feet deep. There are several mountains in the area that are more than fourteen thousand feet elevation. From Breckenridge we went west to Wolcott, then traveled north to Oak Creek in Routt County. Mountains and timber all the way. In most every canyon there were streams teeming with mountain trout. Sage grouse, deer and elk could be seen from the road. On one small stream where the family camped Sherman scooped up a six-inch trout when he dipped up a bucket of water.

A homestead colony on the Colorado plains about 1915.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection



BATTLE MOUNTAIN

In 1896, Sherman Wilhelm, with his wife Dora and three small children (including the author), left Trenton, Missouri, in a covered wagon and headed for the West in search of gold. The Wilhelm family traveled from 1896 until 1910, only rarely living in towns. They encountered prospectors, horse thieves and Indians, crossed eight Western states and started back again. They found skeletons, forded rivers, made their own roads, and lived in high mountains where the water bucket would freeze in June. They pushed over roads where the dust was a foot deep and water holes were forty miles apart. At one time, the family lived in the wilds of Idaho for eighteen months, without seeing a white woman. When they left Missouri, they were a family of five; in the wilderness four more children were born, all of them in different states. The family of nine then crossed the wildest part of Nevada and were the last family to take the Humboldt Trail by covered wagon to Battle Mountain where, in 1909, Sherman Wilhelm made one of Nevada's richest gold strikes.

The hills most of the trip were covered with prospect holes. Log and rock shacks by the hundreds were scattered along the way; some of them were occupied by prospectors, many were long abandoned but in good condition, all built in the seventies and eighties when the country was booming. Colorado was among the first of the states to be invaded by prospectors. It was the most settled of anywhere the family traveled. Even in the high country we didn't have to travel over ten or fifteen miles between camps where supplies could be had. We lived pretty well off the country, but weren't forced to like we were when we crossed Utah, Wyoming, Idaho and Nevada.

Due to stops made when Sherman prospected, we didn't arrive at Steamboat Springs until about the last of August. Hahns Peak, a small station about thirty miles north, was the country Sherman was headed for. The place was a good two days' drive from Steamboat Springs. We traveled up a big canyon a few miles east and rigged a good camp in a small meadow. A small stream ran by the camp. Wood and horse feed were plentiful. The elevation was around eight thousand feet and some of the high peaks were more than ten thousand.

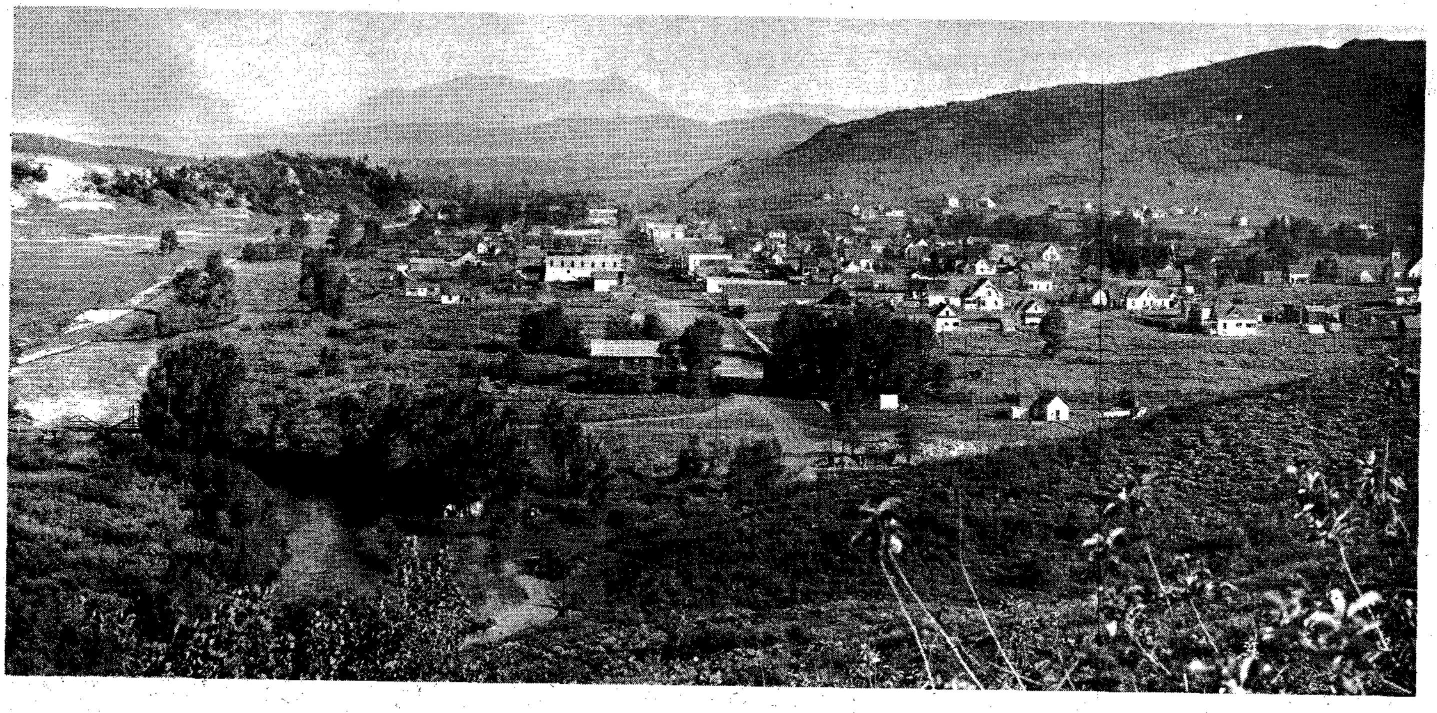
The place was a camper's paradise. Willows lined the creek banks, joint grass and mountain fern grew on the hillsides. The side hills were covered with timber and halfway up were stands of aspen. The white trunks and trembling leaves glistened like silver in the sunlight. The leaves had already turned a little yellow, like they do in late summer, and as you glanced in the distance the high peaks looked like they were trying to reach the sun.

In the evenings you could hear the continuous humming noise made by sage grouse as they set their wings for long glides from the ridges to the meadow below. Deer were seen every day browsing on the willows a hundred yards from camp. The country had been prospected all right, but nothing like it had in the southern part of the state.

Photo from the Book

Sherman and Dora Wilhelm, the author's parents, in Muscatine, Iowa about the time of their marriage in 1888.

ONE AFTERNOON three riders rode into camp. Sherman had seen them riding up the canyon from where he was prospecting on the side of the mountain. When he first spotted the riders he started working towards his camp. About fifty yards away he sat down by a big stump and kept watching. The strangers had ridden right into camp and were talking to Dora. Sherman yelled to Dora



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Steamboat Springs, Colorado about 1890.

and asked if everything was all right. Dora answered that it was and motioned for him to come in. He'd been watching every move of the men for some time, with his Winchester across his lap. If Dora had screamed, or been molested in any way there'd have been three dead men in the camp as sure as there's day and night.

There was a good reason for Sherman's actions. The Hahns Peak country was rough and untamed. It was only a few miles south of the Wyoming border. Robberies and horse stealing were common. Bad men stole horses and drove them into the rough, mountainous section of southern Wyoming. No one knows how many horses were stolen in that manner; no one knows how many lonely prospectors were killed in the raids. Another reason for Sherman being cautious at all times, which he was all his life, was from what he'd seen in his boyhood days. He grew up around Muscatine, Iowa. It was right after the Civil War, and for many years hoodlums and ruffians were knifing, shooting, and clubbing people to death for things they'd done during the war, and for the way they talked and felt about the war after it was over. The stories he used to tell about the murdering gangs along the Mississippi River and other places in the late sixties and seventies would make a decent man's blood curdle. People from the South who showed the least bit of sympathy for the North were waylaid and killed. People from the North who dared to mention what they'd done to the South were treated the same way. The bitterness caused by the war was long to be remembered. In some sections of the country it hasn't been forgotten to this time.

One of the riders was a miner who lived up in the hills; the others were cattlemen that the miner had gone after for help. The miner told Sherman where they were going and why. He told him how he'd ridden over to visit a prospector friend and found him missing. The friend lived about two miles up the canyon from where the family was camped. He said he'd arrived at his friend's cabin a little after noon. The cabin door was open but the friend wasn't anywhere around. When he went in the shack to look around he saw that his rifle was gone. He always kept the gun standing by his bunk. The stove was cold but when he looked in the fire box there was a chunk that showed a few sparks when he stirred it around. He went down to the creek and the man's horse was grazing in a small pasture that he'd enclosed with logs, some wire and rocks. He went back to the shack for another look.

Sherman and Dora Wilhelm relaxing at one of their diggings about 1912—probably in California or Arizona.

Photo from the Book

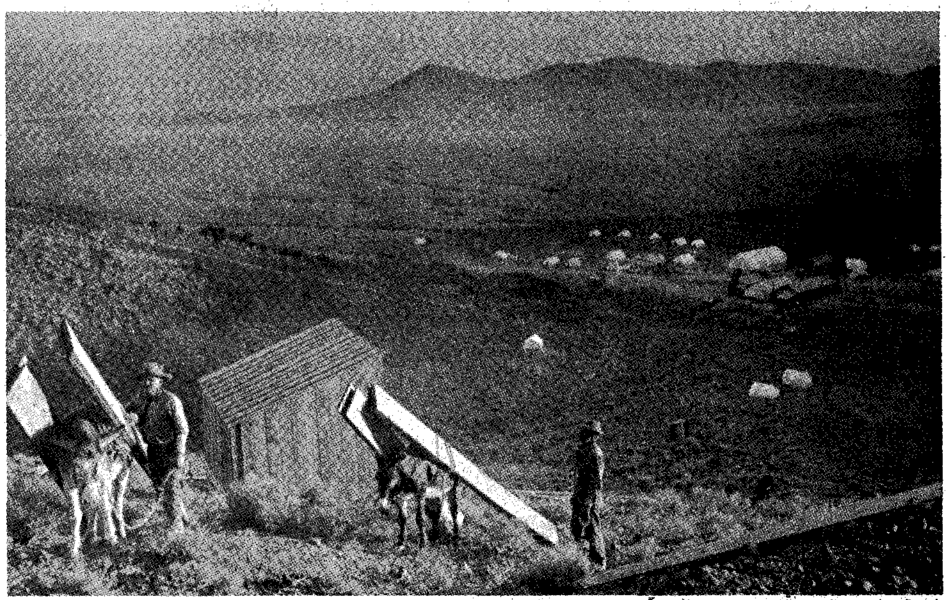


Photo from the Book

The Bannock boom camp near Battle Mountain, Nevada where Sherman Wilhelm went on to make his fabulous gold strike in August 1909. Miners are shown transporting planks from the camp to the strike. The camp, at the bottom of the mountain, is three days old in this photo. In the distance is the Reese River Valley looking east.

That time he found the water bucket was missing. He always kept the bucket back of the stove on a powder box. The miner went to have a look at the spring. It was located about twenty yards above the house and just beyond a small ridge. The missing man had cleaned the spring out when he first built his shack. He'd cribbed it with rocks and rigged a tight wooden cover that was hung on a couple of leather straps for hinges. When the miner got there the cover was raised and a full bucket of water was sitting on the trail. Now he was really puzzled. The rifle gone, the door open, a full bucket of water sitting on the trail. What got him was the cover on the spring left open. That was one thing the guy would never do, because the cover kept the bugs, leaves and dirt from drifting in. He felt then that something was wrong and he rode for help.

ON THE WAY down the canyon he saw our camp. He rode around the place because he figured the camp outfit could have had something to do with the disappearance of his friend. That's the reason the cattlemen came back with him that late in the day. They wanted to investigate the campers before they had a chance to leave. After they all talked for a while, they told Sherman why they stopped. Sherman also told them that he was suspicious when he saw them right in his camp. Then they started talking mining. . . . They all agreed on one thing: they'd go look for the missing man first thing the next day. Sherman was a close observer of just about everything. He had his own ideas of what could have happened to the missing man. But he didn't want to declare himself until he'd had a look at the cabin.

The next morning the four men rode to the shack. Each one of them looked all around the place, but talked little. Sherman walked up to the spring and stopped to look the country over. As he glanced across the canyon something told him to cross over and have a look. He looked down at the cabin. It was in a small clearing in the edge of the timber. The ground was steep enough that about three quarters of it was dug in the earth. The man had cribbed the sides and ends with rocks. For rafters he used logs of different lengths and let them extend out over the front. He'd nailed slabs over the rafters and shingled the whole thing with tin cans that he'd cut and hammered flat. Most of the roof was covered with dirt and rocks. Grass and weeds grew all over it. If you'd have looked at it from the rear you wouldn't have known there was a cabin under the mound. And the long overhang of the rafters made a good-sized porch roof.

The only light in the shack was a small window in the rough plank door. There was a table, cook stove and bunk. The bunk was made from small, springy poles, with sacks full of grass and leaves for a mattress. For chairs the man used a water keg and blasting powder boxes. Some of the boxes were secured to the walls for shelves and cupboards. The dirt floor was hard and clean as an adobe brick. It was a real cozy shack for a mountain man. When the guy wasn't working his claims, he did some trapping. He cut cordwood and telephone poles. He went to Steamboat and took odd jobs in the winter months, moving back to his cabin in the spring. Big timber and small poles were dense in the canyon above the cabin. Willows along the creek were thick and hard to break through.

The bottom of the canyon, both sides in the shade of the big trees, was blanketed with mountain ferns. Moss on the rocks, long grass and reeds as green as the pine boughs, grew everywhere. The steep hillsides across from the cabin was a mass of down timber and aspen thickets. The aspens were bent and twisted by the heavy snow that held them down during the long winter

(Continued on page 48)

Walt, Eva, and Hazel Wilhelm on the steps of their shack in Guffey, Colorado in 1890. Ahead of them lay many adventures, as well as four more brothers and sisters.

Photo from the Book

Motion Pictures Vignettes

By ROBERT S. BIRCHARD ©

Photos Courtesy Author

Sixth in a Series

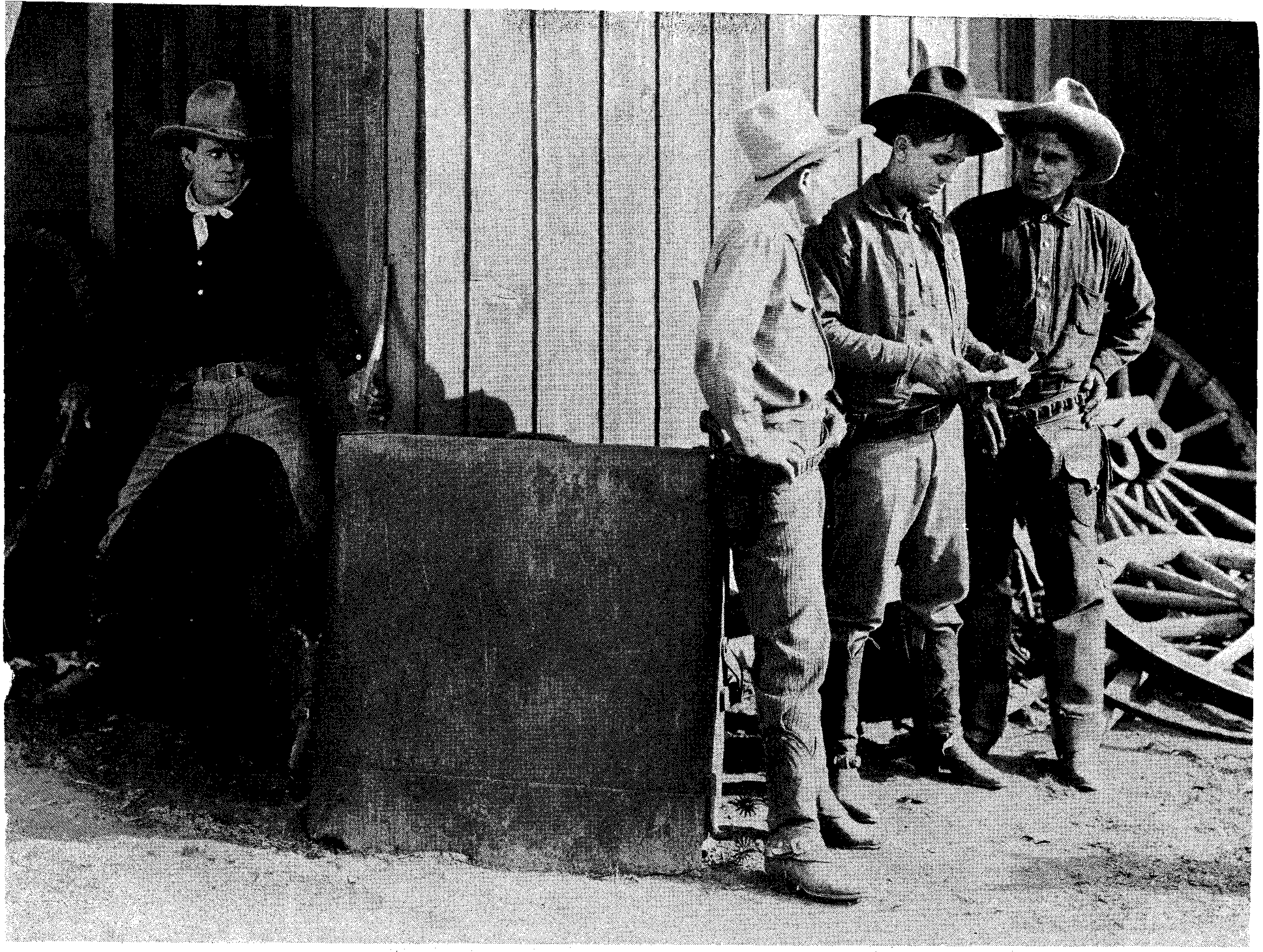
America's Pal—Neal Hart

MUCH has been written about William S. Hart, one of the first and some think the greatest of the Western movie stars. Bill Hart had spent his childhood in the Dakotas, and so he knew the West—but he left the wilds of the Indian country for the wilds of the Broadway stage. He turned exclusively to Westerns only after he entered pictures in 1914. Little is known, however, about William S. Hart's cousin, Neal Hart.

Like his cousin Bill, Neal was born in the East—at Richmond, New York. After graduating from Bucknell University at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, he came West. His middle years are obscure, though his later publicity credits him with "breaking up a band of rustlers who had terrorized the country around Wyoming." It is known that he did ride with the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch Show in the 1907-1908 season.

As with many cowboys who had experience in Wild West shows, Hart had no trouble finding work in Hollywood. Producers knew that these men could handle the difficult stunts which were the staple of early movies. LIBERTY, A DAUGHTER OF THE U.S.A., a Universal serial of 1916, was one of Neal's first credited screen appearances, and over the next several years he appeared in numerous pictures, finally starring in his own "Circle H" productions for the Arrow Film Corporation in 1919.

Billed as "America's Pal," Neal Hart rode through several series of Western features for such producers as Capital, Pinnacle, William Steiner Productions, and again with Universal. His publicity

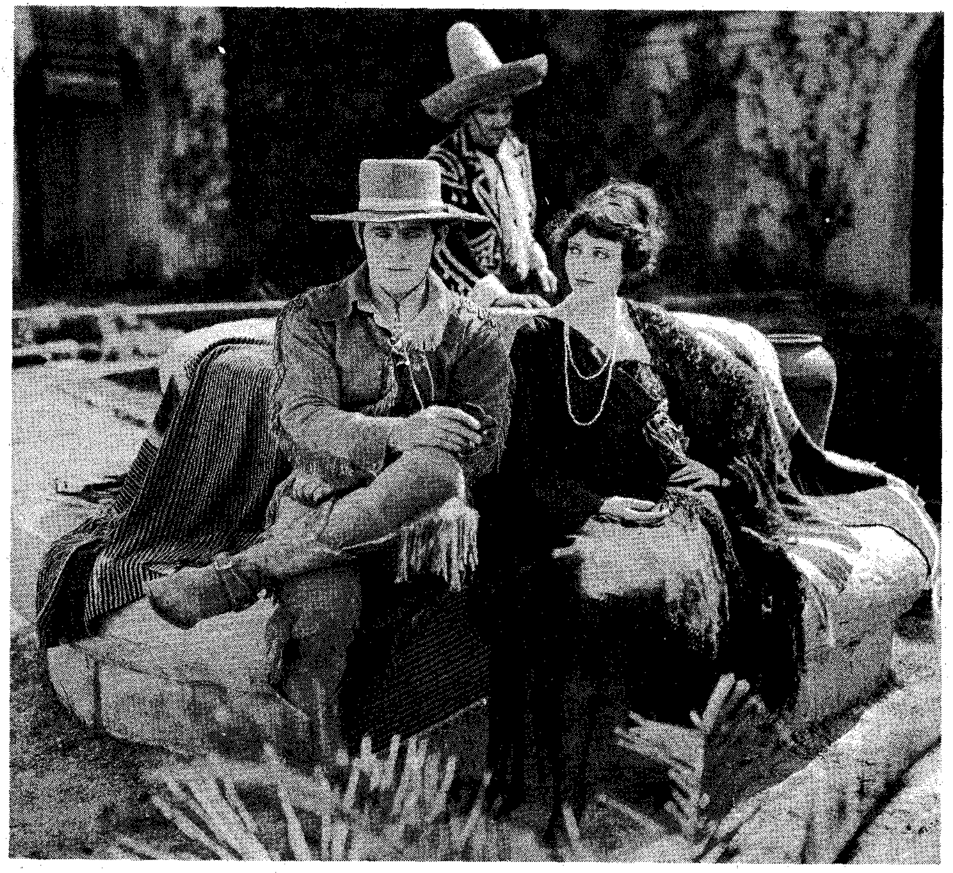


Despite protests of a sheriff, an Indian, and other assorted characters, Neal Hart with fire in his eyes still manages to throttle the bad guy at left in this William Steiner production. Neal overhears a plot being hatched above by Chet Ryan (left), an unidentified cowboy, and Pedro Leone in another Steiner film of 1922 or '23. Below are Neal, Joe Rickson, and an unidentified leading lady.

made much of his educational background: "Hart has an advantage over most motion picture screen stars in that he had had a thorough college training before taking up his life in the West," and it was perhaps because of this background that Hart was allowed to write and direct most of his own pictures.

His films were competent enough, production-wise they were superior to the bulk of Westerns of the time—but Neal, perhaps because he did direct his own pictures, did nothing to develop his screen personality; he could not be distinguished from Jack Hoxie, Joe Ryan, Jack Perrin, or any number of other Western stars. Too, Hart's pictures (typical titles were WHEN THE DESERT SMILED, TABLE-TOP RANCH, SQUARIN' IT, and THE SECRET OF THE PUEBLOS) lacked the speed and action of the best Fox and FBO (Film Booking Offices) Westerns—they simply could not compete for the vicarious

(Continued on page 52)



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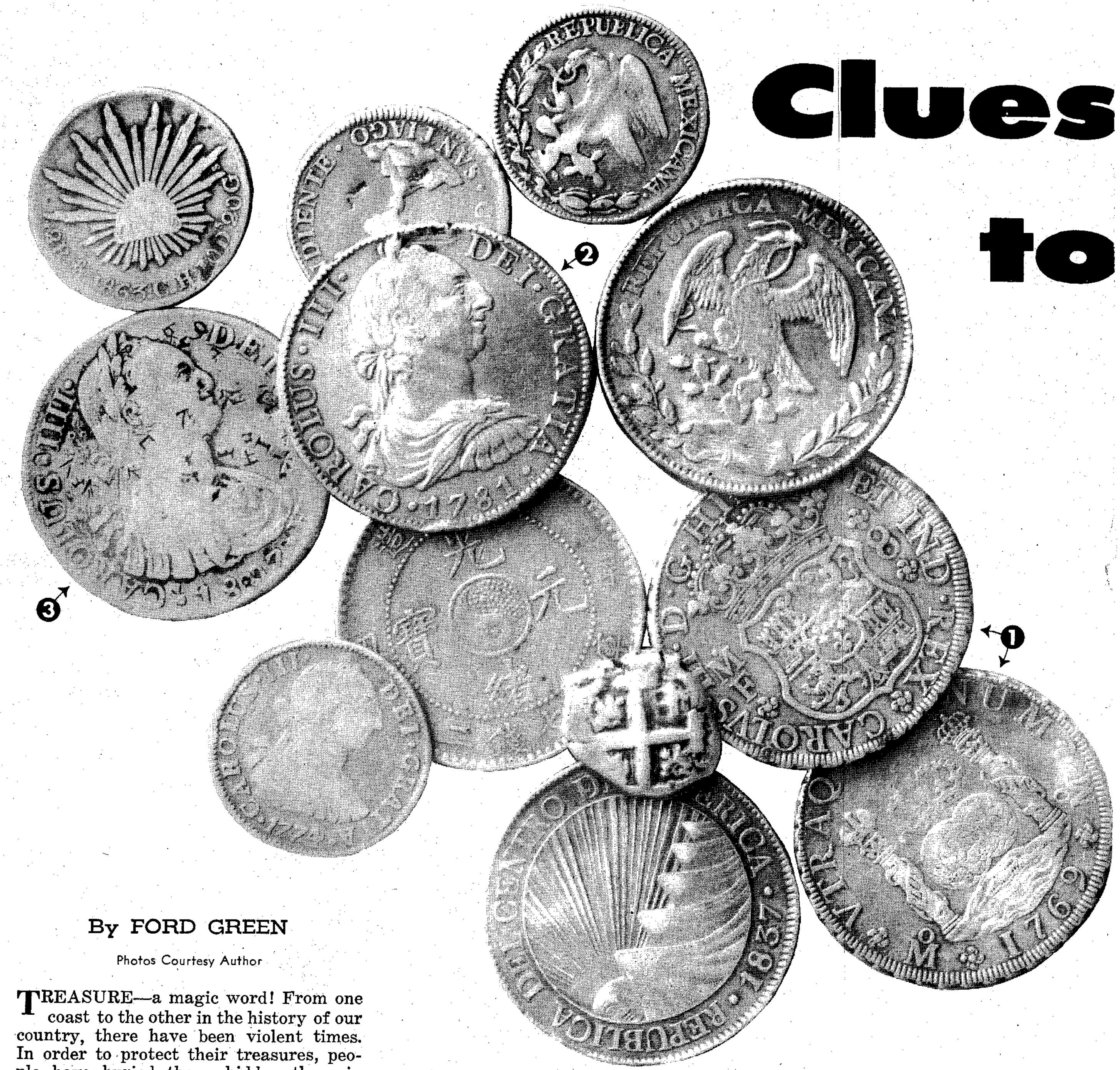


Silver coins that were circulated in our frontier days included (1) Pillar dollars (both sides shown), which established the Spanish silver as a standard of the world for 150 years, and (2) the 8 Real piece, which weighs exactly the same as the U.S. silver dollar and was the basis for our monetary system. A Chinaman's signature is called his "chop." Coin numbered (3) circulated in the Orient and each merchant put his chop on it.

By FORD GREEN

Photos Courtesy Author

TREASURE—a magic word! From one coast to the other in the history of our country, there have been violent times. In order to protect their treasures, people have buried them, hidden them in parts of buildings, or sunk them in wells, rivers, and cisterns. People have lost coins; hidden them and died; or even have forgotten them. Today's metal detectors have opened up a wide field of hunting for these coins, and lost valuables of all kinds.

When we find a coin, is it a clue to a Spanish treasure or did some cowboy have a hole in his pocket? Maybe a wagontrain was ambushed and Indians scattered the coins—or did the padres hide a hoard near their mission?

The type of coin found will give an indication of the probable kind of treasure, or reveal the story behind that coin if one has a knowledge of the coinage and the times it circulated. A trained archaeologist can write a whole story of an old mission just from a few potsherds, discarded pieces of iron, or a few bones from a cooking midden. A treasure hunter who will think and study can do the same thing.

Sunken ships are identified by a few artifacts and a mere handful of coins found among the ballast from the belongings of the crew. The story of the ship is unfolded even though it has been lost for hundreds of years.

Stray coins found on a ranch in our West will tell the story of the ranch if the time and circulation of the different coins are known. Also, fact from fancy can be screened by the knowledge of the circulation and existence of coinage. As an example—a purported treasure of U.S. $20 gold pieces pre-dating 1850 would be impossible, for they did not exist.

Gold coins never existed at a Spanish mission. A large treasure of Spanish coins supposedly lost before 1800 in our West should be carefully examined, for in all likelihood they came out of a quart bottle around a campfire and never existed in the solid state. Such treasures transported over the Chihuahua Trail

FRONTIER TREASURE

If a hunter knows for sure what he's looking for, he can usually figure out where it's likely to be—especially money

and other main trails were always convoyed by enough force that practically none was ever captured.

The face value of the coin of an alleged treasure should always be scrutinized closely, for fancy runs away from fact and talkers do not always know the realm of possibility. A MILLION DOLLARS!! That is a term used over and over. But was the treasure in silver? In gold? Could a man or a horse carry it? If we were looking for it, we should ask ourselves how large would it be? Could it have been hidden where we are looking? Were the people in condition to have carried it here? Would they have been able to have hidden it if under attack?

A treasure of a million dollars face value weighs approximately 58,960 avdp. pounds according to the weights of the United States Mint. That is, if it were in silver dollars or a like mintage. If gold, it would weigh 3,687.39 avdp. pounds for a face value of United States gold mintage. This sort of limits the fortune that can be carried in a saddle bag, or on a burro!

There is a tale of several miners who accumulated quite a treasure at a mine under threat from bandits on the trip out. They fired up the furnace, melted their bars, and then got an immense cast-iron wash pot which they ran full, as a mold for ingots weighing close to a thousand pounds each. They rolled the finished product downhill to a heavy wagon. When they were held up later by bandits, they just said: "There it is, boys. Help yourself." The horseback bandits were out of luck. This same trick was done with gold very commonly since a single cubic foot of gold weighs about 1,300 avdp. pounds. The saddle bag might be big enough to contain half a cubic foot of gold, but 650 pounds would sure load one side of a horse.

To understand our own money it is necessary to understand the supply of the world's monetary metal. From the discovery of America until the various revolutions in Spanish America in 1810 to 1824, Spain controlled about 90 per cent of the new monetary metal from which coinage was made. The one exception was a fairly large-scale gold placer mining operation which began in Brazil in 1693.

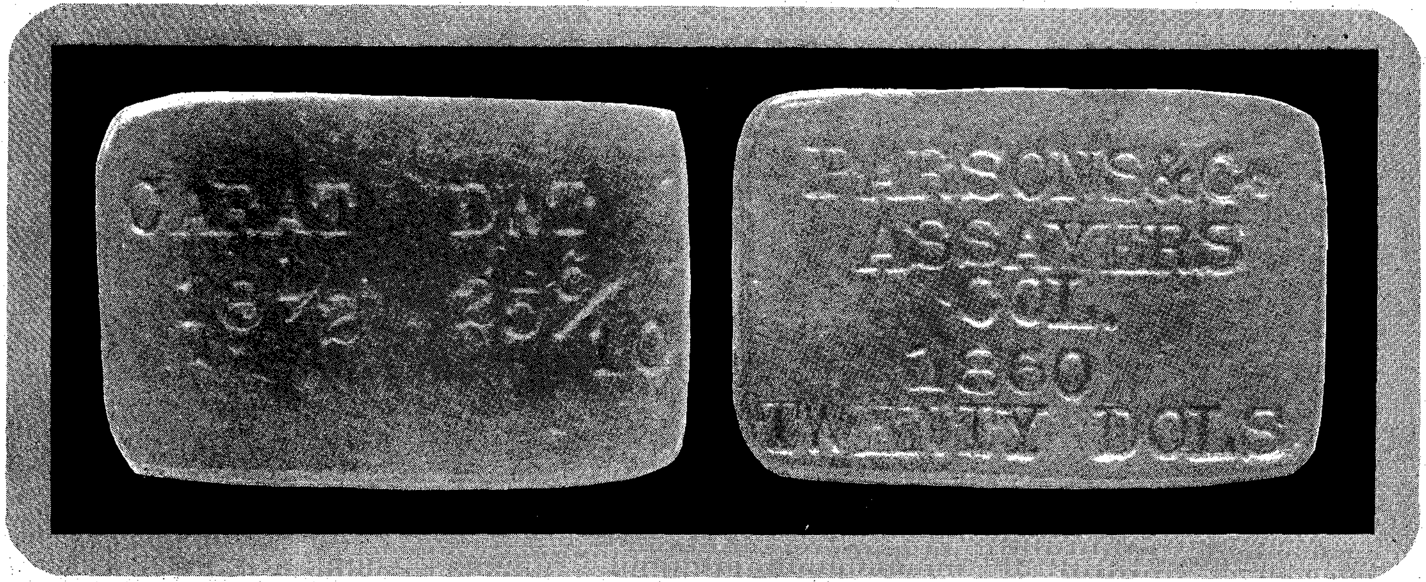
The silver mines of Mexico and South America were the largest source of monetary silver until the immense strike of the Comstock Lode in 1858, along with other big strikes of gold and silver in our West. There was small gold from Russia, and the only other big strike was placer gold in Australia in 1852, and South Africa some years later.

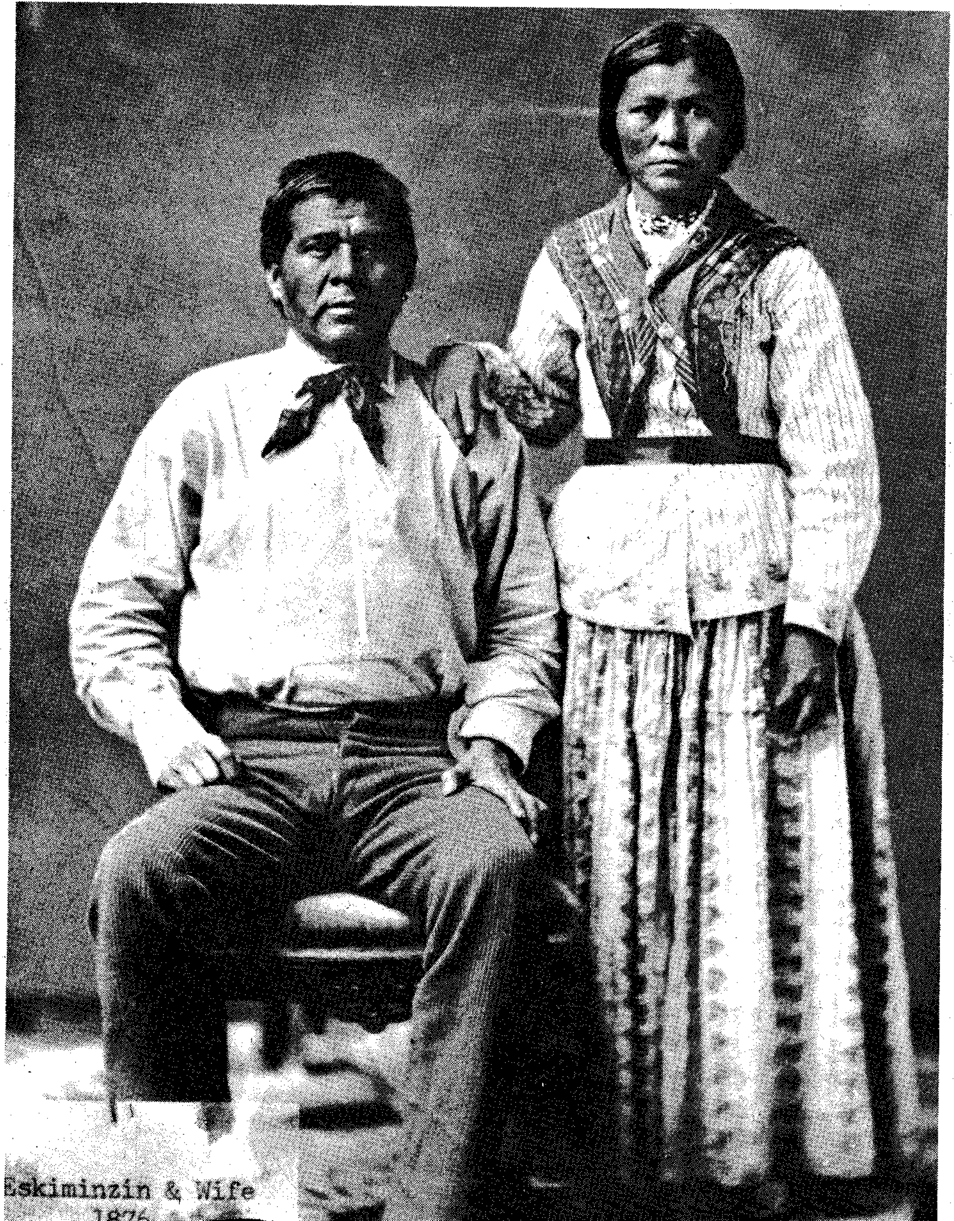
Spanish gold has been over-romanticized. Of all the precious metal exported from the New World, from the conquest of Mexico in 1521 until the 1810 revolution, including all the loot of the Incas as well as Montezuma's treasury, only five per cent of the total value was gold. The rest was immense and incredible masses of silver.

Spanish coins became the standard of the world for nearly 300 years. Other

(Continued on page 46)

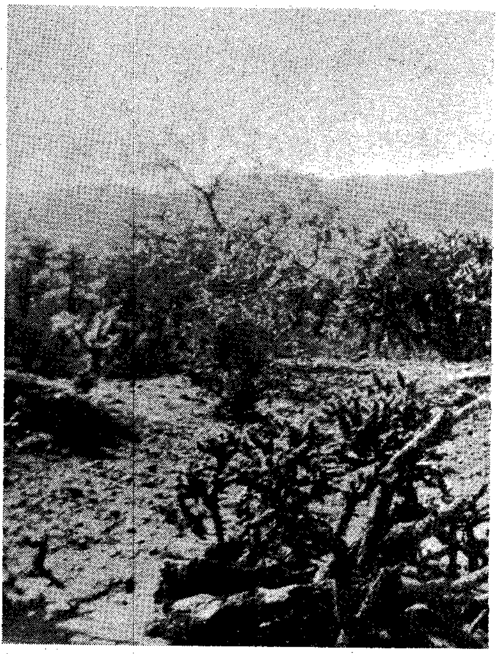
Assayer's provisional $20 gold piece.





Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Eskiminzin and his wife, 1876.



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Site of the Camp Grant massacre northeast of Tucson shown in 1955. Today the location is bisected by State Highway 77.

OVER-KILL

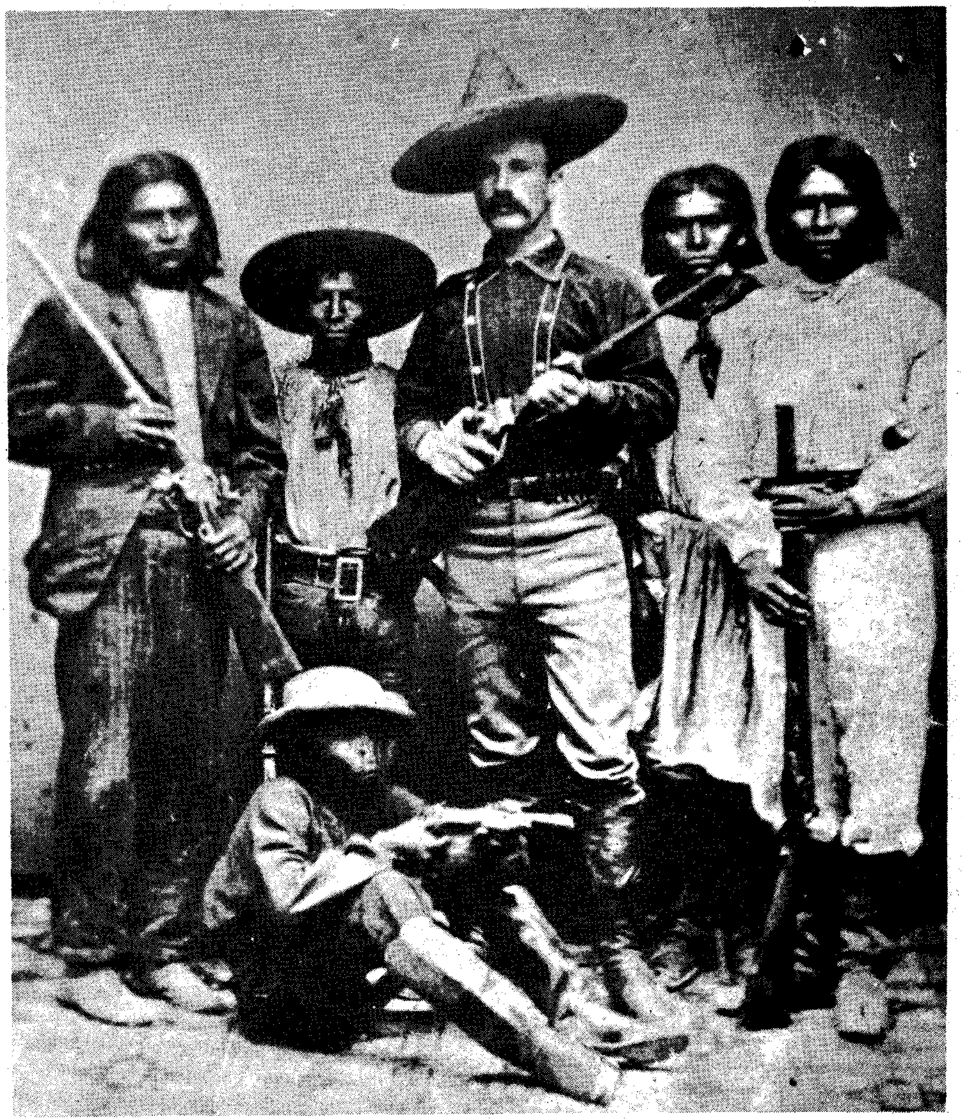
By HELGA DANIELSEN

Photos Courtesy Author

ONE early morning in March 1871 Lieutenant Royal S. Whitman, the commanding officer at Camp Grant, Arizona, stood at the entrance to the army post thoughtfully watching the approach of a ragged band of Arivaipa Apaches.

Bright sunshine and brilliantly blue skies spread over the spring desert. A covey of Gambel quail stepped briskly across the desert floor. Pallid cholla cactus glistened against the early sun. They and the Apaches were alike, Whitman thought, the one bristled with brutal spines, the other with cruelty. Overhead several heavy-bodied, scrawny-headed rapacious buzzards hovered hopefully. Watching them, the Lieutenant hoped they were not an omen.

Indian Agent John P. Clum and his Apache bodyguards from San Carlos Agency.



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

The chief of the Arivaipa, Eskiminzin, had come into camp earlier to petition for a peace treaty. Lieutenant Whitman did not have the authority to grant this but suggested, instead, the Arivaipa surrender their arms and become prisoners of war. He could then provide them a camping site under Camp Grant's protection and supply them with food and blankets.

What, Whitman wondered, was he letting himself in for? He consoled himself the Arivaipa were surely the least pugnacious of the Apaches. Lately they had led a miserable existence, wandering like nomads over the Pinal mountain range, the Gila River area and the Arivaipa Canyon. Now they were destitute. Their farming valleys had been appropriated by settlers, prospectors claimed the mountains and possessed themselves of the game, and the United States Government spent millions of dollars annually to exterminate them. Whitman, like many other army officers and Indian commissioners, believed Congress could get peace more quickly by feeding and clothing the Apaches than by the current policy of pursuit and extermination.

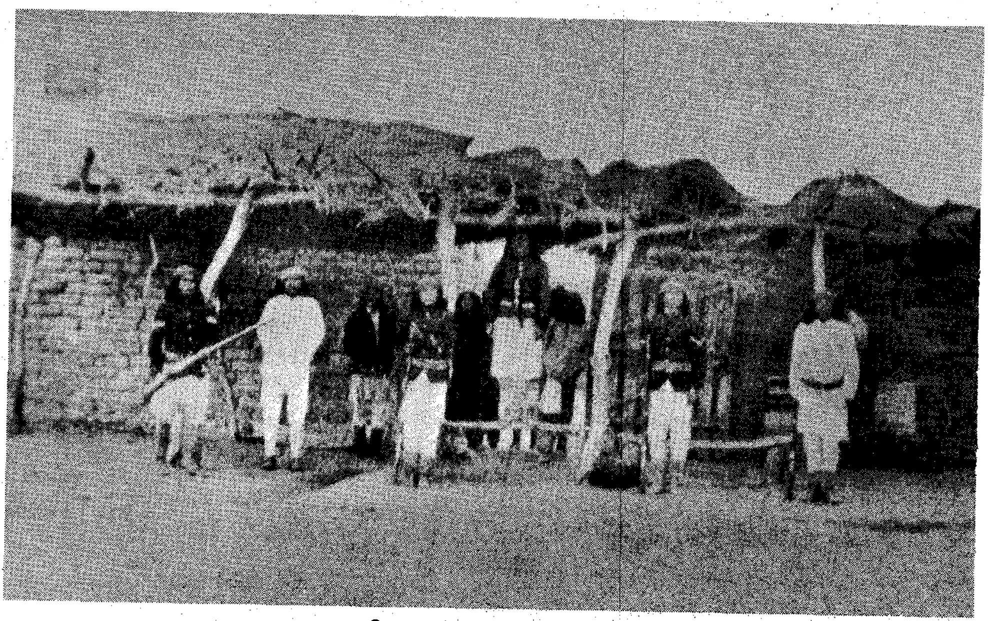
Surely, he thought, as he watched the band of some 150 Indians approach, Eski-

IN APACHE LAND

When the "Terror of Tucson" put away his lance —and whether his motive was noble or merely self-serving —he never took it up again

minzin had not exaggerated their wretchedness. The chief, in spite of his bedraggled appearance, was a magnificent figure of a man. He had an intelligent, alert appearance, but a look also, of impassiveness in his face. There was little here, Whitman reflected, to indicate the legendary strength, endurance and viciousness of the Apache. There was nothing at all to justify the traditional Apache regard of himself as a superior being.

Only a few warriors carried rifles; the remainder were equipped with bow and arrows, war clubs or lances. Warriors carried the ill and the weak in litters. The squaws plodded doggedly under their loads, silent as the surrounding desert. Many of the younger ones were bent forward, too weak, obviously, for the weight of the cradle boards on their backs. None of the group was mounted; many were even without moccasins and arrived with their feet bloodied from desert stones and cactus needles. The Indians' garments were so tattered they wouldn't have made good rags. Worst of all, Lieutenant Whitman thought, were the scuffling-gaited, too wide-eyed children. They looked as though they were in an advanced stage of starvation.



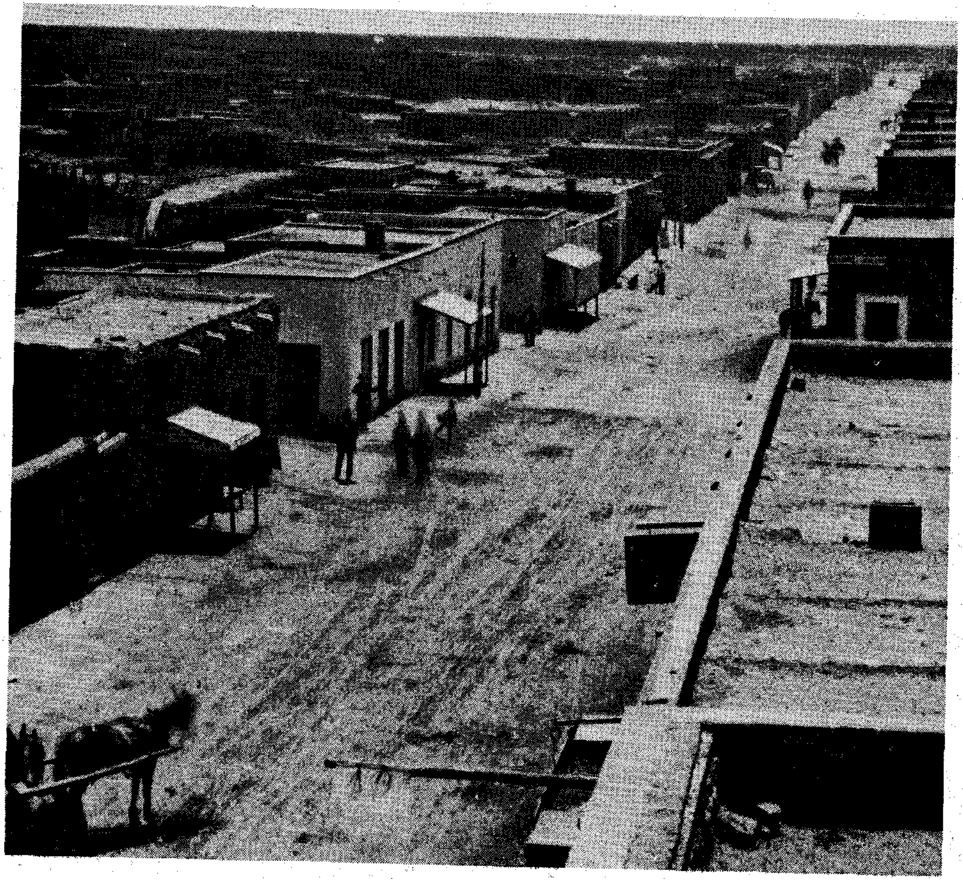
Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Apache scouts and guardhouse at San Carlos Agency in the early 1880s.

Approaching the sanctuary of Camp Grant, Eskiminzin, too, was busy with his thoughts as Whitman had been. He was genuinely concerned for the welfare of his tribe and foresaw the only chance for survival open to them was a life of farming under the protection of troops. Further hostilities, he realized, against either the whites, the Tontos or the Chiricahua Apaches was pointless. Even the exhilarating raids on Sonora held no real future for his people. Thus far he had kept his band segregated from the whites and from the resulting dissolution and disease such contact had brought other bands. Well, there would be nothing like that to fear at Camp Grant. There would be a life of peace and industry.

Tucson, Arizona in the late 1870s.

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society



THE ARIVAIPI settled into Camp Grant appreciatively. Lieutenant Whitman issued blankets and food and gave them a camping site in Arivaipa Canyon two miles from the army post. Here, he promised them, they would be under the protection of the United States troops and could sleep safely in their quarters.

Order and industry prevailed in the Indian camp. Shelters were built; fields were prepared for corn, beans, pumpkins, squash and melons. Meat was stripped and hung in the sun to dry; there were fields to irrigate, baskets to weave, and wood and water to carry. The Arivaipa were proudly improving their lot. More of the band came to Camp Grant until 500 were living there.

Lieutenant Whitman wrote his superior officer in Tucson that he was highly gratified with the Arivaipa. He was impressed with the industry of the women and the reliability of the men. They kept their given word and did not resort to theft.

The post trader, F. L. Austin, stated, "The Indians while here seemed to be under perfect control and in all my business with them . . . never had any trouble or difficulty of any kind. They very readily learned any little customs of trade etc."

Miles L. Wood, the beef contractor at the post, testified, "I was much surprised at the general intelligence and good behavior of those I saw at this post."

William Kness, reputedly not given to admiration of the Apaches, remarked, "I was convinced that they were acting in good faith and earnestly desired peace. They were industrious, the women particularly so."

Still witnessing for the Arivaipa, the Indian Commissioner's report said, " . . . statements that the Indians left the reservation and went on raiding parties is denied by every officer and citizen at the post."

The report continued, "The Apache possessed those qualities which rendered them capable of a steady development and which within a comparatively few years would have made them self-supporting and self-respecting citizens—*if they had been given a fair chance. . . .*"

But the system and industry of the Arivaipa at Camp Grant was not the order of the day among all the Apache tribes. The repercussions of one Apache attack brought upon Lieutenant Whitman's Arivaipa a disaster so terrible its viciousness has seldom been equaled.

Cochise and his famed raiders were on the prowl in southern Arizona Territory; Tontos, Coyoteros and Pinals still stalked the hills aggressively. But somehow Eskiminzin and his Arivaipa became the scapegoat and whipping boy for every depredation committed in the Tucson area. When a rancher named Wooster and his wife were found murdered and lying in a pool of blood outside their ranch home on the Santa Cruz, the Arivaipa were blamed.

An avenging posse was organized in Tucson, six of the town's leading citizens being its leaders. Indian agent, John P. Clum, later wrote of this posse: "Doubtless the dominating spirit of the attacking party was W. S. Oury. . . ." Mr. Clum further stated the attacking party consisted of ninety-two Papagoes, forty-eight Mexicans and six Americans; that arms, ammunition and rations were furnished to this party by the Adjutant General of the Territory, and that a guard was stationed at Canyon del Oro to intercept couriers on their way to warn the commanding officer at old Camp Grant of the impending attack.

The 150-member group left Tucson secretly and arrived at the Arivaipa *rancheria* on Sunday morning, April 30, 1871 in the thin first light of day. Two Arivaipa were posted as guard; a squaw and buck were huddled near a small campfire playing cards in its wavering light. Lulled by Lieutenant Whitman's assurance of their safety, they were not keeping their usual vigilance. Two Papagoes (traditional enemies of the Apaches) slipped quietly up behind them and clubbed them to death before they could give warning to the sleeping camp.

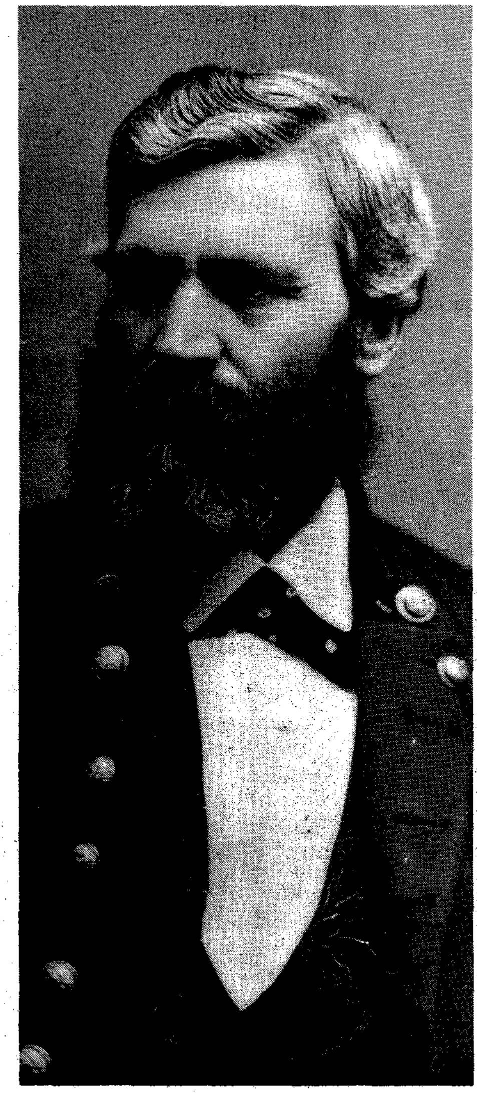
Two early-bird Arivaipa came from their wickiups with water jars and set out for the river. They were dispatched as hastily as the guards had been. Then the attack was on, and it soon became a massacre. Neither weapons nor warriors were in the Arivaipa camp. Women and children were shot or clubbed to death, their remains brutally mutilated by the vengeful posse.

When screams of the terrified, defenseless squaws awakened Eskiminzin, an incredible scene of carnage met his eyes. Wounded, dazed and dying Indians were strewn all about. Realizing there was nothing with which to fight back, the chief called to his band to save themselves by flight.

As Eskiminzin ran for the hills he saw several of the attackers pursuing and rounding up children who were screaming from terror and from pain. This, he realized, was the worst of all. These children, even the badly wounded

Chief Cassadora, a Coyotero Apache leader, and wife number three in 1886. Below, General O. O. Howard.

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

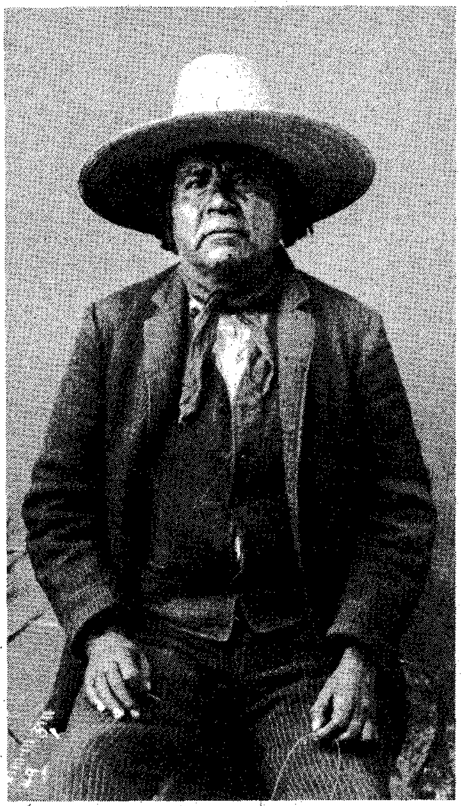
ones, would be taken away by the attackers and sold into slavery.

The Indian Commissioner's report on this terrible aspect of the Camp Grant attack said, ". . . they were captured while their parents were being killed. It is reported that the majority of them have been carried over into Sonora by the Papagoes and sold to the Mexicans."

While fleeing the camp, Eskiminzin saw his own two-year-old daughter, and gathered her into his arms as he fled. She was the only one of the family who escaped. In less than thirty minutes 125 Arivaipa were slaughtered, one-fourth of the entire band. Eskiminzin lost two wives, several children, and fifty relatives.

AN OLD copybook written in pencil by Andrew Hill Cargill, a resident of southern Arizona Territory at the time of the Camp Grant massacre, tells how Camp Grant learned of the atrocity. Cargill had spent the night with Lieutenant Whitman. "6:30 A.M. on the 30th of April the Orderly awoke the Lieutenant and myself and said there did not seem to be anyone moving down at the Indian camp and that the interpreter was coming from there on a full run. Soon after he made it, he told us he had gone down there and found no one but dead Indians in camp."

The post surgeon, Dr. C. B. Briesly was sent to the scene and wrote, ". . . I took twelve men (mounted) and a wagon, and proceeded without delay to the scene of the murder. On my arrival I found I should have but little use for a wagon or medicines. The work had been too thoroughly done. The camp had been fired, and the dead bodies . . . were lying scattered over the ground; those who had been wounded in the first instance had their brains beaten out with stones. Nearly all of the dead were mutilated. One infant, of some ten months, was shot twice, and one leg hacked nearly off."



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Eskiminzin late in life.

It took the soldiers of Camp Grant all day to gather and bury the dead. The bodies were arranged in long rows and covered with a mound of earth. Whitman conducted services, and the soldiers, hardened troops though they were, cried like small children.

Again from Cargill's notes, "The next day the interpreter told us that the Indians were sending up smoke signals asking to come in. . . ." A poignant sidelight is that Eskiminzin and his subchiefs came down from the mountains and met with Lieutenant Whitman in the same room they had negotiated their surrender to Camp Grant. The ceremonial pipe was passed around and Eskiminzin rose to speak.

He reminded Whitman it was only a short time ago he had come here seeking a peace treaty. Cargill quotes him, "We believed you and we gave up all our arms. Now we have come to ask you what shall we do? We believe in you and will do as you say."

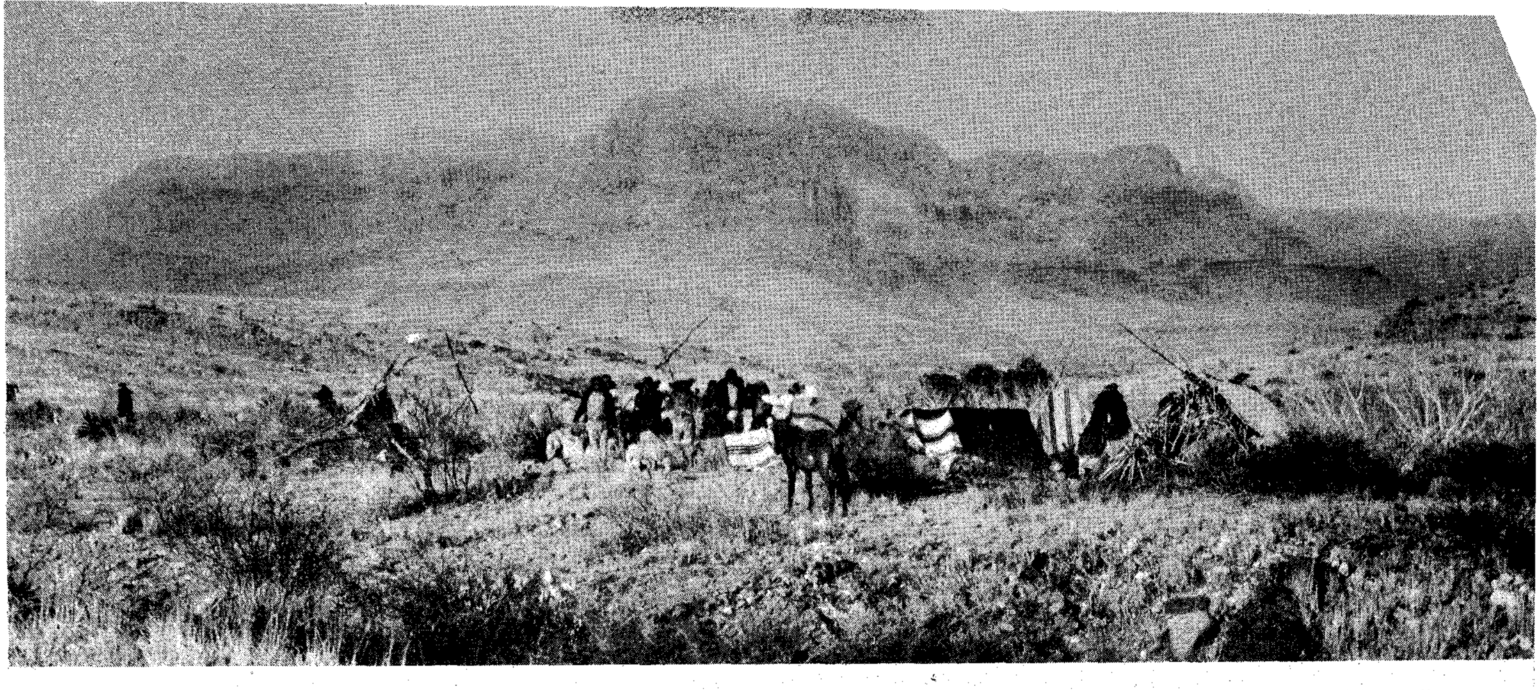
A letter written by Lieutenant Whitman to Colonel Lee, his commanding officer in Tucson, tells of the grim affair. "I thought the act of caring for their dead would be an evidence to them of our sympathy at least. . . . Many of them came to the spot and indulged in their expressions of grief, too wild and terrible to be described.

"That evening they began to come in from all directions, singly and in small parties, so changed in forty-eight hours as to be hardly recognizable, during which time they had neither eaten nor slept. Many of the men whose families had all been killed, when I spoke to them and expressed sympathy for them, were obliged to turn away, unable to speak, and too proud to show their grief. The women whose children had been killed or stolen were convulsed with grief and looked to me appealingly, as though I was their last hope on earth. . . . Children who two days before had been full of fun and frolic, kept at a distance, expressing wondering horror.

"The wounded who were unable to get away had their brains beaten out with clubs or stones, while some were shot full of arrows after having been mortally wounded by gunshot. The bodies were all stripped. Of the whole number buried,

Apache Indian packers at San Carlos Agency in the 1880s.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

An Apache camp in Canyon de los Embudos, Arizona in 1886.

one was an old man and one was a well grown boy—all the rest, women and children."

When the slaughter at Camp Grant was complete, the posse headed back to Tucson. In a paper given before the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society on March 6, 1885, the acting mayor of Tucson said, "Not a single man of our command was seriously hurt to mar the full measure of our triumph and at 8 o'clock of the bright morning of April 30, 1871, our tired troops were resting and breakfasting on the San Pedro. . . ."

ON SEPTEMBER 17, five months after the evil day, Vincent Colyer, one of President Grant's special Indian Commissioners, was riding in the area with Eskiminzin. He wrote, "Some of the skulls of the Indians with their temple bones beaten in, lay exposed by the washing of the run and the feeding of the wolves. I overtook Eskiminzin who had ridden before us, and found him wiping the tears from his eyes when he saw them."

When the shameful story of the massacre reached the East, people were horrified. President Grant spoke of it as an "outrage," and wrote to Governor Safford threatening martial law in Arizona Territory if the guilty were not apprehended and brought to trial.

They were arrested and tried in the court of Judge Titus at Tucson. The jury took only nineteen minutes to deliberate the mass murder case, then brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." Few Arizonians of the day considered it a crime to shoot an Apache. It was, as Eskiminzin had predicted to Lieutenant Whitman after the massacre, "We know no white man will ever be hung or punished for killing an Indian."

"If the conditions had been reversed and this had been a massacre of Americans by these Indians," Agent Clum wrote later, "how many pages of history would have recorded the bloody deed, and what chaste monument of purest marble would have marked the spot where defenseless women and helpless children had met such a cruel death—and how the memory of that crime would have steeled our hearts against mercy for the Apaches!"

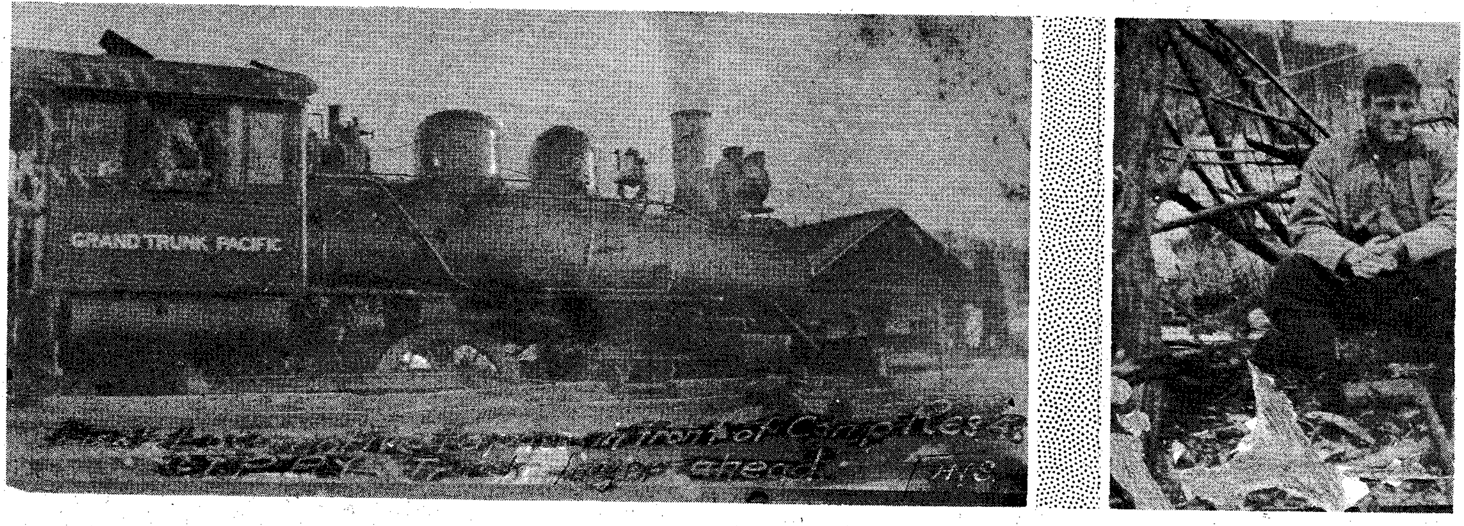
A month after the Camp Grant massacre, the remaining Arivaipa were again living in wickiups in Arivaipa Canyon. And again disaster overtook them. Soldiers from the White Mountain area were hunting deer and came upon the Indians' camp unexpectedly. They fired on the hapless Indians on sight.

Eskiminzin, now in total despair, thought the only refuge remaining to his band was the mountains, but faithful to the word he had given Whitman to

(Continued on page 60)

Eskiminzin and his family, thought to have been photographed during their detention at Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama.

Courtesy Alabama Department of Archives and History, Montgomery



The first locomotive to pass over the completed track in front of "Camp Residency 43" in April 1914. The author's cabin is across the tracks at right. In the lunchtime photo above right, the author is the third man from the left.

THE GRAND TRUNK was the last railroad to be built across the North American continent from coast to coast. In crossing through the States you always have to change trains in Chicago. But in Canada you ride one train from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In 1853 my grandfather, Thomas F. Nicholl, came over from England to be construction engineer on the eastern end of the Grand Trunk; some sixty years later I was employed in the same capacity on the far western end of the same railroad which terminated in Prince Rupert, British Columbia.

I had graduated from the University of Wisconsin as a civil engineer in 1911, and I was ready for my first construction job. As I said goodbye to my mother she pressed a Bible in my hand and told me to be a good boy, and put a flask of whiskey in my suitcase in case of sickness. I read the Bible occasionally and the whiskey was used some time later to save the life of a half-frozen Chinese fellow who stumbled into our log cabin one cold winter night.

Eau Claire, Wisconsin, my home town, was a short day's ride on the Chicago Northwestern Railroad to St. Paul, Minnesota, where I boarded one of the so-called "homesteader trains," destined for Vancouver, British Columbia. We bought groceries at stops along the way and cooked on a big black coal-burning stove at one end of the coach. The oven was perfect for baking potatoes. There was a very kind married couple traveling to Vancouver, who took pity on this lonely young man and helped me with my cooking on the train. When we finally landed in Vancouver and were sitting in the depot I decided to go down to the boat dock and find out when I could catch a boat to Prince Rupert. When I returned to the depot I found my friends still sitting and wondering what they should do next. We greeted each other as long lost friends.

Traveling was costing me more than I expected and my money was running

Harry Starkey and his dog at their cabin at Endako in the winter of 1913.

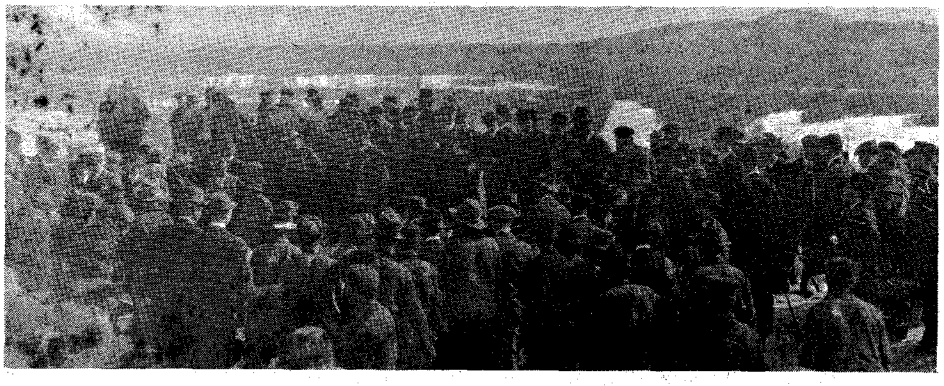
LAST RAILS ACROSS NORTH AMERICA

Thirty below in the winter time; skeeters and black flies in the summer time; but the men building the Grand Trunk never faltered. The author was one of them

By HARRY NICHOLL STARKEY

Photos Courtesy Author

A track layer (above right) supplies ties and rails to the men out front. Below, from top, railway officials and others gather for the linking up at Fort Fraser in April 1914; a grading machine at the divisional yards at McBride, British Columbia; and the author (without hat) and friends taking a break for lunch.



Grading divisional yards at McBride

The lunch on line was an everyday occuracy
railroad construction

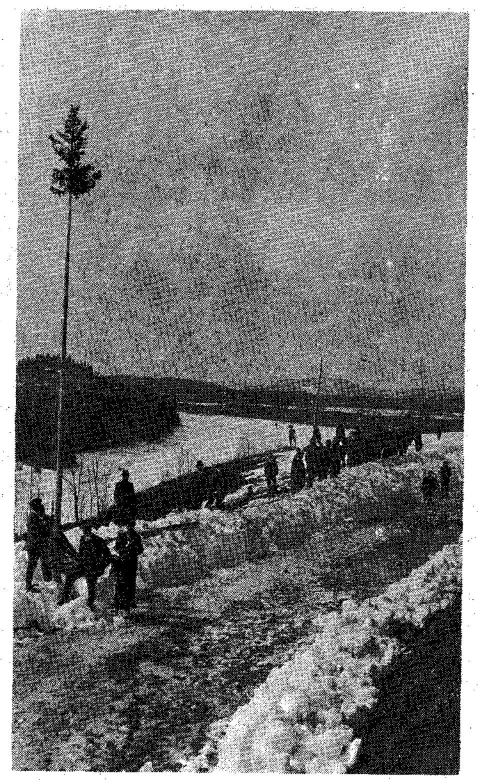
low, so I bought a steerage type ticket—good in the bottom of the boat. When I finally was aboardship I slept where I could find a level warm place, like on a coil of rope or over the boilers. The toilet facilities down there consisted of a number of stools along the wall in plain view, for both male and female.

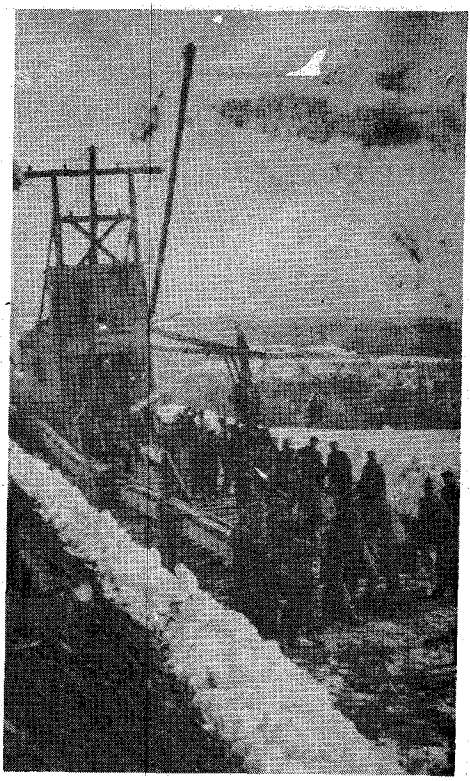
Upon arrival in Prince Rupert I was told that I could ride the construction trains as far as they went, but would have to mush the rest of the way, catching rides with "freighters" which usually travel in "swings," carrying supplies beyond end of steel. A swing was made up of five four-horse teams traveling together. There was a skinner for each team, and swampers who worked ahead cutting brush and trees that had fallen on the roadway. Along the way at five- or ten-mile intervals were road houses where the teams were put up for the night and where drivers might find a place to sleep. At these places there were usually big poker games going on till late at night. Much hard-earned money changed hands and usually fell into the pockets of professional gamblers, or to the road house operators. Many a night while traveling up in that pioneer country, I was kept awake by the continual squabbling at the gaming tables in the next room or sometimes even beside my bed.

One evening when I was traveling along I began to wonder where I could sleep and at a stopping place I was told that I could ask "them skinners sitting yonder by the fire."

"Yes, you are as welcome as the flowers of May," one of them said. "You can ride up in the valley with us in the morning. Sit down and join us. We plan to put on a little party tonight."

I soon understood what he meant when a fellow produced a big jug of whiskey which they passed around, with each taking a big swig. They became more and more talkative and more determined that I should drink with them, but I refused. Finally a tough-looking guy pulled a gun from somewhere and said, "Kid, are you going to be sociable and drink, or would





The author running the center line for the Grand Trunk Railway along the Endako River. At right is the finish line of the half-mile race between track layers from east and west meeting at Fort Fraser in April 1914. At far right is the track layer working in from the east.

you rather eat lead? Which do you want?"

I was just reaching for the jug when the big swing boss snapped, "Put that gun away, Mike. This kid said he's from Wisconsin and that's my home state too, though I ain't seen me mother since before the gold rush days."

You can imagine that this "kid" was really frightened at this crude introduction to British Columbia and I was glad when the swing boss gave me a place to sleep in his own tent.

We were up at daylight, ate our flapjacks, and got on our way up the zigzag trail. At New Hazelton I was temporarily assigned to drafting room work in the division engineer's office. The temperature there that winter of 1911-12 was around thirty or forty below most of the time; but I managed to mush over to the Hazelton and Hogwalgate Indian villages to take pictures.

IN JANUARY 1912 on a very cold day I was again transferred some hundred miles farther into the interior to the so-called "Residency 43," just being established. Here I was to be responsible for a ten-mile section of construction extending from the west end of Fraser Lake, near the Stella Indian village to the new town of Endako. I was located on this job for a little over a year, working as instrumentman, giving line and grade for cuts and fills, as well as tunnels, culverts and bridges, and having general supervision of construction on this section under the able direction of the late W. H. Stuart of Winnipeg. It was here that I took many pictures of the Indians. I wrote home that I had been taking pictures of the Stella Indians and my father wrote in his jovial way and asked me who "Stella" was.

Filing homestead land claims seemed to be the fashion at that time. Prospectors were soon coming into the country by the dozens, bringing their worldly goods with them on their backs or in variously designed wheel carts or packed on horses or even dogs. So, not to be outdone, I decided to also take up land, and I mushed twenty miles one day to the government office in Fort Fraser to file on 160 acres I had staked out adjacent to the new town to be called Endako. We had already received blueprints of the proposed railroad yards and instructions to lay out side tracks, so we were well acquainted with the situation there.

Then, to bind my claim, my helpers, Bill Poole and Austin Barret, and an Indian I hired, helped me build a log cabin on my land. I was required to live on the place a certain number of days each year after I had staked it out. My plan was to sleep there Saturday nights, and some of my co-workmen went over with me. But the pack rats would jam up our stove with chips and would jump on the bed at night and tickle my nose, so I didn't sleep there often, especially after the Endako River flooded.

One Sunday afternoon we were returning from the cabin and were climbing up the steep clay bank of the Endako River when Austin slipped and the gun he was carrying went off and shot him in the forehead and he rolled into the water. Bill and I picked him up but we couldn't carry him up the steep clay bank. So Bill ran for help and I stayed, holding Austin across my knees just above the water until Bill finally returned with some construction men who made a stretcher of poles to carry Austin on. Then someone went for Doc Cusner, a retired physician who had taken up land in the woods to get away from things back in the city. Doc raised Austin's eyelids, then shook his head negatively.

When we finally arrived in camp we put Austin on the bed in our cabin and took turns watching him. I volunteered to watch at night; and as I looked, I could almost see Austin raise his head. Then I would take another drink of strong coffee and watch some more. It seemed like an awfully long night.

There was no way to get Austin out of the country at that time, so we arranged to bury him in the Stella Indian burial grounds. Austin had always been a very jovial, happy fellow and I couldn't help thinking how he would have laughed at his own funeral. He lay on a two-pole drag-type rig, pulled by a Siwash Indian pony or "cayuse." A Catholic missionary to the Indians arrived and conducted services in our cabin and at the grave.

Austin's parents were the well known Barrets of Winnipeg. However, at that stage of the construction it was a hard two weeks' trip to get into the backwoods country where we were, so they did not attempt to come until rail transportation was established. But some months later when I was in Winnipeg I called on the Barrets and told them the full story of the tragedy. They had suspected that someone had shot Austin to prevent him from filing on what at that time seemed to be very valuable land, but that was not the case. Austin was a college boy who had come out to work for us during his vacation and he had no idea of filing on land.

OUR EXPERIENCE in surveying and building the Grand Trunk Railway, however, was not all tragedy. Before active construction started we engineers usually carried a lunch to the line. We would usually eat near a stream and in the winter, if the ice was too thick, we would melt snow for our coffee. We would support our coffee pot on poles and bring it to a boil (three times, for good coffee). One day we went through this routine

(Continued on page 67)

The author (left) followed the Missouri River through 100 miles of wilderness.

A HUNDRED MILES OF LONELY RIVER

Why do some events fade the minute they happen and others stay with you for the rest of your life?

By DICK WAITS

Photo Courtesy Author

I LOVE the old Missouri. I have helped to cross a lot of cattle over her banks. We always stripped down to our underwear when crossing, so we would have a chance if something happened. No one knows why, but sometimes a horse just stops swimming.

If I could write a book, I should like for it to be about this river. Fifty-seven years ago I started from the Montana headquarters of the old PZ Ranch at the confluence of the Missouri and the Judith, and rode a hundred miles down the Missouri to the lower end of our range. There were cattle all the way. Oddly enough, this one-hundred mile stretch is now, in 1971, almost exactly as it was when Lewis and Clark passed through here in 1805. It is rough, isolated, lonely—and to me, just *different.*

It takes a lot of riding to look after so many cattle. This was spring branding time, and we had 2,000 head to brand at the home ranch. The boss asked me to build a round corral which would hold a hundred cows and their calves. I went to the blacksmith shop and took the tools that I would need—one axe, one post bar, one shovel; and, of course, I took my good saddle horse and a strong rope. There was plenty of timber about 400 yards from the spot which was chosen for the corral.

First I dug my post holes; then I cut the posts and started dragging them, one post and one pole at the time, with my saddle horse and rope. It is surprising what one can do with a good horse and rope. I used two posts instead of one at each post, dropping the poles between the two posts and finishing the job in a week. There was once an old fort located where I cut my timbers. Logs were still lying around but the buildings had fallen as flat as a bedroll at midnight. Once known as Fort Clagget, this old outpost was located on the west side of the Judith River, while the home ranch was on the east side of the Judith and on the bank of the Missouri.

Branding was a lot of hard work, but most cowboys did not mind the hard work or the long hours. And since the corral proved to be very useful, the other boys named it for me, calling it the Dick Waits Corral. About nine men are needed for a branding crew; two sets of wrestlers, one roper, one man to do the knife work, two men to do the branding, and one man sitting on the corral fence with his tally book. I was doing the knife work and would call out the sex of each calf. The man on the fence would call out, "Tally," to indicate that he heard me.

WHEN THIS TASK was finished, the boss told me to prepare to go to the lower end of the range and determine if any of the men needed help. I was instructed to take two extra horses. My supplies consisted of a cloth sack containing a few small tins of meat, sourdough biscuits, coffee and a small can for brewing it. I also took a saddle slicker and one blanket. I was traveling light.

I cut my horses from a remuda of 150 head. Each man had ten head, and no man dared ride another man's horse without permission. I recall that on one

(Continued on page 69)

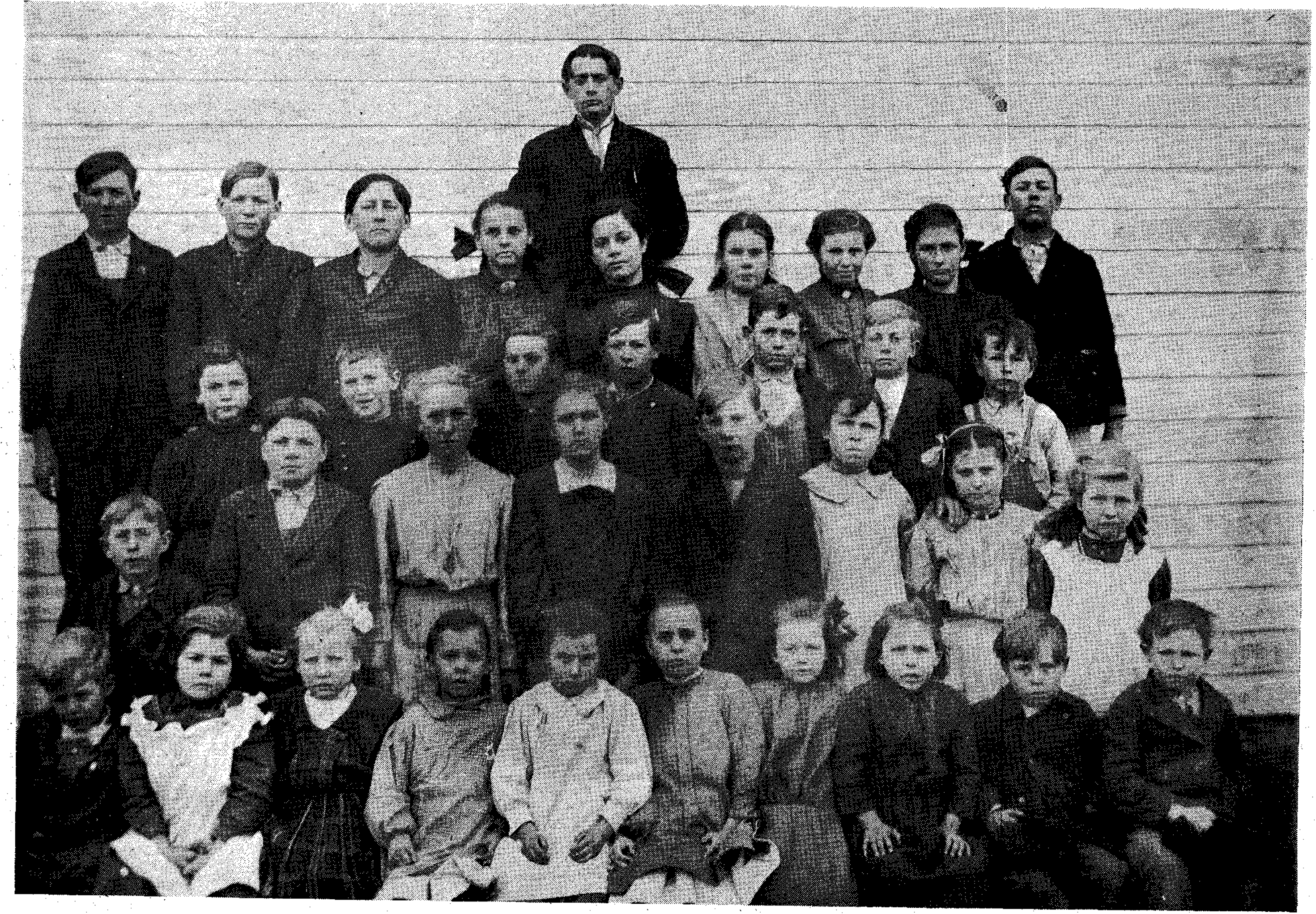


Photo Courtesy Author

Above is the author's first school where he taught in 1908-09. Will is the fellow standing tallest in the back row with suit, tie, and pen in his coat pocket.

This teacher wasn't about to be buffaloed by the lunchbox set. He knew all their tricks because he himself was a "graduate" of the

TOUGHEST SCHOOL IN THE COUNTY

By WILL HARRIS

FOR QUITE A FEW years, when a group of boys got together and began bragging about the big things they had done I would brag that I once shook hands with the man who pulled Pat Hennessey out of the fire. None of them could ever brag big enough to exceed that.

On that particular day my father took a load of hogs to market in Hennessey (Oklahoma Territory) and I had induced him to take me along. There wasn't any competition from my older brothers and sister for that vacant spot on the hard board seat of the farm wagon. They were older and wiser than I. They knew that thirteen miles was a long distance to cover with a walking team, three hours going and three hours returning, and the August sun was blistering hot.

An hour or so before noon we pulled into Hennessey and Pop stopped his team on the main corner. A hog buyer immediately left his seat on a bench in front of a saloon and climbed up on the wagon to look at our shoats. He and Pop argued a little about the price, then made a deal. Pop told me afterward that he got a nickel a pound that day, whereas the last load he had brought in had gone for four and a half cents. A nickel was about the only piece of currency I knew anything about.

When the hogs had been unloaded and weighed and Pop had received a piece of paper from the buyer he drove over to the feed yard where the horses were unhooked, watered and fed. Then I followed him to a grocery store where he bought some crackers which a man dug out of a big barrel, then to the butcher shop where he bought a big chunk of bologna for ten cents. Back at the feed yard we sat in the shade and ate our lunch. That bologna was the best stuff I had ever tasted and I would have eaten the whole chunk if Pop hadn't said I would make myself sick. I've never found any bologna since that tasted as good as that did back there in '96.

After finishing our lunch we went to the bank where Pop handed the man a piece of paper the hog buyer had given him and received what I thought was a lot of money. From there it was the grocery store again, then the hardware store, and the dry goods store. Wherever Pop went I tagged along with one hand hanging onto his coat tail, the other toting a sack of candy.

The most attractive thing I witnessed that day was the street sprinkler. A man with a big tank mounted on a wagon drove up and down the street with a team of horses, spraying water to keep the dust settled. It was fascinating to see him work either of the two long levers from his perch high up on the seat to shut off or turn on the water. When he passed someone's new buggy that he didn't want to get wet he would pull the lever on that side to shut off the water while he passed. This was a very fascinating job I thought and I wondered how much he got paid for it.

In the stores or on the street, Pop would run into men he knew and would stop and talk. Quite often I would hear them mention such names as Bryan and McKinley, Democrats and Republicans. These names meant nothing to me and I was wishing Pop would quit talking so much and we could start home. It had been a long tiresome day. After a while we met up with a man I had not seen around before and Pop stopped to talk with him. In a few minutes he said to me, "Billy, shake hands with Mr. Melalley. This is the man who pulled Pat Hennessey out of the fire." The big man reached down and shook hands with me.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

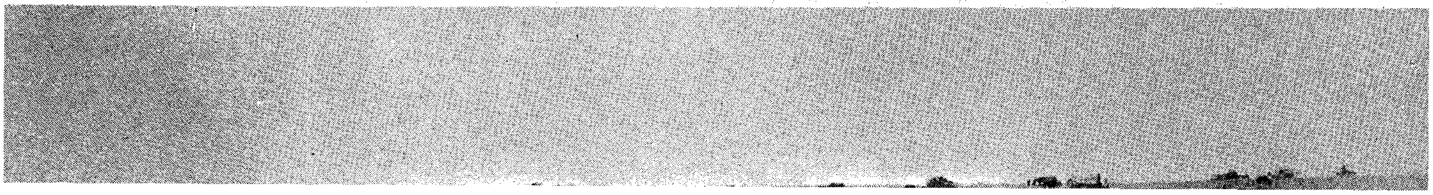
A Boomer's claim shanty in Oklahoma Territory, 1889.

Finally, much to my satisfaction, Pop announced that he had done all the necessary shopping and that it was time to start home. With no load of hogs on the wagon I thought we would get there in a hurry, but a good fast walk was Pop's speed limit. He always had nice fat horses and took care of them. I wanted to get hold of the whip and make 'em trot but Pop would have none of that. After a while I asked, "Pa, what did you mean when you said that man pulled Pat Hennessey out of the fire?"

Pop explained to me that Pat Hennessey had been an early-day wagon freighter. He had been killed by the Indians and his wagon had been burned with him in it. This man who shook hands with me had come along and pulled Hennessey out of the fire before his body had been entirely consumed. And that was where the town of Hennessey got its name. I was very impressed.

A year or so ago I got hold of a special edition of the Hennessey *Clipper* featuring stories of the town's early history. One story mentioned a sixteen-year-old boy who was with a cattle outfit and who claimed to have pulled Hennessey out of the fire. His name was Billy Melalley and in later years he oper-

Hennessey, Oklahoma on the day of the opening.



ated a livery stable in Hennessey. But the veracity of the boy was doubted and most old-timers thought he was merely doing some boasting.

So maybe all the bragging I did as a boy was just so much baloney. However, in recent years I have read several accounts of the Hennessey case. Each story has had a different name for the man who pulled Pat out of the fire. If so many men were engaged in the rescue of his remains the poor freighter must have been taken out in pieces.

BEFORE we reached home Pop stuck his hand into his pocket and pulled out a bunch of buttons one of the men in town had given him. He selected two and gave them to me, explaining that on one was the picture of William Jennings Bryan, a Democrat who was campaigning for the job of President; the other was a picture of Press Love, also a Democrat, who was seeking the job of sheriff of Kingfisher County. These were stick pin buttons somewhat larger than a twenty-five cent piece and were to be worn on my shirt or coat. I was quite proud of them, and next morning when I got ready for Sunday School in the old log schoolhouse I had my mother pin them onto my Sunday jacket, one on each lapel.

My Uncle Henry and his family lived on the quarter-section joining our farm on the east. Pop and his brother had been born in the Abraham Lincoln country of Illinois about the time Mr. Lincoln was being defeated in his campaign for a seat in the U. S. Senate. Neither Pop nor Uncle Henry had ever been to school, having learned their figures and letters from their nine older sisters. Neither of them knew the difference between a Democrat and a Republican. But for some reason Pop chose to be a Democrat, and Uncle Henry lined up with the Republicans.

So it was that my cousin Clarence, Uncle Henry's youngest boy, showed up at Sunday School with Republican buttons pinned to his jacket. One button bore the picture of William McKinley, candidate for President; the other being Mon Tate, candidate for sheriff of Kingfisher County. After Sunday School we began comparing buttons and got into an argument about who were the best men. The argument wound up in a fight. Clarence was a little younger than I but a better scrapper, and I never could lick him. As usual our fight ended in a draw. And so far as we were concerned, the election that fall also ended in a draw. Clarence's William McKinley got elected President, my Press Love got elected sheriff of Kingfisher County. In our estimation one job was just as important as the other.

Our first schoolhouse was constructed of black-jack logs which had been hauled up from the timber strip bordering the Cimarron River the first year after the opening in '89. Along about the turn of the century the log house was replaced with a one-room frame building painted white. School attendance was highest during mid-winter when there was no work to be done in the fields. Usually around fifty boys and girls, up to the age of twenty-one, went to school for three or four months. Sometimes there would be a half-dozen pupils older than the teacher. Women teachers were paid thirty dollars a month. Men teachers were paid forty dollars.

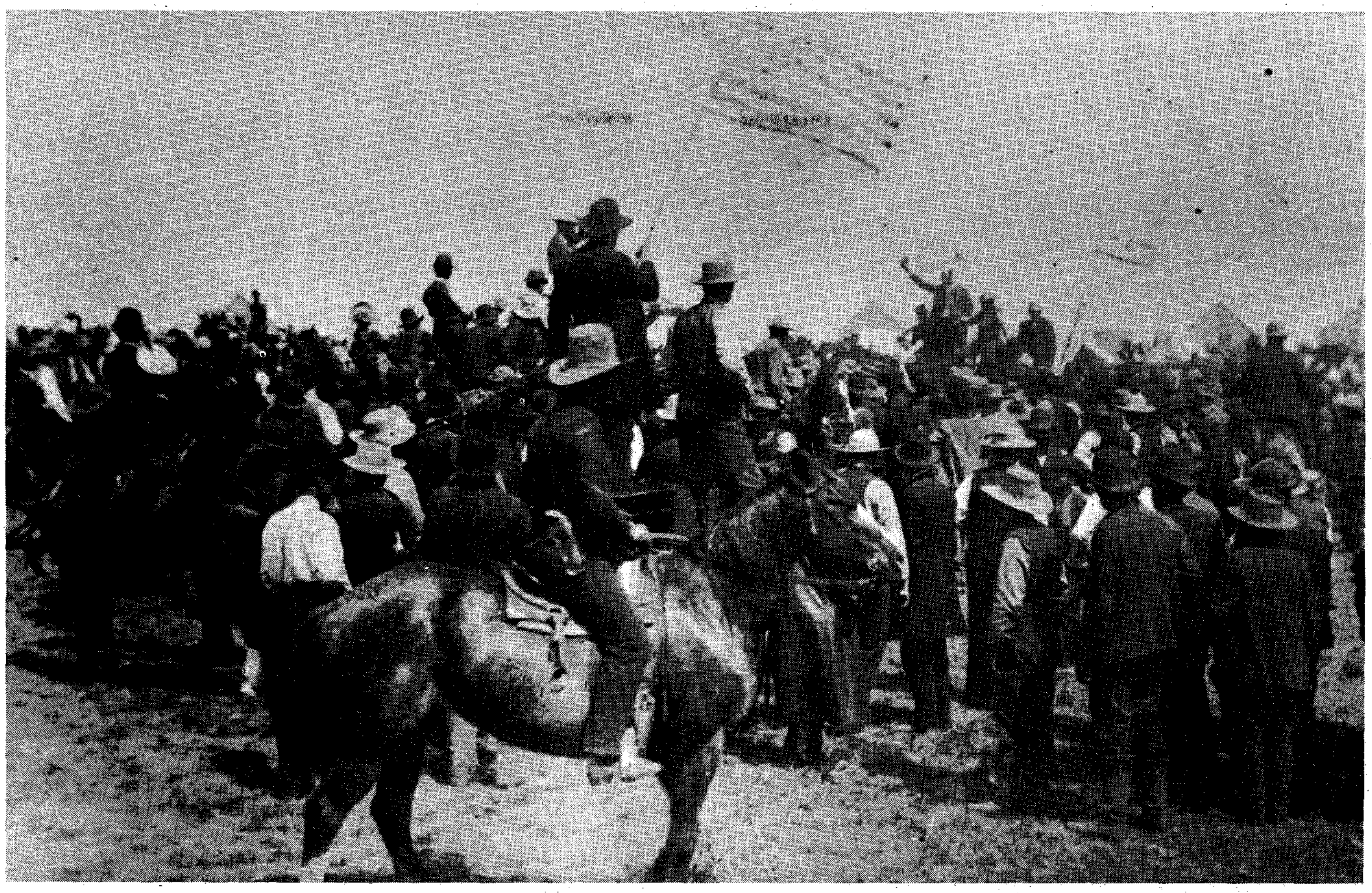
Our school gained the reputation of being the toughest school in the county. Several of the older boys developed the idea of attending school to fight and make life miserable for the teacher rather than trying to learn something. The ringleader of the rowdy set was a fellow who had grown up with the nickname of "Tuffy." He was proud of the fact that he could lick any kid in school and boasted that he could lick any teacher the school board could hire, so our school days were more often subject to bedlam and fights than reading, writing and arithmetic.

One winter things were so bad that the school board decided to close school after four months and asked the teacher to give up his contract and quit the job. But the teacher was stubborn. He had a contract calling for a six months term at forty dollars a month, and he was determined to stick it out and collect the last two months' pay.

The school board members thought they would force him to quit. So they went to the schoolhouse one weekend, took the top off the boxwood stove, and nailed the door and all the windows shut. But the teacher wasn't ready to give up. Each weekday morning he would walk over to the schoolhouse from the farm where he boarded and sit on the front steps with his books and magazines

A typical Oklahoma Boomer family in 1889.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Nominating the first mayor of Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory, in 1889.

until 4 p.m. Some days he had to build a fire out in the front yard to keep warm, but he licked the school board and in the end collected his eighty dollars.

THERE was considerable speculation during the following summer about a teacher for the next term. Would the board take a chance on a woman who might handle the tough boys, or try a man again? My father was on the school board that year. Several prospective teachers came around to talk things over during the summer but none seemed to measure up to the requirement.

Then along toward fall a man named Garver applied for the job. He was a fair-sized man in his early twenties. To me he seemed an old man as he wore sideburns. I sat back in the corner of the kitchen while he and Pop talked things over. Pop outlined past troubles and informed Mr. Garver that this boy, Tuffy (actually a grown man), had boasted that he could lick any teacher they could hire. Did Mr. Garver think he could handle the situation? Mr. Garver thought he could handle Tuffy and the other boys and there was nothing to worry about. So after Pop and the other members of the board had held a conference, Mr. Garver was given the job.

Things went along quietly for a month or six weeks. Mr. Garver was a good teacher and we liked him. Then when the field work was over, Tuffy and his followers showed up in school. Tuffy decided he would try out this new teacher and see what he was made of.

Mr. Garver was standing on the rostrum putting some figures on the blackboard, his back to the schoolroom. Tuffy fixed up a big wad of paper about the size of a tennis ball, stood up in his seat, and hit the teacher squarely in the back with it. Mr. Garver turned around and looked over the room. All he could see was a bunch of kids with their noses buried in books. He turned around and continued putting figures on the backboard. So far so good.

Tuffy tried it again. This time Mr. Garver was too quick for him. He turned around before Tuffy could get settled in his seat. He pointed a finger and calmly remarked, "I saw you that time." Mr. Garver put down the chalk and eraser he was using at the blackboard and walked slowly down the aisle to Tuffy's seat. Mr. Garver reached over and picked Tuffy up by the ears, stood him on his feet in the aisle, and backed away a step. Bang—a right cross to the chin. Tuffy's knees buckled and he folded up in the aisle. Mr. Garver picked him up and stood him on his feet. This time a left hook to the other side of his chin folded Tuffy up in the aisle again. Mr. Garver picked him up and threw him into his seat, giving him a few face slaps for good measure.

For the rest of the afternoon Tuffy sat hunched down in his seat nursing his chin. He had boasted that he could lick any teacher the school board could hire, but Mr. Garver had worked him over so quickly he hadn't thrown a punch. That evening Tuffy packed his books and left for home with no comment. He had decided that he had enough education. Within a few days the older boys who had been Tuffy's followers decided they were needed on the farm. Instead of being the toughest school in the county our school became as quiet and docile as a Wednesday evening prayer meeting.

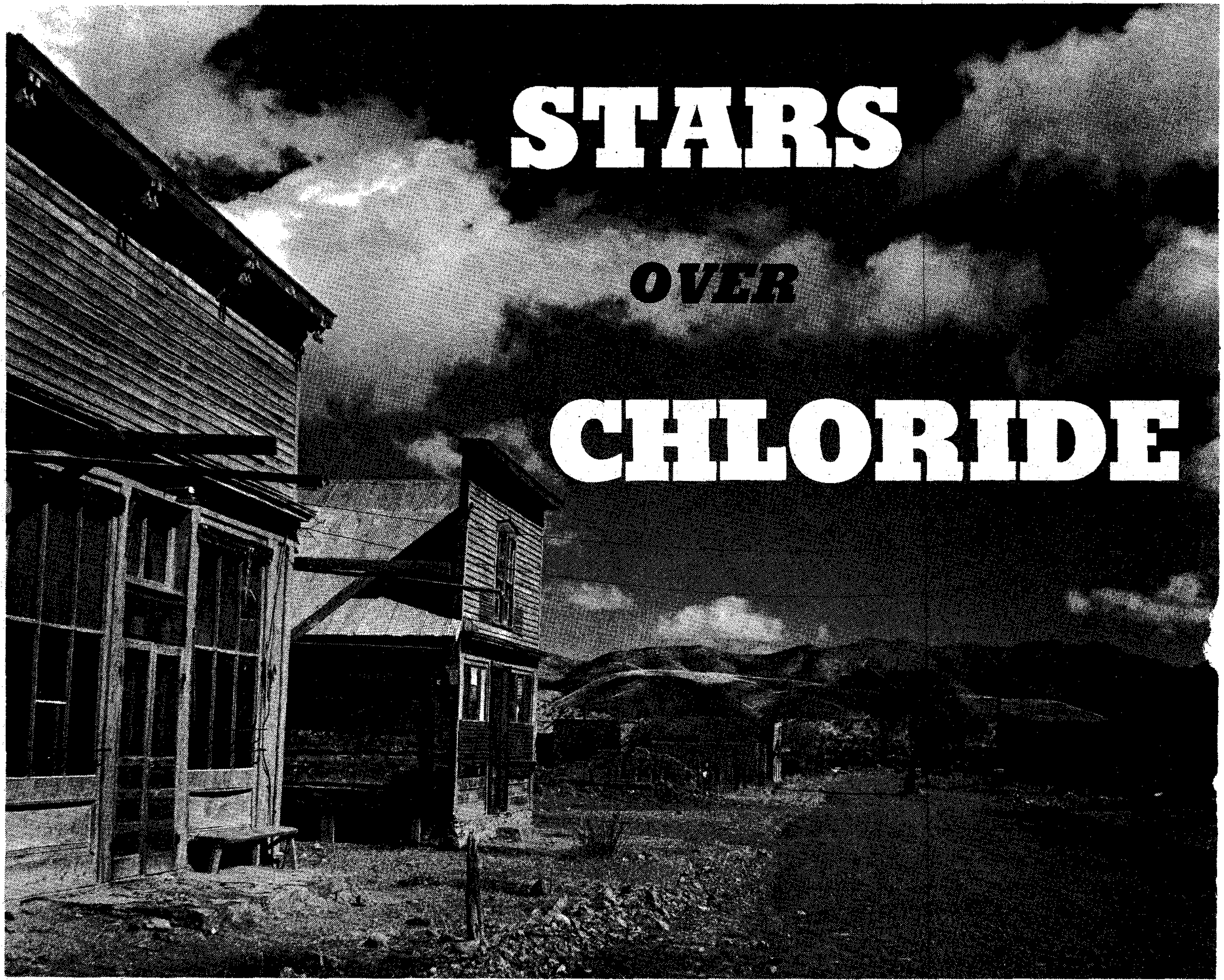
Mr. Garver had driven out the disturbing element and so thoroughly calmed things down that for our next term the board decided they would hire a woman teacher. Paying forty dollars a month to men, along with other incidental expense, was putting a strain on the school tax fund. A woman could be hired for thirty dollars.

Fanny Thomas, who had been raised a few districts away, was given the job. Miss Thomas must have been around seventeen or eighteen years of age at the time, but to us youngsters she was an old woman to be respected. She had only one tough boy to contend with that year, and as he was only six years old, he was not a threat to her control of the school.

THE RILEY FAMILY had moved into our district that year from some-

(Continued on page 54)

STARS OVER CHLORIDE



By MICHAEL JENKINSON

Photos by Karl Kernberger

HARRY PYE, government freighter, sprawled on his bedroll, listening to his campfire snap and sizzle into ash. Overhead, a spray of stars were stuck against a black New Mexico sky, the larger points cold as nailheads. Were Pye a believer in astrology, he might have later recalled how the stars formed an unusual pattern that night, an opportune alignment of celestial heroes, demons and utensils in the sky, omens of impending fortune. He was not, however, and dropped to sleep thinking only of the supplies to be delivered the following day. The year was 1879.

The next morning, at the mouth of a narrow canyon in the foothills of the Black Range, Pye picked up a rich float of silver chloride. He later returned with friends, located the mother lode, and started a town which was named Chloride after the character of the ore. Within a few years, it was a good-sized town, with a long street of false fronts and neat houses with gingerbread trim.

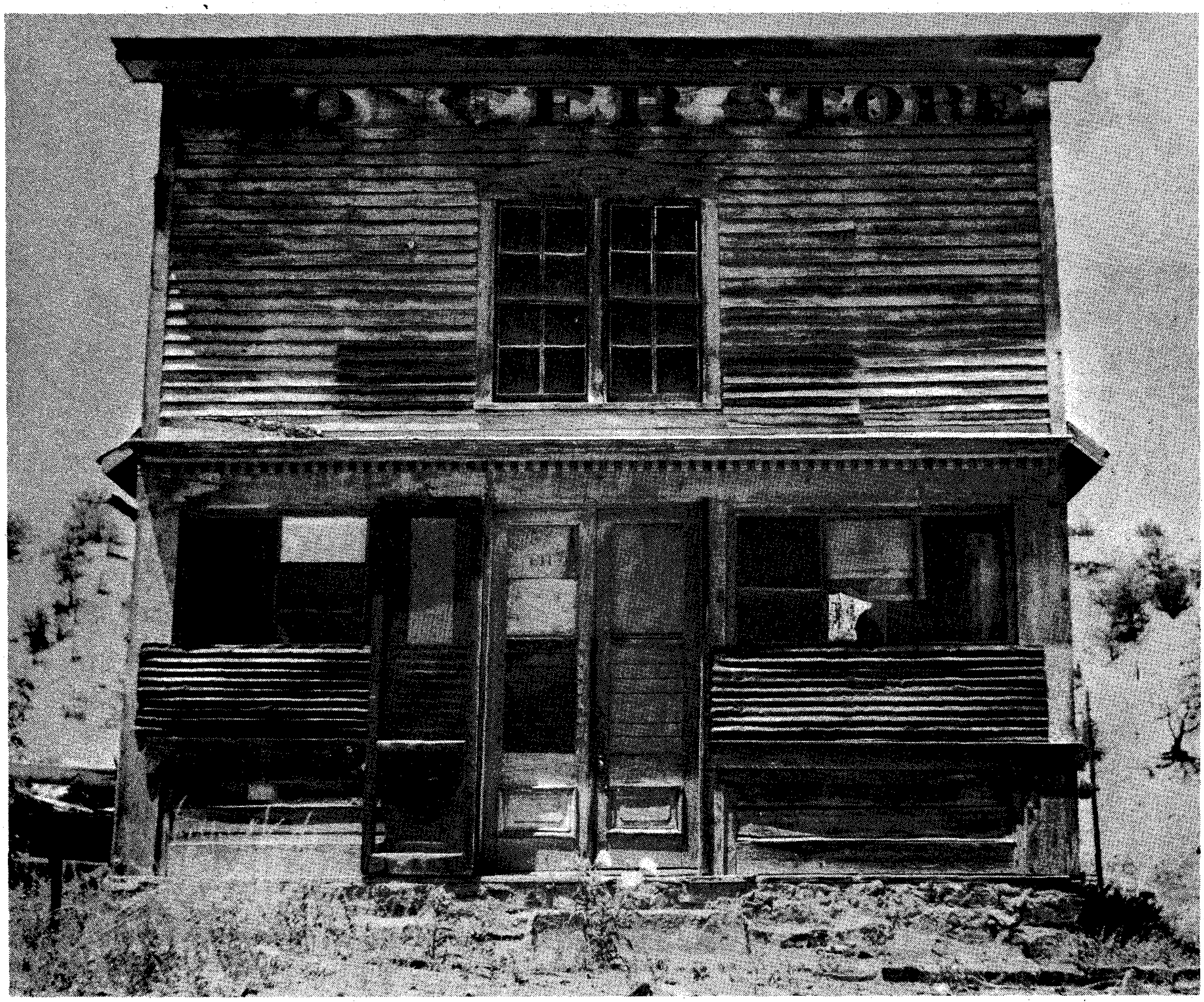
Eighty-three years later, Raymond Schmidt watches the same spray of stars above Chloride. But whereas Pye had only seen them with the languid satisfaction of an outdoorsman, Schmidt gazes and charts the stars with scientific absorption from his homemade observatory—an incongruous structure in a ghost town. For while most of the false fronts on the long street remain, the buildings are boarded up, empty, and the once-proud gingerbread trim only accents their decay.

One spring afternoon we swung off of the main highway north of Truth or Consequences, driving first through a dry desert country where the steep, chopped end of the San Mateo Mountains loomed starkly to the north; then through ranch and farmlands spotted with oaks, through Montecito, a slumberous Spanish town where two horsemen riding abreast on the dusty main street made our jeep seem foreign and intrusive.

From **Ghost Towns of New Mexico**, University of New Mexico Press, Copyright 1968

At Chloride, we met Raymond Schmidt by his gate, and were promptly invited up to see his telescope. An alert, bespectacled man, clean-shaven as a suburban commuter, he was wearing an unrustic porkpie hat and led us up the hill with a business-like step. Somehow he didn't fit our preconceived image of the last remaining ex-miner in a virtually abandoned silver camp, forty-two miles from the nearest doctor; a man who gets most of his groceries by parcel post.

The telescope was housed in a low shed, with a corrugated metal roof which rolled open. Raymond explained that he had started stargazing with a six-inch telescope kit obtained through an advertisement in a popular magazine. His present telescope, with an impressive twelve-and-one-half-inch mirror, was constructed in 1946, partially from bits of scrap metal.



At left, main street in Chloride, New Mexico. Above is Chloride's old Pioneer Store.

He carefully adjusted the lens while peering intently into the eyepiece. "Venus is showing up well today," he said with satisfaction. He patted the metal tubing as he stepped back to give us a look. "It's not very fancy, but it's sturdy and useful." We inspected Venus, which in its small circle of pale afternoon sky looked like a crescent moon. I remarked on this and Raymond grinned delightedly, positioning himself before a blackboard covered with chalk diagrams of celestial motions.

"Venus has phases just like the moon," he began, and went into a short astronomical lecture, tapping the blackboard with a pointer, his manner diffidently enthusiastic.

He was interrupted by throaty panics and flappings from a flock of chickens below the shed, who were disturbed by a hawk that soared in low over us, wings rigid and balanced delicately in an air current. Raymond paused, following its vigilant float up and over the hill above us. "Cemetery is up there," he mused. "Couple of men buried there were killed by Apaches."

LATER, in his cabin, he told us something of the early days in Chloride. "It was a good town in the silver booms of the Eighties and Nineties. They had a stage line in here from Engle—ran branches to Fairview and Grafton. Also had a newspaper, hotel, bakery, drugstore, saloons, and over 300 people when the mines were open. I went to school here, a one-room job with a potbellied stove in the middle—studied out of McGuffey's Reader. Used to have a dance every Saturday night. Got pretty rough sometimes. Every Sunday morning they would hold court to get things straightened out.

"In 1906 the Apache Kid broke out of the San Carlos reservation and raided a house in the canyon. Luckily no one was home at the time. I was just a little shaver but I remember them getting up a posse here in town. They tracked the Indians into the San Mateos and killed the Apache Kid there."

Raymond showed us a yellowed copy of the Chloride *Black Range* dated September 19, 1890; an uninhibited journal which caught the eye with a triple headline.

HELLISH MURDER
RED DEVILS AT THEIR
BLOODY WORK
TWO OF CHLORIDE'S MINERS
RUTHLESSLY MURDERED BY
INDIANS

"Chloride was thrown into a fever of excitement Wednesday evening, September 17, over the report of the killing of Oscar Pfotenhauer by Indians. The news of the ruthless murder by the Government's devilish marauding wards came unexpected as a thunderbolt from the cloudless heavens; and our citizens waited in painful anxiety and indignation for further particulars of the dastardly outrage, only to find that but half had been told of the hellish work done by

Miner-turned-astronomer Raymond Schmidt (left) in his Chloride observatory explains the equatorial mount of his reflector telescope to visiting writer Michael Jenkinson.

the Red Fiends of Hell, and this was that Fred Baumbach too had fallen victim of the marauding hostiles."

It seems that two Chloride miners were working the Unknown Mine one afternoon, Pfotenhauer sorting ore on the dump, Ferree drilling in the tunnel. Ferree heard a sharp report and moments later Pfotenhauer stumbled into the shaft, moaning that someone had shot him. He had been hit in the back, and Ferree made him as comfortable as possible on some ore sacks there in the dimness. He then turned a wheelbarrow on its side in the tunnel, a rather futile gesture of defense against the unknown assassin or assassins outside, since he was unarmed.

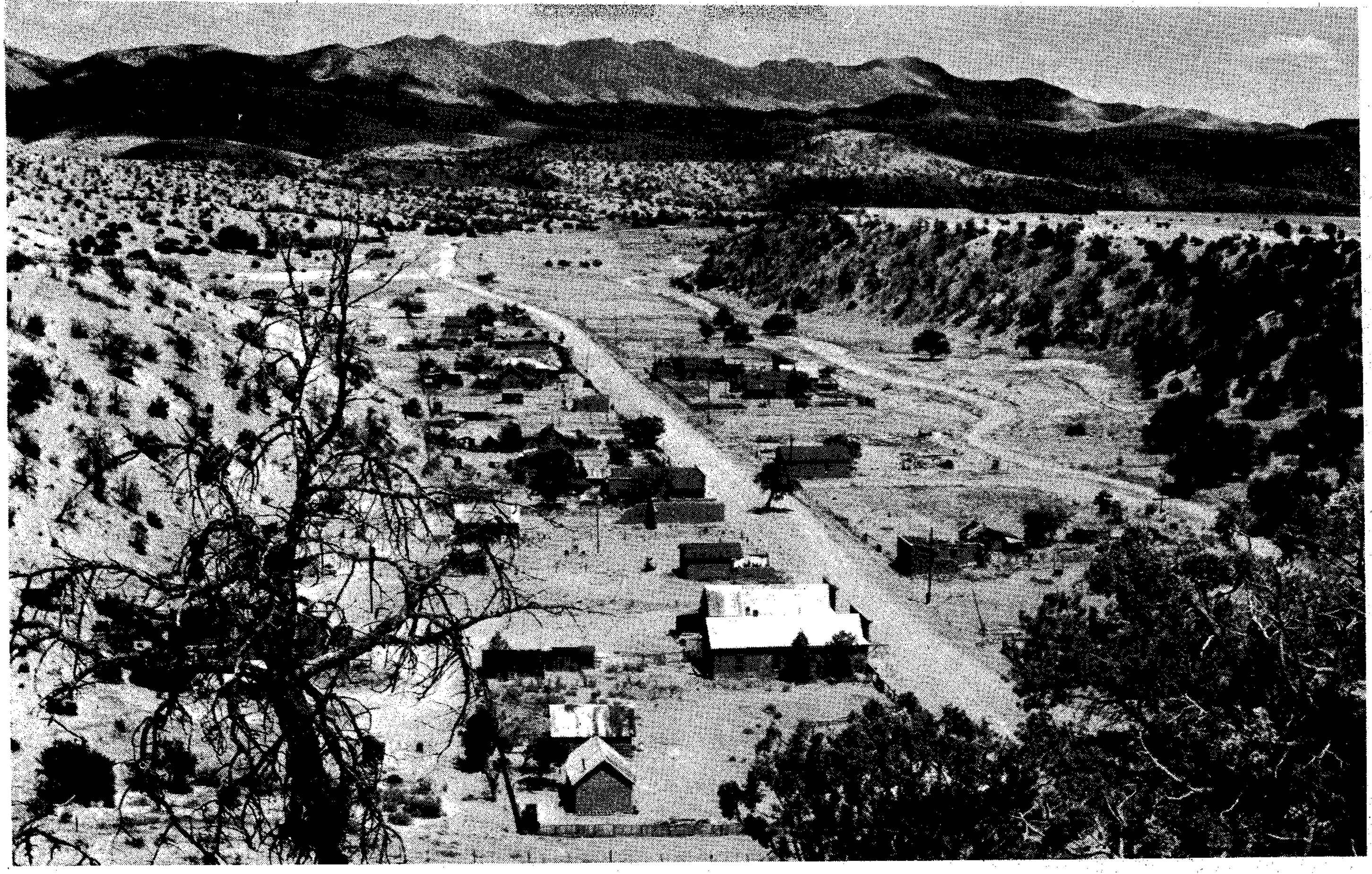
After twenty minutes of tense waiting, he emerged from the shaft and went for help down the gulch where there were some cabins. He returned with several miners who brandished rifles and pistols. Pfotenhauer asked them to carry him outside, and there he died in the warm September sun. After a prolonged search of the area, several tracks were found, presumed to be those of Apache ponies.

Fearing additional raids, some of the men rode over the ridge to the cabin at the Silver Monument Mine to warn its occupant, Fred Baumbach. Three hundred yards from the cabin, the miners came around a sharp bend and were surprised to see the door hanging open. There was no one in sight. Guns were cocked, low whispers exchanged, and the party moved forward cautiously. As they approached the cabin, the horses grew unaccountably excited. A figure was seen to flit past an uncurtained window inside the building. Suddenly one of the horses shied violently and then, crumpled

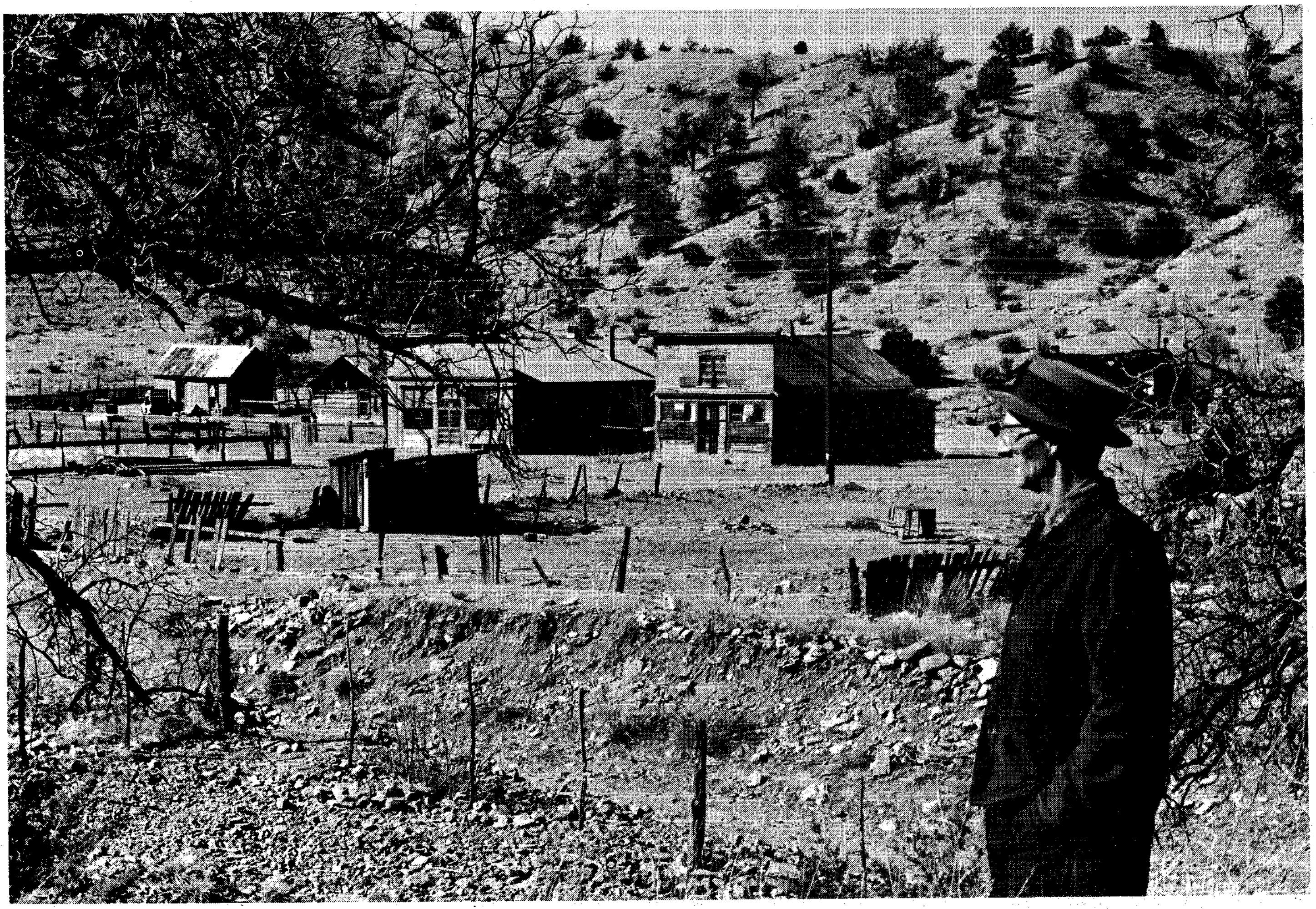
(Continued on page 45)

KILLED BY INDIANS

"Killed by Indians" marker rests in Chloride cemetery.



View of Chloride looking east toward Cuchillo Mountain. Below, Raymond Schmidt, the last remaining ex-miner in town.

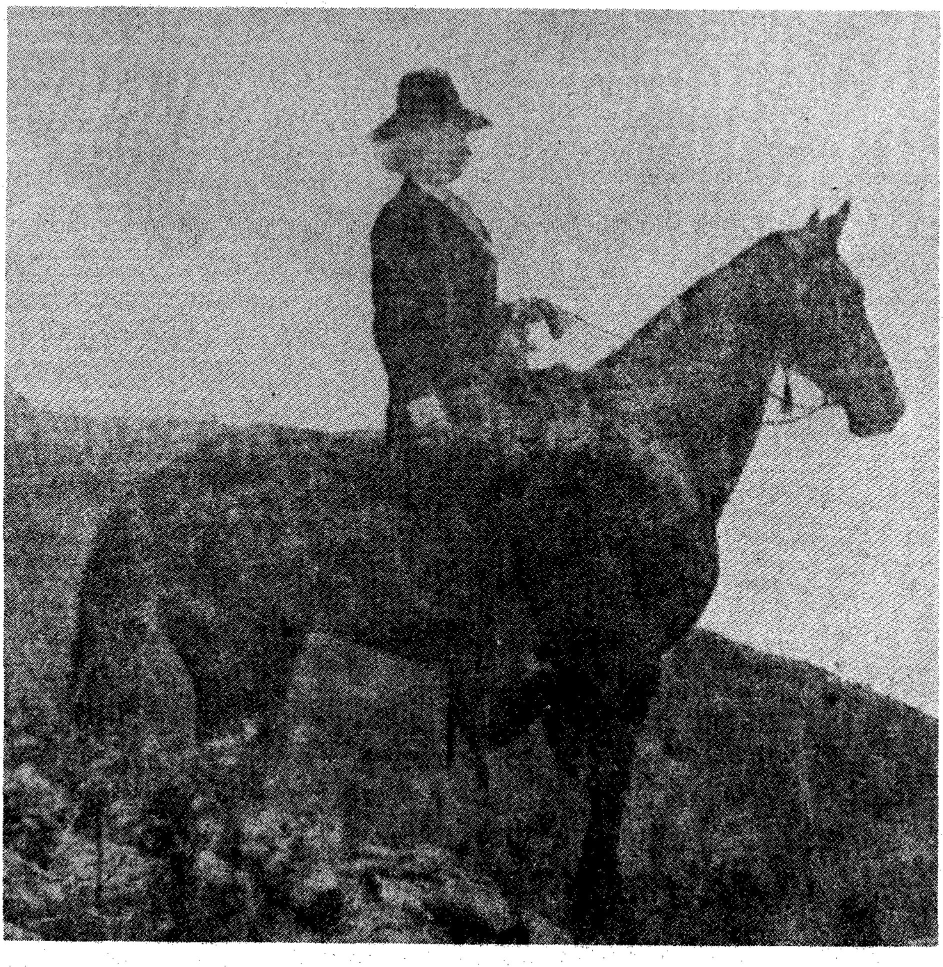


Whatever Joaquin was to the rest of the world, to his daughter Juanita he was

"MY GOD, MY HERO, MY IDEAL"

By THELMA KIMMEL

Photos Courtesy Juanita Miller

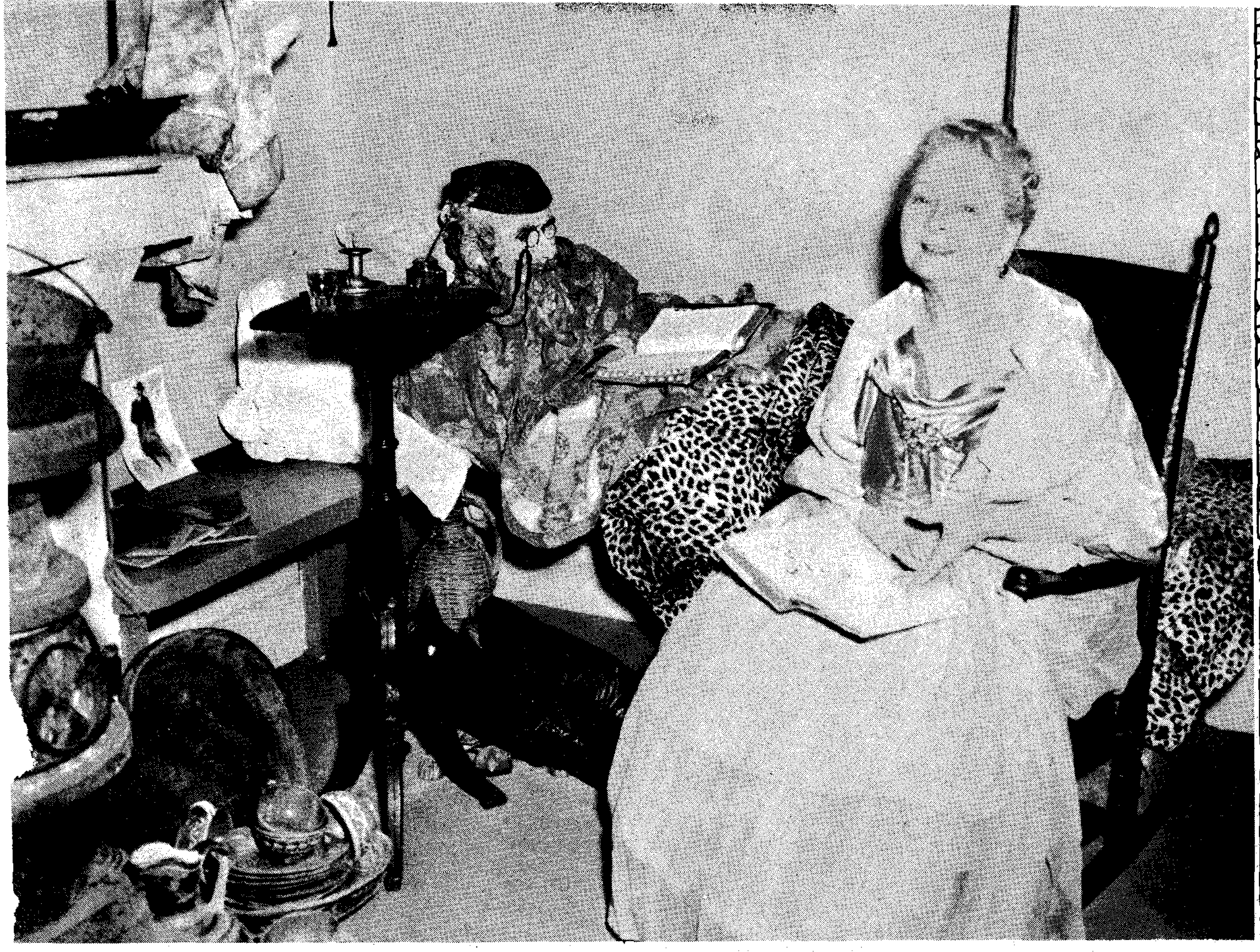


PONY EXPRESS rider, Indian fighter, poet, newspaper editor and reporter, Joaquin Miller is still one of the most debated characters of the Old West. Speaking of his Express riding days, the poet's daughter Juanita said: "One of the men at the Relay Station used to say that when the atmospheric effects were right for it, he could see my father approaching at a great distance, galloping along, a sort of mirage or reflection in the sky." Joaquin's life might be said to have been something of the same, a sort of mirage above reality. But the love he had for the Western wilderness was real even though critics accused him of stretching the truth to the bursting point.

In later years the "Poet of the Sierras" could be seen riding against the sky at his home on The Hights (as he spelled it) overlooking Oakland, California or looking down to where "the great ships ride and rally and the gleaming Bay lies dreaming." Figuratively or literally, whether on the back of a horse or on the wings of the Muse, Joaquin Miller rode in the clouds.

Whatever may be said of him by biographers and historians, to his daughter the poet was perfection. "My God, my

Juanita Miller (above left) stands before a portrait of her father. He holds the ring given him by Queen Victoria. At left, Joaquin Miller riding Chief on "The Hights" in 1889.



Juanita Miller in the Sanctuary to Memory museum in Joaquin Miller Park, Oakland, California. The bust Juanita made of her father is placed to show him reclining and reading. Items displayed are Joaquin's personal effects, including baby reindeer coat and gold pan (upper left corner) he used in the Klondike and Mexican pottery given him by a descendent of Joaquin Murieta, from whom the poet supposedly took his pen name. At right, Juanita at work on a small model of the statue of her father now in the Oakland park.

hero, my ideal"——all in one. It was faithful aging Juanita who—to get me pictures and material concerning the poet—opened the Sanctuary to Memory on The Heights where mementoes of her father's peripatetic life were kept. "The accumulation of things stored for over forty years seems to overwhelm me," said Juanita.

Many of the treasures had gathered mold. Joaquin himself wrote, "I would rather that some things were buried. Dead and buried."

The Heights—now Joaquin Miller Park—was the poet's last home. As part of it he built many unique edifices—an abbey; a pyramid; a tower to Robert Browning, "*sensitive poet of the soul*" with whom he traveled in Italy; a tower to Fremont "from where the Pathfinder saw the sun sinking in golden splendor and so called it Golden Gate." He built a dwelling for his wife, a temple to the Muses, a funeral pyre for himself, and the

(Continued on page 66)

NUGGETS

A HAIR-RAISING STORY

By B. J. Fitzgerald

My grandfather ran in the Oklahoma land rush and was lucky enough to get himself a homestead. He had a wife and small son in Kansas and after staking his claim he returned to Whitewater and for the next few years lived in Kansas, returning to Oklahoma early every summer to do the improving on his homestead that was required by law.

My grandmother went with him the first two years, leaving the boy with relatives. The third year, however, there had been much talk and speculation about the chances of an Indian uprising and Granddad decided she should stay home. He loaded up a covered wagon with the necessary farm tools, tied the old, blind mare that he used for plowing behind the wagon, and kissed Grandma goodbye. A few days later he hit the Territory and headed across toward his claim.

The first day passed without incident. The second morning he encountered several small groups of Indians. Normally, they could be counted on to beg for tobacco, but this morning they simply moved off the trail and watched in silence while he drove by. That noon he reached the river where he would have to leave the trail and set out across the prairie. He crossed over and made noon camp.

He took his time checking out the supplies and gear and filling the water barrels, thoughts of the Indians uppermost in his mind. About 2 o'clock he climbed back into the wagon seat and headed up the riverbank. As he reached the top he stopped to sight his landmarks. Prairie grass reached to the wagon seat and spread out before him like a golden rippling lake as far as he could see. There was no sign of anyone else for miles and, while he was grateful not to see any redskins, he'd have been happy to have spotted a white man around somewhere. Granddad sighted his bearings on a distant bluff, clucked the team into a walk and filled his pipe and settled back against the wagon cover.

The afternoon wore on with no further sign of anyone, red or white, in his vicinity. The gentle hazy dusk of the prairie began to settle, but since he was going to have to make a dry camp anyway he decided to keep going until dark. Suddenly he came alert when he spotted drifting smoke ahead and to the left.

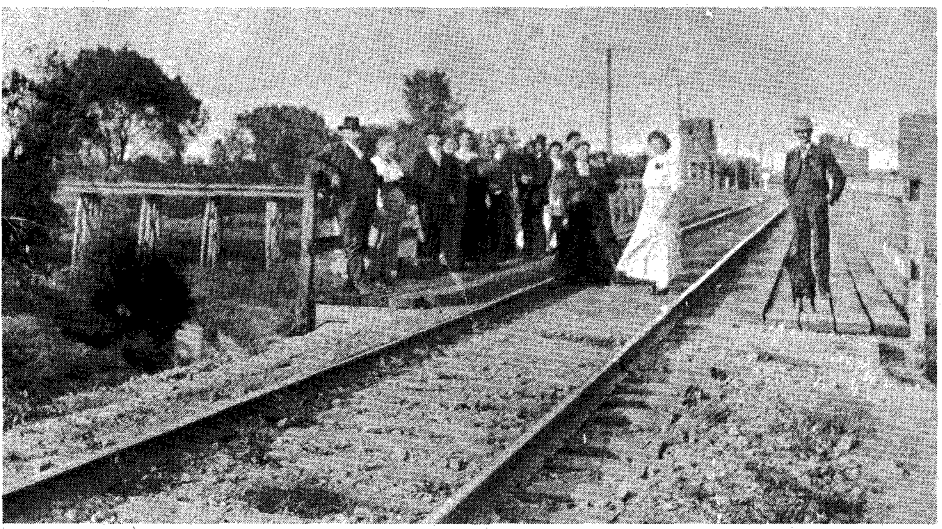
There was still no sign of life, but prairie fire was feared and dreaded by all. He turned the team toward the smoke and at a fast trot headed out to investigate. Coming up over a small rise Granddad found a sod house sitting in an arroyo. The bank was sloping and he easily drove the wagon down to the open door. Visitors were always a welcome sight and the woman of the house quickly heated up a meal for my grandfather. While she was preparing it, Granddad and the husband unhitched the team and watered them and the old, blind mare, then tied the team and mare to the back of the wagon and set the feed box just inside so that they could feed as they wanted it.

Along about eleven they were pretty well talked out and decided to get to bed, the evening having been mostly spent in discussing the chances of an Indian war. The couple told Granddad that he was welcome to bring his bedroll in and sleep on the floor but he said no thanks, he already had his bed made up in the wagon. He went back to the wagon, propped his pillow against the feed box and promptly went to sleep.

A couple of hours later he felt someone grab a handful of hair and yank. With a scream he leaped up and grabbed his rifle expecting any moment to feel an arrow in his chest or a tomahawk in his head. Cautiously he looked around and as the door of the sod house opened and the man and his wife appeared with rifles Granddad broke into a wild whoop of laughter. Apprehensively the man and woman waited for the laughter to subside while they gazed around into the shadows expecting to hear the warwhoops of Indians. When Granddad could get his breath he told them what had happened and then pointed to the old, blind mare who was nosing around the nearly empty feed box. In her search she had gone over the side of the box and found what to her felt like fresh grass. She gave it a real good yank, only to discover that it was firmly attached to Granddad's head.

George B. Eilerts, the author's grandfather who feared for his hair, stands apart on the right of the tracks. His wife, Anna Eliza, is between the rails in the dark dress.

Photo Courtesy Author



ATOP MOUNT SHASTA

By John W. Schuler

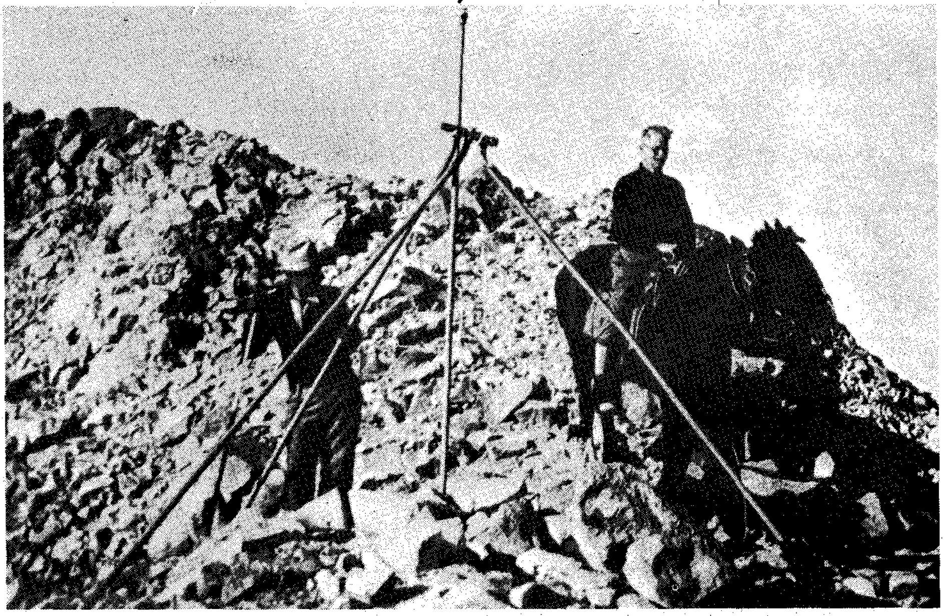


Photo Courtesy Author

The author's father, John M. Schuler, sits atop Bronco Ben Barr at the summit of Mount Shasta, September 10, 1936, while the author looks on. The photo was taken by Rev. Henry R. Dunsmuir.

IN THE NOVEMBER 1970 issue of *Frontier Times* a statement was made relative to the party of four who took a horse to the top of Mount Shasta in 1903. My father knew all the members of this party and became an old friend of Tom Watson. On several hunting excursions on the southwest and eastern sides of Mount Shasta, Mr. Watson often pointed out to him the exact route taken in attaining the summit, and stated that from his knowledge of the mountain he felt that his route was the only one possible with a horse.

In early 1936 Robert Ripley in his "Believe It or Not" published the picture of the party and the horse on the summit. This picture and article received international attention. It wasn't long after publication that Mr. Ripley phoned my father, John M. Schuler of Mount Shasta, and asked for documentary evidence of the feat, as he had received hundreds of phone calls and letters from former climbers who said that a horse could not be taken to the summit under any circumstances.

To Mr. Ripley and many of these inquirers it seemed that the matter was a hoax and that the picture might be a composite. My father was unable to document the story; however he did say that he knew all the principals and would rely on their integrity and honesty. Further correspondence with Mr. Ripley ensued. Finally my father told me that he felt the only way to satisfy all parties concerned would be to take a horse to the summit ourselves, or at least make a strong attempt.

We conferred with Reverend Henry Rische Dunsmuir and told him of our plans and asked him if he would like to go along. He said he surely would. As Reverend Rische was a well known mountain climber of the area and a good sport we were very glad to have him. We next secured a gentle, mountain-wise and strong horse, nine years old. This horse had had experience in packing supplies and equipment for the United States Forest Service when fire lookout structures were being built on several of the northern California mountains.

The date was set for September 10, 1936. We engaged a horse trailer to haul the horse as close to timberline as possible and we started out from Mount Shasta City early on the morning of September 9.

We journeyed to McCloud, thence to Widow Springs and continued on an old logging road until deep sand brought us to a halt. We then removed the horse from the trailer, packed our sleeping bags and equipment on his back, and hiked to Clear Creek Springs, at an elevation of around 7,500 feet at timberline on the east side of Mud Creek.

At the head of Clear Creek a beautiful, ice-cold mountain spring gushes out of the mountain and creates a small meadow of about one acre. Lush with grass, it is an ideal short-term feeding grounds for an animal. Our horse had proved himself to be so obedient, gentle, wise and strong that we soon named him "Bronco Ben" (also "Barr"—the name of the rancher from whom we had obtained him). Later he became known far and wide as "Bronco Ben Barr," the horse that achieved the utmost summit of Mount Shasta.

AFTER LEAVING the Clear Creek meadow we did not have any particular difficulty and as soon as we could we obtained good footing on Hotlum or Ash Creek Glacier which clung to the mountain quite steeply. With the early morning September sun melting the glare ice and snow, excellent footing was found to traverse toward the summit. We continued on the glacier to its top which we estimated to be an elevation of around 13,000 feet, and from that point it was easy going on the barren slope to the Hot Springs which rest about 300 feet below the actual summit.

We halted at the Hot Springs to regain our strength, put the nosebag on Bronco Ben, and get him water from one of the snowbanks. We put a few cans of beans and soup into the hot springs to eat on our return. The last lap was the most difficult part of the entire trip. The slope was steep and just before reaching the actual pinnacle is a sheer cliff of about six to seven feet. We at first thought it to be impossible for the horse. However, we held a conference and decided to build a large mound between Bronco Ben and the cliff, and try to force him to jump. When our mound was completed Bronco Ben responded with intelligence and alacrity and arrived on the actual summit.

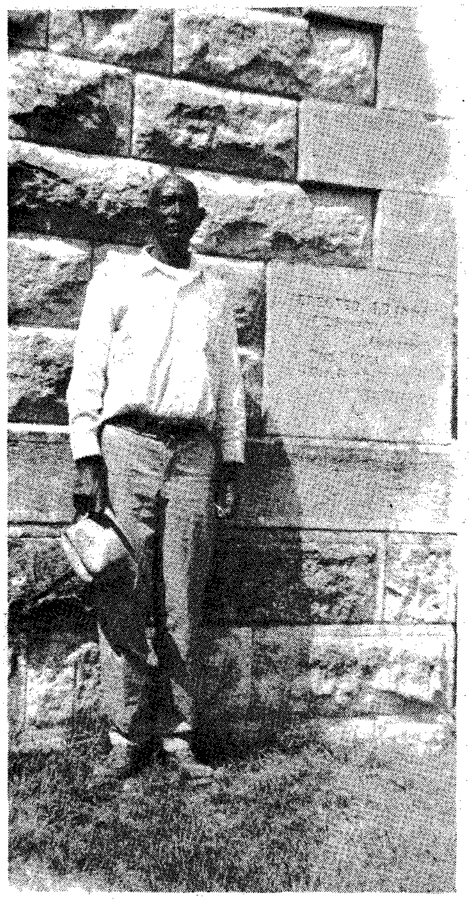
We took photographs, both still and motion pictures, and in a few minutes we started back down the mountain. We stopped at the springs for our hot food, and had no difficulty getting back to camp. It had taken us ten and one-half hours to make the summit and five and one-half hours to reach our camp from the summit. This satisfied Mr. Ripley.

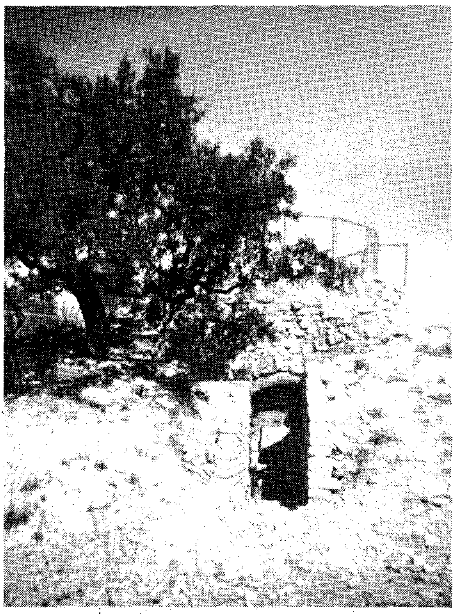
Bronco Ben Barr returned from the trip in perfect condition and remained his active self for another nine years when he had an accident with a barbed wire and his owners had to put him to sleep.

I have often been asked if Bronco Ben showed any sign of fatigue or lack of breath on the trip. So far as I could see, that horse was just as much at home at 13,000 feet as he was at the starting point from Mount Shasta City at 3,500 elevation. We had a well filled nosebag of barley and at many stops we would put the nosebag on Ben and he would start eating at once.

When we came to the glacier and snowfields, the hot September sun had created many small pools where he could get plenty of clear cold drinking water. The only trouble we had with Bronco Ben was in his rapid strides down the mountain to our base camp. This clearly indicated that he was glad to have gone because he was so glad to get back!

My father was sixty-five years of age at the time. It is my opinion, having been to the summit of Mount Shasta many times and explored the circumference at from 8,000 to 12,000 feet on a five-day trip one time, that Tom Watson and his party did indeed find the only possible way to take a horse to the summit of Mount Shasta. If we had not had first-hand information and direction from Tom Watson who had given it to my father several times in previous years, we would have been unable to duplicate his feat. Also I am sure no one else had tried it, although a good horse wrangler with mountain-wise and gentle horses could make excursions from Clear Creek Springs to the summit with tourists as a regular summer activity, if he so desired.





Photos Courtesy Author

Thad Upshaw (left) at the old courthouse in Blanco, Texas. Above are the lime kiln and London City and his wife at the Colony in Blanco County.

THE COLONY

By C. W. Wimberley

THEY WERE the people—and their descendants are the people—of the Colony. Slaves freed by the Civil War were the people who came to found this community in the hills of Blanco County, Texas and today their heirs are the people who perpetuate the Colony's name in the area. This is their story as told by the old ones who still live upon the land.

Following the Civil War, freedmen who aspired to make a life of their own came to build their cabins on pre-empted 160-acre tracts or small plots of land they bought near the eastern edge of Blanco County. Based upon the pioneer economy of that era, the community grew to encompass some 5,000 acres and supported a school, church, general store and post office named "Payton" after the community's founder, Payton Roberts.

During this pioneer period, Eli Crownover built his home with slab cypress lumber hauled from Cypress Mills and had the distinction of owning the first board house in the community. Interestingly enough, when the post office was moved from its original location to a place near Eli's home, its name was changed to Boardhouse Post Office.

Prior to World War I, the Colony celebrated Juneteenth in a manner which rivaled anything neighboring towns or villages did for the Fourth of July. The Colony people would barbecue forty goats, three beeves, and invite neighboring white folks and friends over to dinner on the grounds and revelry lasting into the night.

But the changing economy was to take its toll from the Colony, and this celebration was the first to go. The young left the land for city life and many of the small places have been sold to large landowners. They are gone—the school, general store and post office. Like many of the early rural communities, the Colony is now a rural route number and a memory of the old ones.

Aunt Mandy (Mrs. John Jackson Coffee) is eighty-seven years old and the Colony is home to her. According to her, the Coffee family came from Bastrop. Bony Coffee and Jack Birch joined Payton Roberts there to search for high ground, leaving behind the oft-flooded Colorado bottom lands "where the river always ran muddy and the trees wore whiskers (Spanish moss)."

Little Bony broke horses for the ranches around Wimberley, but Aunt Mandy cannot recall whether or not one of the Coffee men worked at the old leather house located at the mouth of Lone Man Creek (circa 1880).

London City, freighter, mail carrier, cowboy and farmer, is the Colony's patriarch. Ninety-one years old, he can recall the days of the open range, when he had to ride to the Pedernales or the Guadalupe to bring back cattle that strayed from the home range, and when Jack Stubbs used to cut the tall grasses on the meadow below Timber Top Hill for prairie hay to be used at his livery stable in Blanco City. Their former owners, the Rawls family of St. Landry Parish, Louisiana, brought London City's grandparents from Opelousas to the Colony and helped them get established there.

OTHER EARLY settlers or family names of the Colony as recalled by London City are Payton Roberts, the Jacksons, the Hines, Sam Parch, Anderson McConico, Susie Brigham, Jasper Birch, Alex Upshaw and Dick Morgan who built the lime kiln in 1874 or 1875. London City was one of the youngsters who went to this kiln to get a bucket of lime which his folks used to patch the chimney or to daub the cracks between the logs in their cabin. Jasper Birch and Alex Upshaw freighted with ox wagons from old Indianola and Bastrop before the railroad came to Central Texas. Many members of the Colony were freighters. In an era when the light farm wagon pulled by willow-tailed ponies was the usual fare, the Colony's heavy freight wagons pulled by matched spans of big Missouri mules were the Cadillacs of the trade.

My father, Rufus, was impressed by these teams. He remembers when, periodically, two of these big wagons loaded with sacks of corn to be ground into meal would pull into the millyard at Wimberley. Each of the seamless sacks held two and one-half bushels of corn belonging to a family in the Colony. My dad was too small to empty these big sacks into the mill hopper and had to get John or one of the other members of the family to help him. I asked London City why they chose to come to mill at Wimberley when there were other mills closer.

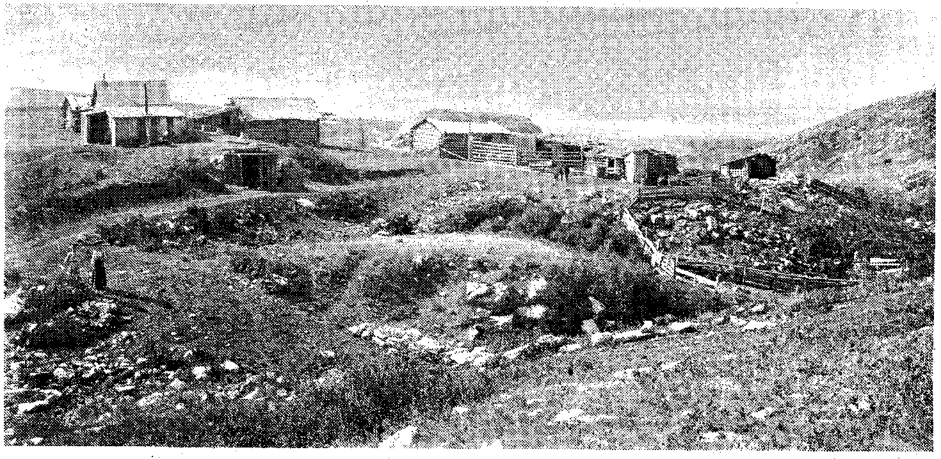
"The Wimberleys' big water mill was faster," he said. "The toll was lighter and the sack was fuller, for old man Zack Wimberley treated everybody alike. He was a good old man."

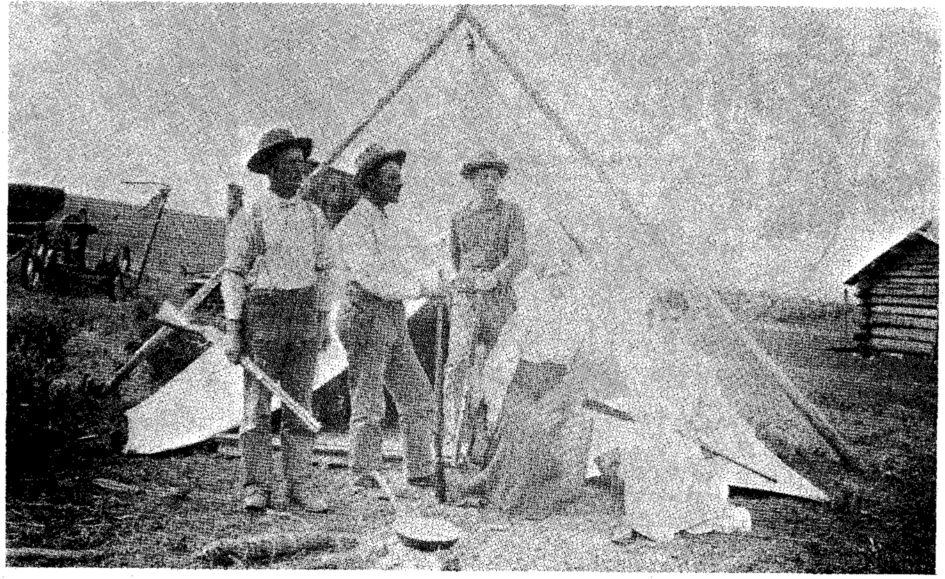
Childless at the age of sixty-five, Thad Upshaw, another resident, is justly proud of his heritage and his nephews, Eugene who plays with the Oakland Raiders, and Marvin, who plays with the Cleveland Browns. One of these nephews will inherit his place because Thad wants the land to remain Upshaw after he is gone.

It took modern roads and the automobile to break the Colony's hold on the freighting business in this area. About 1890, a man tried to do it with a steam tractor. After hooking onto eight floats at Blanco City, he made it to San Marcos on his maiden and only trip.

MOORE CELEBRATED THE FOURTH

By Clara M. Grove





Photos Courtesy Author

At top is the home where George H. Payne, his brother Fred, and sister Clara (the author) were living when George rescued Harvey Fogle from exploding fireworks in Moore, Montana on July 4, 1905. At left foreground are Clara and her mother, Rosina. Payne family members at home above in 1906 include (from left) Ed, George H., Arthur W., Rosina, and Clara.

THOUGH ATTICS are out of date, there is one in my house. As rain pattered on the roof above my head I opened the old tin-covered trunk. Under a heap of photos that dated back into last century and continued up to the present time, there was a clipping from the *Fergus County Argus*, published in Lewistown, Montana. The clipping was yellow with age, one corner was gone and the date was not on it. Perhaps it was 1904 or 1905—at least it was past my "tenderfoot years."

With my brother Fred I had staged into Garneill to join our brother George on a hillside ranch on Trout Creek, fifteen miles from Garneill. Fred will still be remembered at Garneill and at Harlowton. George, who later lived more than thirty-five years at Columbus in Stillwater County, was known throughout that county as Dr. George (Payne). The worn old newspaper clipping referred to George while he was still a rancher.

We had watched the Jawbone railroad being built from Harlowton to Lewistown, and on the bench eight miles below our hillside home the new town of Moore sprang up beside the railroad. When Moore had recovered its breath just a little from the fever of the building boom, it celebrated its first Fourth of July. A bandstand was hastily constructed, high up from the ground on an open framework. A program was prepared, speakers orated and the eagle screamed.

Many crops of calves have gone through the weaning pens since that day, and I cannot recall the reason why I remained at home while George went to the celebration. Fred was not with us at the time. As dusk settled over the bench and crept up the hills that warm July evening I began to watch for the fireworks at Moore. Suddenly there was a brilliant flash and the rockets were shooting their stars and pinwheels in all directions. The display lasted about five minutes. Night had fallen and I was asleep when George came home. In the morning I asked him why the fireworks had all been set off at once.

"They got afire and exploded," was the only explanation he gave.

A few days later George went to Moore to get our mail. When he returned, he brought the mail in, then went out at once. I began to read the *Argus*, which was our source of world, state and county news. The *Argus* was a weekly paper.

On the first page was the story of the celebration in Moore, with the account of the accidental firing of all the fireworks at once and the rescue from the bandstand of a small boy by a "Mr. George Bayne." I wondered who George Bayne could be; I had never heard of him.

Reading on, I knew I was reading about my own brother George. When he came back into the house I began to ask questions. No one knew, he said, how the fireworks caught on fire, except that when the first rocket was taken out, the box was left open. Perhaps a spark falling from that first rocket had ignited the others; or the match which lighted the first one might have been dropped, still burning, into the box; or someone may have flipped a cigarette into the box; no one knew. The boy was Harvey Fogle, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Fogle.

GEORGE gave the following report of the accident: "There were several men in the grandstand, and Harvey was there among them. When the explosion began the men all hurried down the steps of the grandstand and ran. Harvey ran to the opposite side and grabbed a railing with both hands and swung himself outside, evidently thinking that his feet would touch the ground.

"Finding himself swinging in mid-air with rockets whizzing all around him, he was so frightened that he just hung to the railing. I saw him there and tried to pull him down, but he held so tight to the railing that I had to climb the outside and take his hands loose. I took him under my arm and ran. That was all there was to it. I did not go into the grandstand."

It was like George to make his account terse and put a large period at the end of it, as he had done when—just a kid—he had rescued Hen Shackle from drowning; and later as a doctor, when he had crossed a swollen, ice-caked river in a rowboat because the bridge had been washed out. George was always very athletic. One time a horse he was breaking to the saddle bolted into a wire fence and his leg had received a bad cut, but George continued to do the ranch chores on his crutches.

I doubt that many who were at that early-day celebration still live in the Moore vicinity.

MONUMENT TO TRAGEDY

By Frank M. Freeman

FOR NEARLY eighty years a monument has rested upon Brown Mountain above the once fabulously rich mining town of Silver Plume, Colorado. The face of the marker bears the following inscription:

Clifford Griffin
Son of Alfred Griffin Esquire
of Brand Hall
Shropshire, England
Born July 2, 1847
Died June 19, 1887
And In Compliance With His Own Request
Buried Near This Spot

There are two accounts, at wide variance with one another, each purported to be the true story of the monument and how it came to be placed upon the lofty heights. Version One:

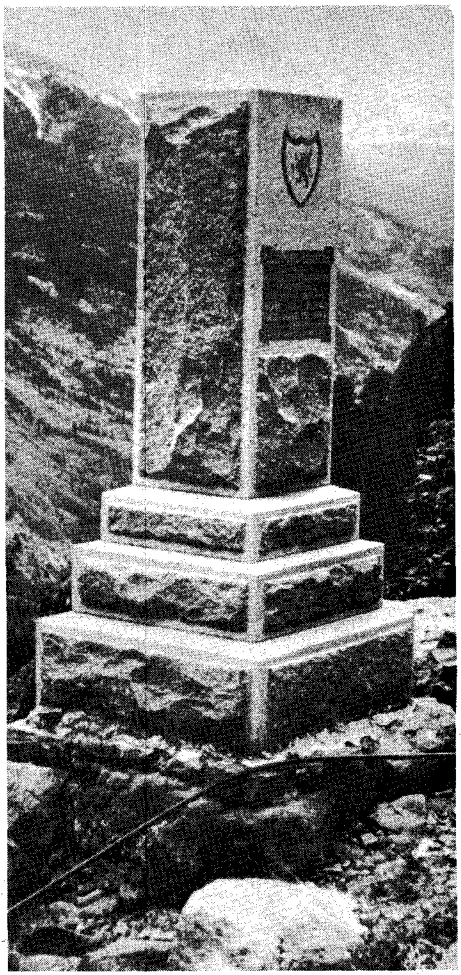
Heneage Griffin, like many Britishers of his time, deserted his native land to seek his fortune in America. He made his stake when he purchased shares in a mine at Silver Plume, eventually acquiring full ownership of the diggings, and in a short while, growing to be a millionaire. Griffin's mine was dubbed "The Seven Thirty Mine" due to the fact that Griffin's employes went to work at the shriek of a steam whistle at 7:30 while neighboring mines heralded the start of their working with whistles which blew at 6:30.

Heneage Griffin was a standoffish sort of individual who was respected but not too well liked by the people of Silver Plume. The dark side of Heneage's life was his concern and worry over his brother, an alcoholic whose incessant drinking had brought shame and disgrace to the family. In a final, all out, desperate attempt to rehabilitate his brother, Heneage Griffin brought him from Britain to Silver Plume hoping that a change of scenery might work a miracle.

It didn't. Clifford Griffin was an outgoing, convivial soul, the life of the party, the direct opposite of quiet, withdrawn, austere Heneage. Clifford immediately became a crony of every saloon frequenter of Silver Plume and the nearby mining towns of Georgetown, Idaho Springs, Blackhawk and Central City as well. His drinking bouts became legendary in the mining country.

AS TIME PASSED, Clifford Griffin sank into an emotional despondency brought about, it has been alleged, by the death of his sweetheart in England and by his own failing health. At the end of the working day at the Seven Thirty, Clifford would station himself upon a point above the mine where he played beautiful but mournful melodies with the skill of a concert violinist. Clifford more than once morbidly in-

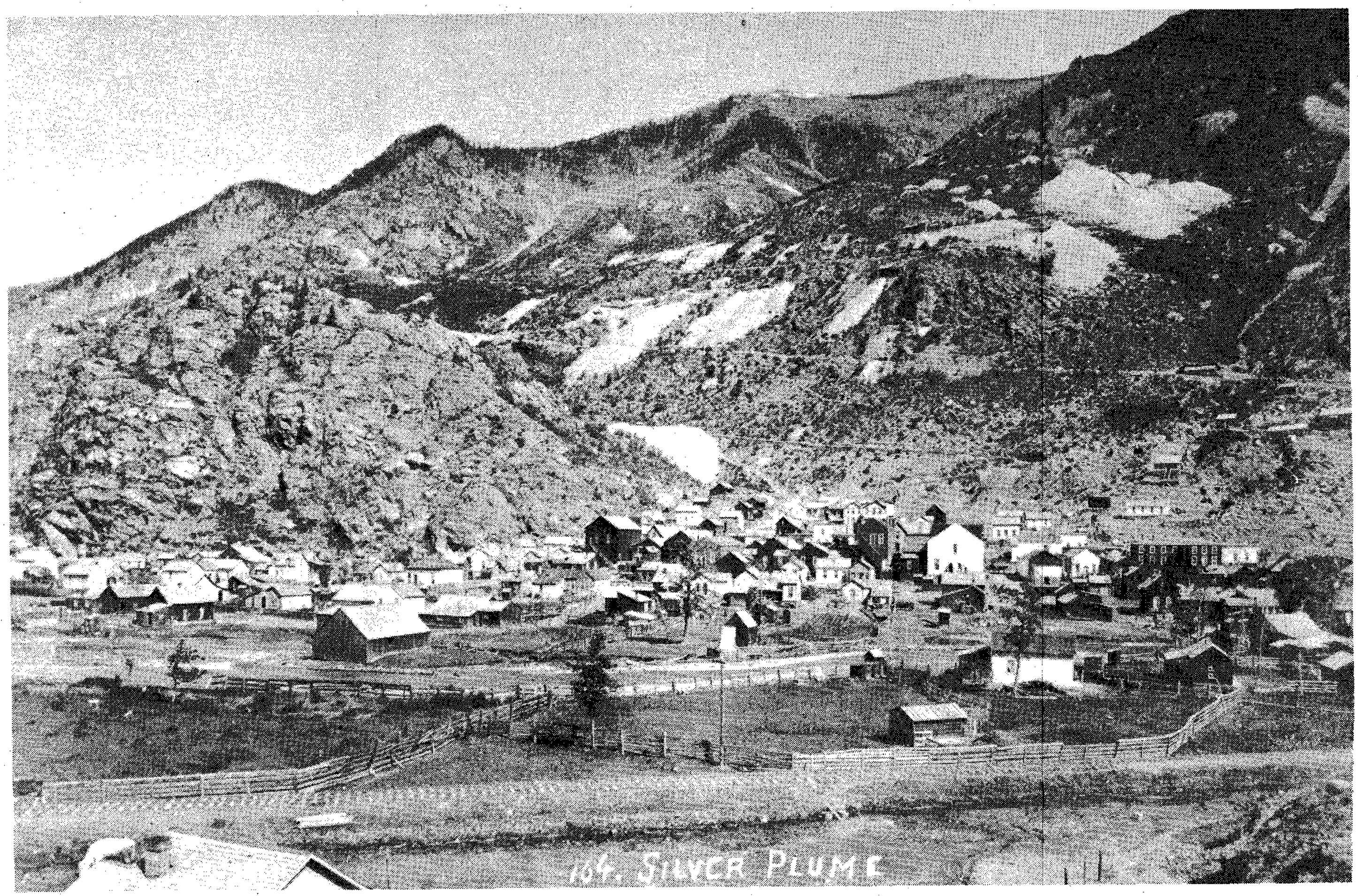
(Continued on page 46)



State Historical Society of Colorado Photo Courtesy Author

Silver Plume, Colorado in the 1880s. At right is Griffin Monument on Brown Mountain just above Silver Plume.

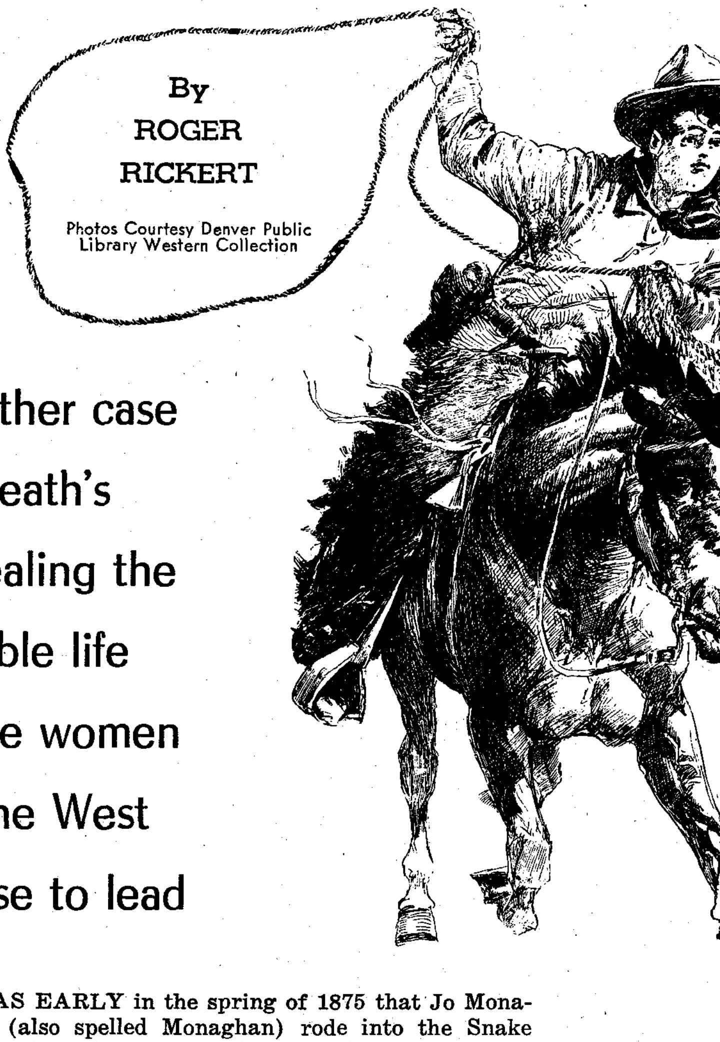
Denver Public Library Western Collection Photo Courtesy Author



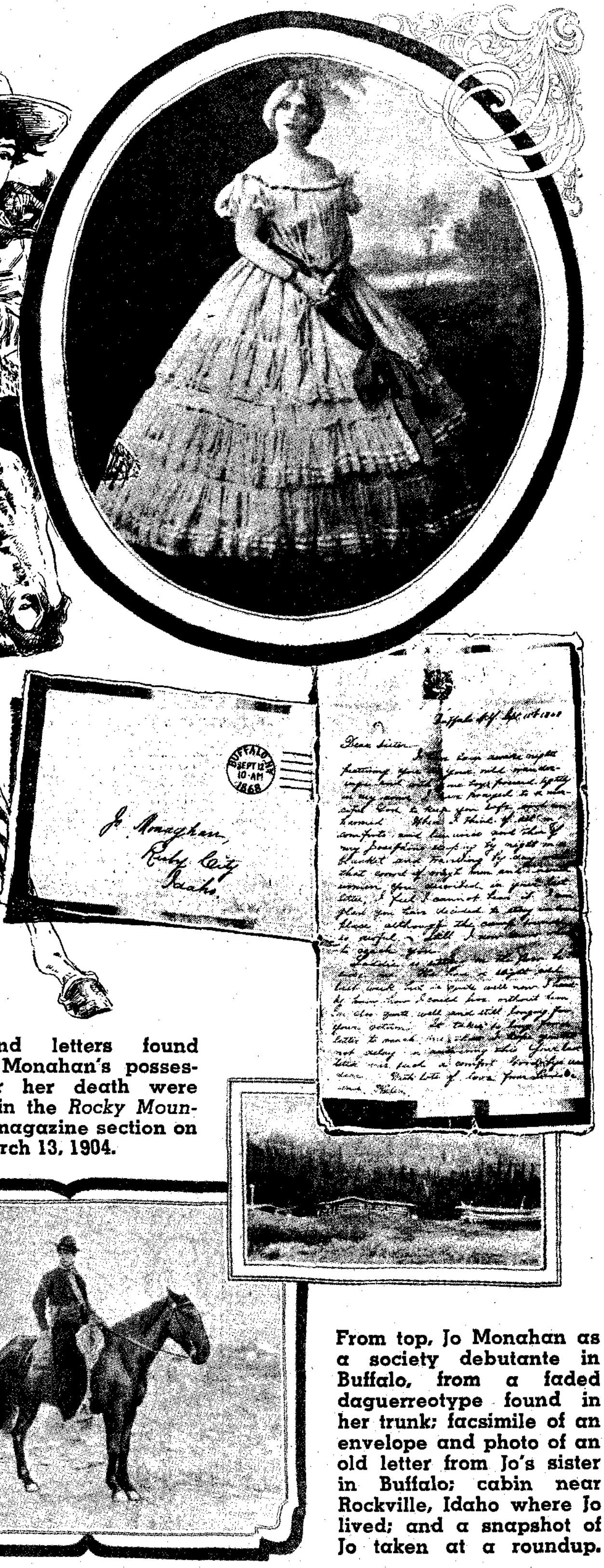
Little Jo

By
ROGER
RICKERT

Photos Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection



Another case of death's revealing the double life some women in the West chose to lead



Photos and letters found among Jo Monahan's possessions after her death were published in the *Rocky Mountain News* magazine section on March 13, 1904.

From top, Jo Monahan as a society debutante in Buffalo, from a faded daguerreotype found in her trunk; facsimile of an envelope and photo of an old letter from Jo's sister in Buffalo; cabin near Rockville, Idaho where Jo lived; and a snapshot of Jo taken at a roundup.

IT WAS EARLY in the spring of 1875 that Jo Monahan (also spelled Monaghan) rode into the Snake River region of eastern Oregon and hired out to the ranchers as a cowboy. Jo worked most of the cattle ranches in eastern Oregon and western Idaho. The ranchers first thought that Jo was just another cowboy who would soon be drifting on, but "Little Jo" Monahan was different.

He was outstanding in many ways. Little Jo could run faster, shoot straighter, and handle a lariat with the best. He was not a large person. He stood only five feet two inches tall, and weighed only 135 pounds. And Jo had very little to say; but when he did speak, his words came so fast one could hardly understand him. He was quick in thought and action and was a top horse-wrangler. Jo soon was known as the untiring cowboy. People often wondered when he slept. He never went to the bunkhouse with the other cowboys, but would bed down under the stars on a hay pile or rolled up in a blanket or canvas.

Besides working as a ranch hand, Jo spent the first year of the Owyhees mining boom at Ruby City, Idaho, supplying meat for miners. Jo also worked on sheep ranches around Payette, Idaho, and at most of the large

(Continued on page 52)

TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy ***genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all*** **letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.**

Rainwater

Edward M. or E. R. Rainwater fought alongside Deaf Smith in the defense of Vince's Bridge at the Battle of San Jacinto, 1836, near present-day Pasadena, Texas, and was given one-third league of land by the Matagorda Land Commission in 1838. I am seeking any information about this man, either before or after the battle. Also, I have a great deal of other information on the Rainwater families.—Terrell Rainwater, Box 1182, Denison, Texas 75020

Hugh James Woodside

Hugh James Woodside was a member of the McPherson, Kansas Town Company and one of the streets in our city was named for him.

The Woodside family were bankers in Toronto, Canada and came to McPherson County in the early '70s. Hugh was a barrister, being called to the bar in 1870. The family came from Ireland; however, Hugh and his sister, Eleanor, were born in Quebec, Canada in the 1840s. They were Unitarians. His father, Thomas, was manager of the Toronto branch of City Bank in 1851 and later was a cashier at Royal Canadian Bank.

Hugh never married and died in Manitoba, Canada on March 1, 1878. His sister, Eleanor Campbell, lived in Stonewall, Manitoba, Canada. Another relative, Catherine Mickiewho, used to visit in the local community.

After operating a huge cattle herd in the King City area in the '70s, the family later moved to McPherson, where Hugh's father died in 1881; his mother, Ellen, also died there later. He also had a sister named Margaret.

Any contact with a descendant may help me to secure a picture for our McPherson Centennial in 1972.—Linn Peterson, 540 E. Hill St., McPherson, Kansas 67460

Wanda Earl and Elleen Primm

Wanda Earl and Elleen Primm corresponded with my mother, Ruby Larison Neuse, in 1914-15. I suppose they were in their early teens. They were living in El Paso, Texas where their father owned and operated Cone Manufacturing Co., Ltd., at 507 Station Street. They were related to my mother and to the Flowers family from around Smithville, Texas. There may be a Primm family cemetery at Smithville on what was the old home place. Does anyone know of this?

I have a photograph of Wanda Earl and Elleen with their Grandfather Primm and perhaps a small brother. There is another relative of my mother's mother, Mary Elizabeth Flowers Larison, by the name of Frank Inge from Smithville. I am trying to establish just exactly how these people were related to my mother. She does not remember. I will greatly appreciate any information anyone can give me.—Mrs. Billy G. Bond, Rt. 1, Box 2, Leesville, Texas 78122

John Marlin Family

I would like to correspond with any descendants of the John Marlin family who lived in Falls County, Texas, 1835-1860. He married Mary C. Menefee and they had the following children: J. M., Wm. Nimrod Perry, Louise, Rufus, Ashley, Okley and Emily.

William married Rebecca Sutton, Louise married Samuel Blair, Rufus married Martha Gentry, Ashley married Mary Ann Sutton, and Emily married James Wimberley.—Mrs. J. B. Roberts, Box 337, Plainview, Texas 79072

J. E. Jones

I would like any information about J. E. Jones. He lived in E. Gould, Oklahoma and at the age of 81 died there in 1922-23. He may be buried at Blair, Oklahoma. At one time he owned the Globe Hotel in Quanah, Texas.

Jones had a friend who lived and died at Pecan Gap, Texas in 1924 or '25. He was the last surviving member of Quantrill's raiders from the Civil War.—John Pitts, 4017 Delaware, Fort Worth, Texas 76135

Melvin Conklin

Would like information on Melvin Conklin, my great-grandfather, who worked out of the Pony Express stables in St. Joseph carrying supplies by ox-cart to Ft. Johnston and California during the Civil War. He was born 1844 in Ohio and lived near Ft. Scott, Kansas (Barnsville) in 1860. He married Adeline Wilson, 1865, in Troy, Kansas. Did he also ride Pony Express?

His parents were James Conklin, born 1815, New York and Eleanor Van Fleet, born 1813 in Ohio. What part of those states? Sisters were Amanda and Julietta. Melvin lived in a river town, Palarmo, now extinct, across from St. Joseph sometime between 1864 and 1870.—Mrs. V. W. Robbins, 4118 West 73rd St., Prairie Village, Kansas 66208

Phillips from Arkansas

There were five of us children born in Newport, Arkansas. Our last name was Phillips and our parents died in a typhoid epidemic. I have no information on any of my family, as I was the youngest. We were placed in the Children's Home in Little Rock and when I was two years old I was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. George W. Ritchie of Pine Bluff.

When I was grown I wrote to the Home but they replied that all their adoption records had been sent to the Children's Home in St. Louis, Missouri, which had burned, destroying all papers.

Please help me find my brothers and sisters. It has been heartbreaking all these years, knowing nothing about them.—Mrs. Florence A. Ritchie Montryce, 481 Valentine St., Apt. 118, Houston, Texas 77019

Hoskins-Price

I would like to contact relatives of James P. Hoskins, born in Texas in 1862, exact birthplace unknown. His wife, Eva Price, was born in Williamson County, Texas, 1865. Their children were Porter, Richard, Nora, Gracie, Ellen Wood, Allie, and Nanna. James had one brother, Charles William Hoskins, my father-in-law, who died in Deming, New Mexico, 1932.—Mrs. Allen E. Hoskins, Route 2, Box 286, Deming, New Mexico 88030

Mooney-Willis-Rainey

I want information on Carrie M. and Leo Willis, believed to have gone to Oregon about 1870. Did she have brothers and sisters, and was Ella their child? Were there relatives named Rainey? I am trying to find the rightful owner of valuable papers.—Miss Virginia Dibrell, 103 Jackson Keller, Apt. 109 San Antonio, Texas 78216

Harry Barker

Does anyone know anything about a cousin of mine named Harry Barker? He was born Sept. 14, 1903 in Pueblo, Colorado. When he was about eleven years old he ran away from home and no one has heard from him since. His father and mother are Napolian and Ella F. Albert Barker. They were living in Pueblo when Harry left home.—Mrs. Glen Hunter, 477 Filmore, Pocatello, Idaho 83201

James Arthur White

James Arthur White was born in Emporia or Kansas City about 1880 to 1890. He married Winifred Cole and lived in Burmeister, Utah. He was last seen leaving there to seek work in the depression years, about 1931 or '32. He was a deputy sheriff of Tooele County, Utah. Please write if you know anything about him.—Mrs. Jean White, 9840 South 2300 East, Sandy, Utah 84070

John Lowe

My grandfather, John Lowe, was last known to be in the Denver, Colorado vicinity about the time of the first World War. He was born in La Chute, Quebec, Canada, February 28, 1863, the son of Catherine Fraser Lowe and David Lowe. They came to Chicago in the 1860s and Mr. Lowe was a meat store owner and butcher at 31st and Cottage Grove Avenue for many years. He married Alice Hartman in 1892 and had one child. He was divorced in 1905. I'd appreciate any information about him. —R. M. Muckersturm, 50 E. Harrison, Chicago, Illinois 60605

Creggar-Gregory-Wilks

I would like to find Leonard Creggar, with whom I worked at the Iten Biscuit Company in Oklahoma City. We went to Lee Hall, Virginia together in 1918. I'd like also to hear from an old school friend, Edna Gregory, and from Willie Wilks.—Ross Mann, Route 2, Quanah, Texas 79252

Sharp-Farmer

My grandfather, George W. Sharp, came to Arkansas from Tennessee in the late 1890s or early 1900s. He left his father, Will Sharp, his sister Molly Sharp who married Jeb Farmer, and some brothers, how many or their names we don't know. They lived around Sweetwater, Tennessee. I sure would like to hear from any relatives or old-timers who remember these people.—Mrs. Lola Sharp Thibodeaux, 701 North S Street, Fort Smith, Arkansas 72901

Myrtle Lee

Myrtle Lee, my double first cousin, went to California more than forty years ago. She was born in Patoka, Illinois. Her father, Delmar Percival Lee, was born in Illinois, December 12, 1860. I heard that her father and brother, Sanford, were killed in a shootout in Oklahoma in the early twenties. I'd like to know all the details of this incident and where Myrtle and her mother went afterward; also her present whereabouts.—Nettie Lee McCanless, 1838 Plum Street, Baker, Oregon 97814

Duff Stewart

I would appreciate information concerning my great-uncle, James W. Duff, who married Matie Stewart and settled on his homestead in Watonga, Oklahoma, April 1, 1894. His daughter Grace married a Mr. Williams, manager of Swift Packing Company, Oklahoma City. Ethel married a Mr. Allen; Flossie married a Mr. Beardon.—Mrs. Elsie I. Stewart, 252 Buena Vista St., Twin Falls, Idaho 83301

Michael Lander Family

I need information on Michael Lander (Landore), born 1818, France; son of Mrs. Mary M. Landore, born 1785, Germany, both Catholics. His sister Margaret married Alex Trombley of Canada. The Lander family came to Norfolk County, Ontario about 1830. Michael married Sarah A. Kennedy, born 1819, a Baptist. They moved to Union, Porter County, Indiana, 1858; later to Ross, Lake County, Indiana.

They had eight children: Jane, James, and Chris. Jacob, who went to Chicago; Eliza, Mary, who married Christian Adler; Albert and Wes, who went to Oregon, 1887; and Franklin B., a conductor in Indiana.

Chris married Clara Fisher; James, Ellin Spikings; Wes, Flora Philips; Albert, Effa Philips. These boys died between 1913 and 1924.

James, Chris and Albert were all in the Civil War, from Indiana. Sarah Kennedy had New Jersey origins according to Chris' death certificate.—M. L. Lander, Box 641, Red Bluff, California 96080

Groves

I am searching for relatives of my uncle, Gus Groves and wife Ada of Ryan or Ardmore, Oklahoma; my grandmother, Ann Reddington Groves of Comanche, Oklahoma; and my great-uncle, Will Groves, born 1862 in Missouri, son of the Rev. Jonathan Winfield Groves and wife Sallie Caryell. Great-uncle Will left Coal County, Oklahoma with his wife Zarah and family in 1921 or 1922. We think they went to Texas.—Oleta G. Neal, 4801 Morning Dr., Amarillo, Texas 79108

Kline

I would appreciate information concerning Jacob and Christina Best Kline. They had four children that I know of: Jacob, Charles, Lillian and Theodore John, born 1857 in Ohio, possibly Toledo. I'd like to know about their marriages, deaths, burial places, etc.—Mrs. Genevieve Kline, 2330 N.W. 8, Apt. 7, Lincoln, Nebraska 68521

Hurst-Freeman

My grandfather Hezekiah Carr Edwin Hurst was born in Scotland, county and year unknown. He was a schoolteacher, minister and herb doctor. I know nothing of his family. I was told by relatives that he settled in Tennessee where he met and married my grandmother, Sara Freeman. Their children were Elijah, Nancy Ann, Will, Mant, John Franklin (my dad), James Lafayette, and Elizabeth.

As far as I know, the children all were born in Alabama. My dad was born in Clay County, Alabama. All are deceased. Hezekiah died in 1904, Sara in 1914 and both are buried in Concord Cemetery in Clay County, Alabama. I hope anyone having information about this family will write me.—Eva Hurst Gillespie, Box 61, San Jon, New Mexico 88434

John Jefferson Jones

My grandfather, John Jefferson Jones, is buried in a little country cemetery about six miles southwest of Pekin, Illinois called Bequeath Cemetery. He died June 4, 1862, aged 20 years. My father was born November 17, 1862 and named John Jefferson Jones after his father. His mother was Sarah Preston Jones. My grandfather was buried among her people, the Prestons. She remarried and lost track of the Jones family.

My father said his father's relatives wanted Grandmother to give him to them. They promised to educate him to be anything his mother desired, but Grandmother would not give him up. My father thought my grandfather had several brothers, among them Henry and Bill, and he thought there was a girl, Margaret. He remembered his mother speaking of someone named Trimble, so perhaps that was Margaret's married name.

One of the brothers was a railroad lawyer and the other had some connec-

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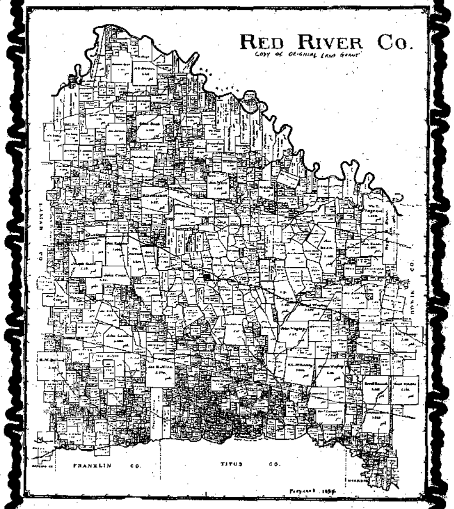

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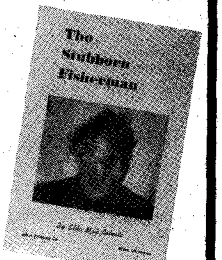
THE STUBBORN FISHERMAN, by Elda May Roberts. (195 pages, hardback, 1970) The object of this book is to survey the life of a true fisherman; and to consider the many ways in which the history of such a man departs from that of men with more conventional occupations. The book is unique in that it describes the history of a guide and his relationship with all with whom he came in contact, expressing his general philosophy of life. Regular price $6.95. Special offer price $4.95 ppd.



STUBBORN FISHERMAN
P. O. Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78704

tion with the Des Moines *Register.* Grandmother received that newspaper for years as a gift from that brother.

I do not know where Grandfather was born or who his parents were. I'd certainly appreciate any information.—Mrs. F. J. Bickel, Lineville, Iowa 50147

Southern Families

I would like to hear from anyone in the following families: Butler, Harp, Skaggs, and Estes from Kentucky and Texas; Lee, Percival, Sanders, and Hightower from Tennessee and Texas; Orr, Robbins, Kerr, and Wallace from Tennessee, Mississippi and Texas; Silvey, Donalson, and Terry from Missouri, Texas and Oklahoma.—Mrs. J. H. Robbins, 3016 N.W. 25th, Fort Worth, Texas 76106

Hurst-Bateman-Smith

I am interested in contacting anyone with Hurst relatives born and raised in Walnut Grove, Dade County, Missouri. My father, Charles Albert Hurst, had two brothers that I remember, Jim and Oliver, and two sisters, Amy Bray and Ailey Gates. Uncle Jim has a grandson believed to be living in California. His name is Walter Towery. As far as I know, Aunt Ailey's three children are all deceased. They were Glemm Percy, Charles Nolan and Gladys West Gates. Nolan's son, Larry, may be in Oklahoma. Gladys had three sons, their last known address, Springfield, Missouri. I have not heard from Uncle Oliver's daughter, Maude Hurst Cook, in the last three years.

Bateman was my mother's maiden name. Her father was Amos Bateman of Taney County, Missouri. I am interested in locating her sisters, Carrie Whitaker and Stella Cannon, who lived in Tucson, Arizona in 1954. Henry Lewis and Maxine Grunden or Grunder are children of another of her sisters who married a Gene Lewis Henry and was living at Gresham, Oregon the last we heard. Maxine may be in Oregon also.

I have not heard from my youngest brother, Lenard Smith, since 1957 and I don't believe he knows his mother is dead. His last known address was Estado, Oregon and he works in the lumber camps.—Pearl M. Morgan, Box 665, Bonners Ferry, Idaho 83805

Beckworth-Beckwith-Lathrop

My father, George Early Beckworth, has told me that our name was once Beckwith, but some ancestor changed the spelling. Before my father was born, his father and mother, Celesta Alice Lathrop Beckworth, came from the east. My dad was born in San Juan, New Mexico, February 24, 1908. He had five brothers: Floyd, Jess, Merl, Sid, and Earl; and three sisters: Lizzie, Mirtle (married a Williams) and Ethel, who married a Jordon.

I would appreciate any information concerning any of these people in any way. I'd also like to know about Cap Lathrop of Alaska who had a great many positions there prior to his death about 1951.—Til L. Beckworth Miller, 314 Missouri St., Deer Lodge, Montana 59722

Kellison-Myers-Pruitt

Robert Kellison, born 1844 in Miller County, Missouri, married in 1867 Hannah Myers, born about 1852 in Missouri. Their children in the 1880 census of Bosque County, Texas were Susan J., Adeline and James W., all born in Missouri; Walter D. and Matilda, born in Texas. This family along with Robert's parents, Wm. and Matilda Lawson Kellison; brother, John Kellison; Hannah's brothers, John W., James F. (Pete) and Abraham Myers all came to Bosque County, Texas in the mid-1870s. Who were the parents of these Myers brothers and sister? Where in Missouri were they born and did Robert Kellison and family remain in Texas?

James A. Pruitt, born about 1800-05 (where?), married somewhere in Tennessee about 1824. He came to Rusk County, Texas in the late 1830s or early 1840s where he died in 1844. His children by his first wife were Giles Madison, married 1845 to Elizabeth Wornell; Nancy A., married 1844 to Edward to Andrew J. Crockett; Cynthia Jane and Silas Newton. They were all born somewhere in Tennessee between 1815-1834. With his second wife, Winnifred, he had these children: Wm. Davis; Geo. Washington; Martin V. Pruitt. Who was his first wife, and where in Tennessee did they marry and live? Was he a brother of John Pruitt, an early day wealthy landowner in Rusk County, Texas?—Roy E. Gibson, 4517 Coffee Rd., Fort Worth, Texas 76118

Morgan-Gifford

Forbes Morgan married Josie Bowker in Kansas sometime around 1900. A son, Joyce Paul (my father), was born in 1903. A daughter, May, is the only one left of this union. Josie died and Grandpa Forbes married again. I met a lot of my relatives at my father's funeral October 31, 1966 at Wichita, Kansas. I believe Forbes died in the late 40s. Would like to hear from some of them.

John Levi Gifford married Evelin Fletcher in 1903 and had a daughter, Ethel Estella. Evelin died March 6, 1906, Lincoln Township, Pratt County, Kansas. Her father was Joseph Fletcher Sr. Webester was my great-grandmother's name on the Gifford side.

I have information on the Gifford line reaching back to before the War of 1812. The spelling was changed from Giffard. As late as 1935 there were people using both.—Elba L. Morgan, Box 665, Bonners Ferry, Idaho 83805

Descendants of Christian Cones

I would like to hear from anyone named Cones. I know there are many in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Ohio, etc. Our ancestor is Christian Cones who came from Amsterdam, Holland on the ship *Belsy*, settled in Pennsylvania, and was killed in the Battle of Brandywine in the Revolutionary War. His son Jacob married and settled near what is now Ft. Thomas, Kentucky. Some of his sons moved to Ohio, others to Indiana, etc. Many of his descendants were in the Civil War and later moved westward. Any information will be greatly appreciated.—Rev. C. W. Cones Sr., 980 N. Boehning Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana 46219

Robert M. Cade

My grandfather, Robert M. Cade, had two families. His first wife bore him eight children; he and his second wife, a Civil War widow, had six children. My father, R. E. L. Cade, was one of the boys of the second family.

Grandfather was born in Mississippi in 1814. He came to Texas and settled in Upshur County. He was a Mason and was the Worshipful Master of the Masonic Lodge at Gilmer in 1855, '56 and '59.

I have a book entitled *One Hundred Years of Masonry* in which they tell of him and his two marriages and list the names of four of his children by his second marriage.

I would certainly like to hear from any of the children of his first family. There are lots of Cades in Texas, but I've never met any related to me.

Grandmother Cade married a Mr. Morris after Grandfather Cade passed away in 1875. My father, Richard, was only six years old at his dad's death and never knew much about him.—Ralph W. Cade, 1610 W. 20th St., Odessa, Texas 79760

Beam

I would like to have information on the descendants of John Teter Beam (who came to America in 1767), especially those who settled in the western states in the 1800s, and on the following in particular. Rufus Beam, born about 1839, was a son of Joshua Beam of North Carolina. Rufus Beam studied medicine and was a practicing physician in old Oklahoma Territory for several years. Two of his sons also were doctors in the West. Jacob Beam, born January 18, 1792, an uncle of Rufus, came west from North Carolina in the early 1800s and raised a large family. Isaac Beam, born about 1852, immigrated to Texas as a young man. After these people left North Carolina, they were lost to record.

I will be pleased to hear from or exchange information with any one in the Beam families.—Charles E. Beam, 3809 S.W. 44th, St., Oklahoma, City, Oklahoma 73119

Tracy

My great-grandfather, Tom and Margaret Alfonse Tracy, are said to have come to Texas from Georgia after the Civil War. My grandfather, John Westly Tracy, was the youngest of their five children. He was only three in 1873 when his parents died within a few months of each other. The old Tracy place, where his parents died, is said to be on Sawdust Road near Spring Creek in Montgomery County, Texas.

There is a reported family connection with the gunman, John Wesley Hardin, and a known connection with the Golden family who still live in Montgomery County. I would like to correspond with anyone with any information.—Bonnie Mead Richmond, 508 Euclid, Apartment 2, Houston, Texas 77009

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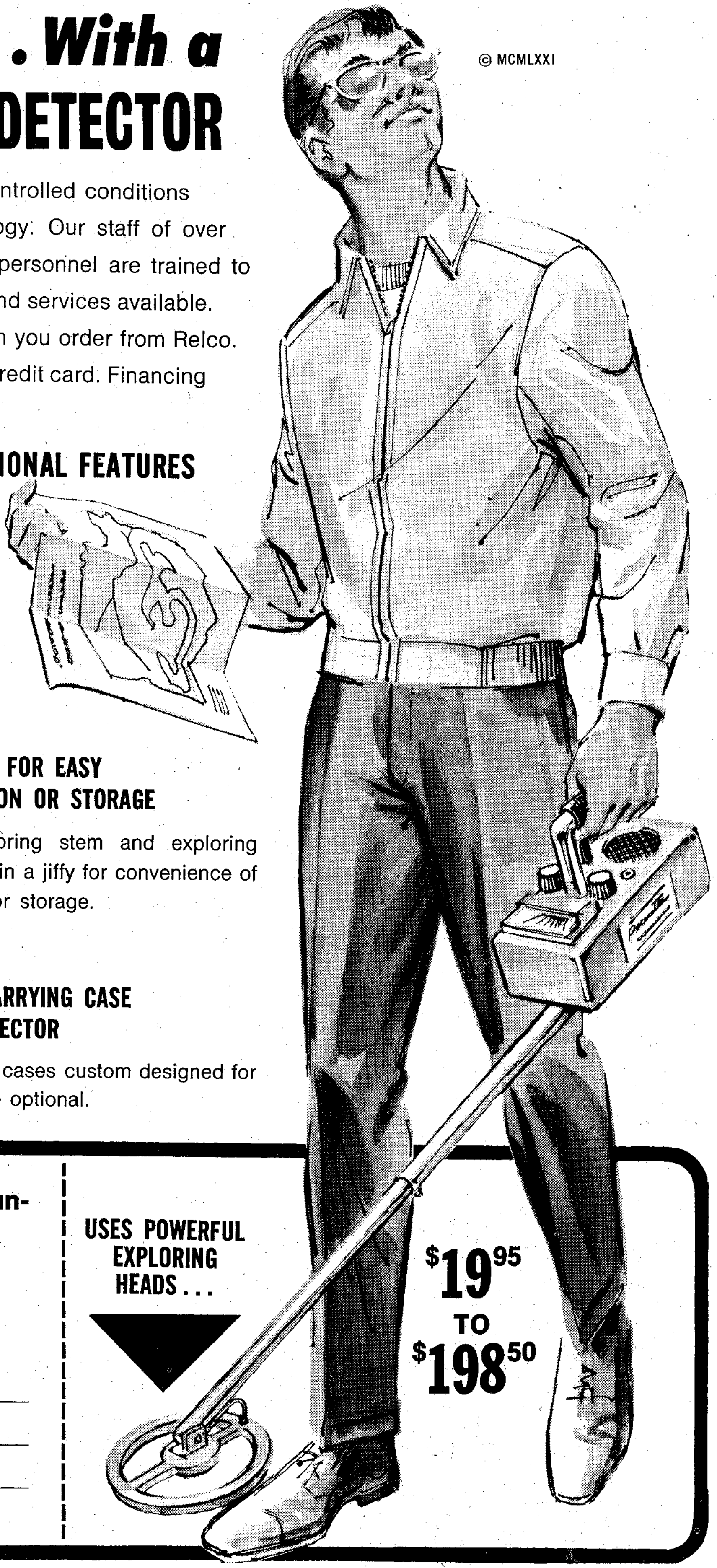

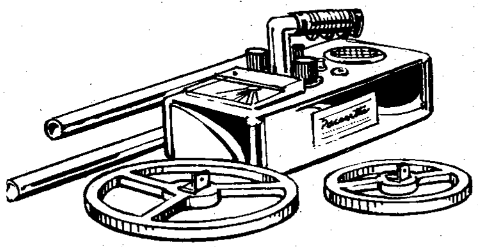

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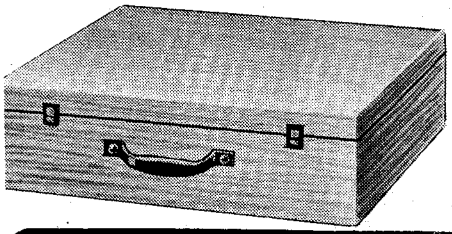

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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

Wenatchee, Washington. My sister wrote articles for the Wenatchee paper and I went with her to Chelan to interview Chief Wapato's daughter at Manson. Upon returning home we found her husband with a stack of all sorts of magazines which his hired man had given him and I chose one to glance through.

Imagine my surprise to find an article, as I was leafing idly through the unfamiliar magazine, about the Wapato family, the church they had built in the early days, etc. This was Chief Wapato, the father of the woman we had just interviewed. I do not know which of your magazines it was in but it was so true and well written as to details, etc. that I have been getting TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST ever since and finding many articles about others I have known in my childhood here in California. There are pictures of some I've known personally also.

I never knew my Grandfather Hall as he died shortly after my father was born, but I knew his brother, my Great-uncle John, very well and was named Etta after my great-aunt, Etta Hall. Uncle John was a pioneer in the Redding, California Area and I believe Aunt Etta was also, but do not know too much about the details.

I am telling you all of this to assure you that your magazine is as authentic as any such publication could possibly be from information gained mostly by word of mouth over so many years. I could go on and on about numerous incidents and people which I know to be true. I save every issue and often refer to them.—Etta Hall Workman, 409 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, California 92032

Rule Slaughter

Rulon F. Slaughter passed away February 3, 1970, in Harbor City, California. Rule was born in Hinckley, Utah December 16, 1901. He was well known for his ability as a Pony Express and relay rider and also for his ability to master the flying change. For seven years Rule rode with either McCarty & Elliott or the C. B. Irwin Shows.

Slaughter worked many years with his brothers, Bob, Main and Hatch, in motion pictures as doubles and stuntmen. He rode as a jockey because of his size and his love of horses and his ability to handle them, as he was an excellent exercise boy.

Slaughter went to work for the Navy Department in Seattle after retiring from the tracks. His wife, whom he married in 1939, was a rider in the Al G. Barnes—Sells-Floto Shows in 1938.

They purchased a ranch north of Seattle and raised registered Morgan horses. In the summer of 1969 Rule and his wife, Vivien, leased out the ranch, purchased a house trailer and found themselves back at Santa Anita. After a few months exercising horses, Rule had to retire again due to poor health. The next two months he spent fighting his illness.

I am a cousin of Rule Slaughter. If any readers who ever knew Rule or ever worked with him have any information they would like to send me, I would be very grateful.—Alvin H. Tallman, Route 2, Box 2620, Auburn, California 95603

Mysterious Noise

For too many years I've been wondering about a strange thing that occurred each summer back in Georgia when I was a kid. It was in the '20s and '30s that we farmed on my grandfather's place. There was one spot—one-half to one acre, or maybe even less—where we would hear a humming or buzzing sound as we picked and hoed cotton. You were suddenly struck with the feeling that a swarm of bees was close by. Can some of your readers shed light on this? Could it be that there is some kind of mineral in the ground there that could cause this sound? Incidentally, it could only be heard on really hot days.—Mary M. Miller, Star Rt. A, Box 208, Austin, Texas 78710

Wants Beem Information

I was surprised to see the Beem name in your November issue of FRONTIER TIMES in "Nuggets," about one William Beem who made the climb with a party and a horse to the top of Mt. Shasta in 1903.

As I have been collecting Beem family history and data for years I was glad to find something about some of the family. I do not know who this was but if there are any of his family or relatives living who could give me a little more about him and what he did after, and—oh well, just would like to know about any Beem. How about it? I have got another magazine so I can cut this out for my scrapbook as I do not want to mar the ones I keep in my library.

Thanks for your wonderful magazines. I read them all and enjoy them very much.—Lucille S. Beem, 446 West Whitman, Apt. 318, Pocatello, Idaho 83201

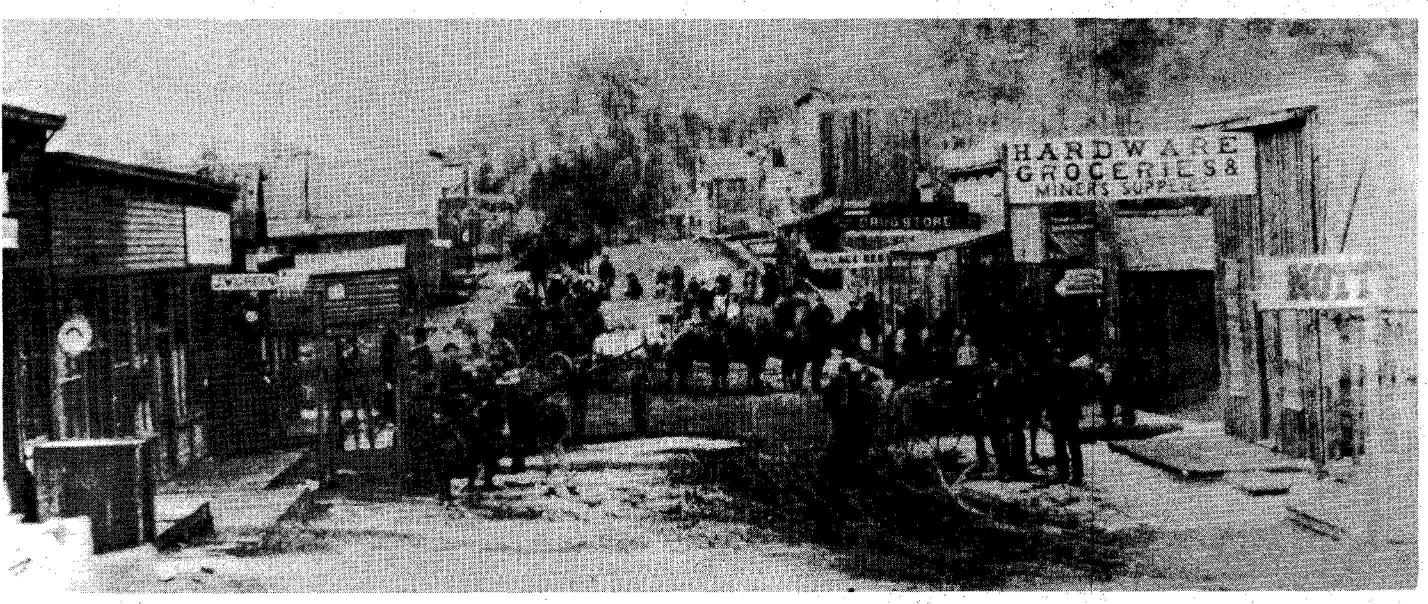
A Convert

I am not a native of Texas or any of the western states so I can not add anything to western history. But I would like to learn something of the Old West. I would like to make a scrapbook of the Old West. I would like pictures, newspaper articles, letters, old books, anything pertaining to old mines, ghost towns, cattle trails, cowboys, old missions,

Stagecoach in Peberton

Enclosed is a picture taken about 1894 of Peberton, (now known as Westcreek), between Deckers and Woodland Park, Colorado. I wondered about the stagecoach now at Bent's Fort east of La Junta, Colorado. Who let it sit out in a weed patch all those years?

The two-story building in the left rear was a bar. It was there for many years but is now gone.—Norman Boucher, Scranton, Iowa 51462



cattle roundups, old railroads, Indian reservations, ranches, boot hill graveyards and old newspaper printing offices. I would especially like to hear from anyone living in Bisbee and Tombstone, Arizona. I recently drove through the little towns and fell in love with what little I was able to see.—Estelle R. Knight, 8140 Barkley Drive, Houston, Texas 77017

Bar X Six Ranch

Not long ago I got to thinking about a true incident that happened up near Many Glacier Hotel in Glacier Park, Montana in 1935.

The Bar X Six (—X 6) ranch had the contract with the Glacier Park Company to furnish saddle horses and dude wranglers for the tourists and other visitors to the park. As happens in this sort of business, you always run into a few smarties who think they know more than the experienced horse wranglers. One day, one of these smarties said the horse he'd had the day before was too slow and wanted a real lively one for his next trail ride. He talked like he could ride most any salty bronc so the horse wranglers said they'd get him a horse that had never had a saddle on yet.

By that time, the fellow realized he'd talked too much, and quickly changed his mind about wanting a different horse to ride, and kept his mouth shut the rest of the time he was there. The Bar X Six wranglers got a good laugh out of it; in fact they always kept a few broncs on hand to prove to any of the dudes that they weren't bar stool cowboys.

If any of the old Bar X Six wranglers are still around, they might recall this incident.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 98801

The Horsepower Hay Baler

Back before World War I the Frenzten boys, Paul, eighteen and Joe, sixteen, brought their horsepower baler to my dad's place at Richfield, California to bale out of our barn. The contraption was supposed to work without a driver for the team, but the team soon outsmarted the boys. The team made a circle on a sweep and when they came towards the bridge next to the baler they would stop. Since the boys weren't getting anything done, they asked Dad if they could use me, a kid of nine, to drive the team and he said yes. Talk about something enjoyable to do—that was it. We finished ours and went to the neighbors and set up again and went to work without a driver. The same thing happened—the horses would not cross the bridge. Again the boys asked Dad if they could hire me. Well! The old man said yes, if I wanted to. I was only too glad to go to work for a dollar a day. I stayed the summer with Paul and Joe and came home in time to go to the old Moon grammar school, built in 1872. When I got home, my dad told me since I had my own money, I could buy my own clothes—which I did and have ever since.

I recall that it was an enjoyable experience. We slept at the foot of a haystack with the two teams loose to eat at the stack and, as tired and sleepy as I was, I had no fear that I would be stepped on. I looked up once during the night and one of the horses was astraddle me and never touched me. The old baler is outmoded and during World War II it was sold for scrap. It didn't make a large bale but it could be compacted towards 200 pounds. The original owners worked it one year and sold it to one of their customers. He used it two years and put it in a fence corner to rust out until sold for scrap. It was a real relic of the past.—Al Becker, R. R. 1, Box 94, Corning, California 96021

Stars Over Chloride

(Continued from page 31)

beside the road, they saw the body of Baumbach. The corpse was carried into a cover of cedars, and the cabin was rushed. They found only an empty, ransacked room.

RAYMOND told us his scientific bent came naturally—it was in the family. His father, Henry Schmidt, had been Chloride's surveyor, assayer and photographer. Raymond today has over 2,000 prints taken by his father, scenes of mining and pioneer commerce, stiff portraits of serious gentlemen in derbies and dark beards.

Raymond picked up a chunk of rock from a window ledge, handing it to us. It was very heavy. "That's crushed flint and silver," he said, "high-grade ore." He grinned impishly, tickling his upper lip with his tongue. "People come up here, wonder why we don't work the silver mines hereabouts. Give 'em a pick, shovel and jack hammer and let 'em try it awhile. No one wants to work anymore."

The next day, accompanied by Raymond, we drove to Grafton, a deserted mining camp several miles northwest of Chloride. In the early 1880s Grafton was riding high on gold pulled from the Ivanhoe and Emporia Mines. Colonel Robert Ingersoll and associates floated stock on the Ivanhoe, and overnight the claim achieved prominence in mining circles.

As the road climbed up into a cleared, level bench above Turkey Creek, we saw three cabins, all in a state of good preservation. Down the wooded slope, beside the creek, there were two other cabins, sagging into decay; and across the creek the hillside was faintly terraced and bristling with dead fruit trees—the traces of vanished homes. Beyond the town, the stone foundations of a stamp mill were glued to a steep section of canyon wall.

Raymond pointed out a firm, wooden house with a huge pile of ore in front of it. "Me and my brother lived there while working on assessments. The living-room window was busted out at the top pane,

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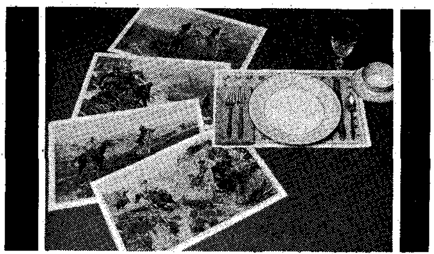

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and one time an old bobcat jumped in. Came home from work one day, and found him sitting there in the middle of the room.

"My brother takes up a big club and says, 'I'll fix him.' He gets in there and him and that dad-blame bobcat run round and round like motorcycles in a tank, and pretty soon you couldn't tell who was chasing who. About this time my brother yells, 'Lemme out!'

"Just as I swing open the door wide, the cat jumps on my brother's shoulders —scared I guess—and my brother lets out a yell you could hear all the way to the Panhandle. Thought that cat got him sure. Well sir, after that yell the cat in one jump sails back out the window and my brother tears out through the door.

"Then we watched that bobcat stroll calm and easy out of town, like he'd just eaten a big jackrabbit and had the whole world under his claws."

The next afternoon we drove to the Silver Monument Mine, ten miles up the canyon from Chloride. At scattered places beside the unpaved road there were several abandoned cabins and rubble from defunct mines. The Silver Monument was in a high cup of the Black Range. Old patches of snow lay crusted between skeletal hoist houses, cabins, and a rickety two-story structure which had apparently been a combination office and bunkhouse at one time. On the canyon walls there were tunnels like dark mouths, and emerging from one of them was a set of rusted, miniature tracks which broke off abruptly in space over the mine dump. At the end was an empty ore car, miraculously unshoved by vandals; suspended not only in space but in time, it seemed to be waiting for long-dead miners to push it back into the mine.

As we drove back down beside rushing snow water, the afternoon was stretching thin; the light on the canyon walls first paling as if the hidden sun were gradually being covered with gauze, then reddening with the expiration of day. Animals, quickening to the approach of dusk, became bolder, and several times we saw deer half-hidden in foliage, momentarily frozen with alarm. As we passed the Queen's Chair, a delicately balanced slab of rock high on a cliff ledge, the light had failed entirely. Deep shadows and a wind rushing through tall conifers seemed to be a part of the same thing, an inseparable unity full of suspense and watchful violence.

When we passed through Chloride again, darkness was full upon the land. Schmidt's house and one or two others showed orange at the windows, a kind of last-ditch stand against encroaching blackness in a moribund town.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 38)

formed his distraught brother, Heneage, that he wanted to be buried near the spot where he stood when he played his violin.

On June 19, 1887 Clifford Griffin was discovered dead in his bed with a bullet in his brain—a suicide. He was interred in a grave on Brown Mountain; later Heneage Griffin, assisted by others, carted the monument up the mountain and placed it near Griffin's grave where it stands today.

The other story about Clifford Griffin and the monument asserts that it was Clifford and not Heneage who bought into the Seven Thirty, soon becoming sole owner of the mine and a wealthy man. In the mornings Clifford, instead of summoning his men to work by means of a strident steam whistle blast, would announce the start of the workday by playing lively, lilting tunes upon his violin at 7:30 a.m. Hence the name "The Seven Thirty Mine."

When Clifford's fiancee died in England, the tragedy plunged the bereaved man into an abyss of mental depression. He blasted a grave from the granite of Brown Mountain and on June 19, 1887, stepped forth from his cabin rendering lovely but macabre refrains upon his violin. As the last note of music faded away, Clifford walked over to the grave, shooting himself in the temple with his revolver, his body falling into the burial pit he had prepared for himself.

Unfortunate Clifford Griffin was laid to rest in a casket made of solid silver, and a short while later Clifford's brother Heneage journeyed to Silver Plume from England and erected the monument which now guards the grave on Brown Mountain, a monument to tragedy.

Clues to Frontier Treasure

(Continued from page 13)

coins were largely about the same, of comparative fineness and weight. They circulated by statute in our new United States until as late as 1857 (last statute date, no repeal date) and by consent until the middle 1870s.

From the earliest times, there was always a scarcity of coins in the American Colonies. The first coinage not imported from England was some copper coinage from the British Bahamas called "Hog Money," and "The Pine Tree Shillings" made in New England. These were only a fraction of what was needed for the most essential commerce, and the rest had to be made from coins gotten in trade with the Spanish Indies. All kinds of British coinage were in circulation, but the lion's share of valuable metal money was Spanish in our original thirteen states. Continental Congress currency called for redemption in "Spanish Milled Dollars" or "Pillar Dollars" which began to be made in 1732 in the mints of Mexico and South America. From 1572 until 1732 most of the coins of the New World were so-called "Cob Money," from the Spanish words meaning "end of the bar." These were irregular-shaped slugs which weighed 136 reales to the pound average, whether they were pieces of one, two, four, or eight reales. There were also half and fourth reales at the same rate.

© Ace Reid
1-26

"A fella could get lost in this brush and starve to death!"

Our American coinage is based on this Spanish coinage and I have a 1781 Mexico-minted Spanish eight reales piece which will exactly balance a Morgan or Peace Dollar of 1921 mintage. It will also balance two halves, four quarters, or ten dimes, within the tolerances of our mint manufacture. In 1967 a great number of two and four reales pieces which had sunk in the hurricane of 1553 were recovered from Padre Island, Texas. These coins will balance an equal number of quarters and halves of 1964 to the tolerance of their original manufacture over four hundred years ago (68 reales to the ½ pound).

IN our early years there was little new metal in our country and our mint had to use melted down coins of other nations. This was at first supervised by David Rittenhouse, a jeweler, clockmaker, and provider of surveying instruments for George Washington. Rittenhouse lived in Philadelphia and set up the first mint there. The hard times of our beginning brought little metal, and everyone used what foreign coins came to America in commerce. British shillings, refugee French coinage, Portugese and Brazilian coins—every one had a fixed value as recommended by mintmaster Rittenhouse in 1793. From about 1805 to 1808 minting declined, and until after the War of 1812 there was no minting or negligible minting until dimes were first produced in quantity in 1821. Quarters were made in considerable numbers from 1818 to 1821, and then dropped off until 1831. A whopping 15,250,000 were minted.

Halves were the main item. More of them were minted than all other coins combined in the early years—except 1815, 1816, and 1817. From then until 1853 they were still in the majority, after which their proportion of the whole mintage was much less.

The absence of silver dollars in our coinage is the most marked. Only a few hundred thousand were minted before 1804 and most of the 1804s were lost at sea. For many years mintage was low: 321 in 1805; no more until the production of 1,026 in 1836; 31 in 1838; 306 in 1839. From then on, barely two million (total) were minted the next twenty years. There were less than three million in the next ten years, taking into consideration that by this time most of the Spanish silver coinage had worn out and been remelted and restruck.

By the end of the Civil War the heavy

silver production of the West began with the minting of the Trade Dollars of the 1870s, but most of these were destined for the Orient, where they still circulate today. The minting of Trade Dollars stopped for all practical purposes in 1878. In that year 22,250,000 regular U. S. silver dollars (as we know them) were minted, and over 27,500,000 were minted in 1904, not to begin again until 1921 after World War I.

Following the stabilization of Mexico's independence in about 1824, Mexican silver coinage of precisely the same weight and fineness of the Spanish began to circulate in our country through various channels of commerce—via Vera Cruz to New Orleans; to New Orleans via the Chihuahua Trail through San Antonio; and even some small trade via the Santa Fe Trail. Yet unsettled conditions of Mexico from time to time led to a large contraband trade with the United States. With the end of the Mexican War, the immense Mexican territory which had been ceded or sold, as well as the Texas Republic, were saturated with Mexican and Spanish money, for the United States Government had so little for its own use that practically none reached this new territory.

Between the time of the Battle of the Alamo and the end of the Mexican War there were twenty-three changes of government in Mexico. No business of any consequence was possible, trade routes were disrupted, and whole states were reduced to banditry. The only assets were ranch products and metals from the mines. When protected by strong enough guards, the metal got to the mints of Zacatecas and Mexico City, but this was only a fraction of what the Spanish had produced in the previous rule. The heavy cartwheels—"Pieces of Eight" or "Dobe Dollars"—were used until the heavy minting of dollars in the 1870s. Even then, the banks in San Antonio still kept the big brass balances to weigh the bags of silver from the ox-carts from the Chihuahua Trail until the coming of the railroad in the 1880s.

The half dollar, or four reales, was never as popular with the Mexican or Spanish mints after they started making the Pieces of Eight around 1572. I have been in and out of Mexico for nearly sixty years, and have examined the collections of dozens of collectors, but I have never seen over a half-dozen four reales in all that time. Twos are plentiful, but not fours. One-real pieces are scarce; and fractional reales, except those of copper, are practically nonexistent. Republic of Mexico fractional reales were mostly coined by different states for local circulation and had no value apart from the fiat of the local government, for they had little metal value, being copper and brass. Many are counterfeits.

At various times private individuals were permitted to strike fractional coinage of this type. In northern and especially northeastern Mexico they were called *Jolas*. Some of these were permitted to be minted in San Antonio around 1818 by Antonio de la Garza. In recent years a few of these were recovered from a creek west of San Antonio, Texas and most of them are in the collection of the Frost National Bank of San Antonio. Also various ranches and mines issued local tokens for use in their own stores by their own employees, even as late as the turn of the century. This was common over our entire Southwest.

THE WIDE use of Spanish and Mexican coinage in our country explains a lot of so-called treasure tales. The finding of a Spanish coin of eighteenth century doesn't mean that it was dropped there by a *Conquistador* or explorer, but more likely belonged to a Mexican War soldier or a lonely cowhand going from here to yonder when he had a hole in his pocket. Spanish coins were in general use in stores in border towns as late as the 1880s, as well as inland towns of the other southwestern states.

United States soldiers on Civil War patrol against the Plains Indians carried Spanish change that could well have been nearly 120 years old.

By 1857 Spanish coinage had become so worn that the value was lowered from 25c for a two-reales piece to 20c. One real was worth 10c. Even today, older Mexicans in south Texas will call a nickel a "medio" (half), meaning a half-real. As late as fifty years ago rural Mexicans in south Texas would price things in reales.

The proportionate amount of gold in circulation has always been exaggerated. It has been the prime base of all coinage since the Greeks and men of the Near East coined from a gold-silver alloy called electrum, thousands of years ago.

Gold has always been of high value, due to scarcity. Not very much was in circulation at any time before the discovery of the New World, such as there was later. Spain had very little trust in her New World mints as far as gold was concerned. In fact, most coin books say that gold was not minted in the New World until about the end of the reign of Charles II of Spain, close to 1700, and for this reason anything purported to be older is looked upon with suspicion.

In our colonies and early westward expansion comparatively no gold was found in monetary quantity. In our early years' mintage, all coin was bulk bullion imported in trade, or re-melted European coins obtained by the same channels.

Denominations at first were quarter, half, and one eagle (the eagle being ten dollars). The Double Eagle, or twenty dollars, was not minted before 1850 when gold went into big production in our country for the first time. Very little gold of any kind was minted from 1804 to 1808. Until the 1834 reminting began (due to a weight change), there were never over 5,000 quarter eagles minted in a year, and they never hit big production until the 1850s. After the Civil War and during frontier times, they still lagged. After the turn of the century they just about averaged a quarter million a year.

Three-dollar gold pieces were tried from 1854 until 1889, but numbered only a few thousand a year, and for some reason (probably because they could be

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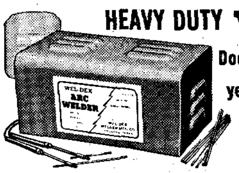

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confused easily with a quarter eagle) they never seemed to have wide circulation.

In the 1850s there were many gold single dollars, and a few were minted up to 1899, but the last big year was 1862—probably due to shortage of Mexican Silver Eights. After this there was only token coinage of them.

Half eagle fives became the main gold coinage item before California gold was discovered. During the early years of the Republic thousands of them were minted almost every year, while there was a gap from 1804 until 1838 when not a single full eagle ten was struck, according to mint records. The fives, like the stand-by silver halves, filled the gaps in the Spanish coinage.

Probably the Spanish doubloon or eight escudo piece was the standard all over the country—circulated at about $16.00. There was also some Mexican gold minted, but by and large their stuff was silver.

Real production of the tens didn't get started until the time of the Mexican War; and after the twenties began to be minted in the 1850s they never hit the peak they had had before until 1880.

WITH THE VAST expansion of our West and the big discoveries of metal, there was a crying need for coinage, any coinage, to carry on business. The mines hoarded foreign coinage for gambling and bought with dust and nuggets. Miners wanted to buy, the merchants who sold to them had to buy merchandise, the shippers had to be paid. In California there was at least some private minting by a number of gold processors and merchants on a small scale, and these coins today are among the most valuable to collectors due to their scarcity. Since these were struck by people who were assayers and otherwise engaged in metal commerce, their coinage was accepted everywhere at bullion value and the small size of the coin made for easy counting. Most of these privately minted coins were fifty and twenty dollar slugs and most of them were finally sold to the mints as bullion at a few cents below their face value.

What few were not sold and melted are real treasures now. Most of them have four-figure values to a collector and practically all have been given personal names since they are so rare. A hidden treasure of these would be a treasure indeed, for these would be at least as valuable, or more so, than the gold doubloons from the Florida Golden Galleons (1715 & 1733), some of which brought over $4,000.

Also, in the West some small silver bars were struck with a value of three to ten dollars value marked, but mainly about five dollars. These circulated on the integrity of the people who struck them and most were eventually sold to the Mint. Some are still in existence and are the subject of widespread forgery or counterfeiting, since they were crude and never covered by law. A legitimate treasure find of these also would be worth a fortune if such could be authenticated.

Last Rig to Battle Mountain

(Continued from page 9)

months. The bleached aspen logs crisscrossed every direction looking like a grey web carelessly spun by a gigantic spider. Only a wild animal could get through; only a wild animal would try.

Sherman started across the canyon. On the edge of the clearing near the steep bank above the creek he found a spent .45-90 cartridge case. He called the men to the spot. They could tell by the smell of black powder the shell had been fired in the last twenty-four hours. A .45-90 was about the most powerful weapon of that time. The gun fired a slug of about 500 grains, about the size of a man's thumb.

SHERMAN felt sure he had the picture just about complete. He dashed down in the creek, smashed his way through the willows and started up the canyon. He hadn't traveled more than thirty yards when he found the tracks of two things. He couldn't tell what they were but the impression left after the weeds and grass were trampled told him they'd been in a hurry. Two of the men had gone down the canyon towards the pasture, the other on the cabin side of the canyon across from him. A little farther another track joined the two that Sherman had been following. The new track was much larger than the others. He couldn't tell what made any of them, but it was easy to tell which way they had traveled by the way the grass and ferns had been flattened to the ground.

The man across from him had worked his way over and joined Sherman. They followed the tracks. In a small clearing where the sun could get through the trees they found bloodstains. In one place the red stuff had flowed to the ground to form a puddle. Both men were certain then what had happened. They kept tracking. Three hundred feet farther on they saw the brush moving. Both men got ready to shoot. They had to be careful, for there were two more men in the woods and they didn't know where they were.

The brush moved again; the men stalked carefully. With rifles ready, they kept watching. A few more steps and the brush moved in two places. When they got closer the brush seemed to explode. They watched two ripples in the high grass and ferns, as something ran for the creek bottom. Ten more steps and they found it. They didn't need their guns anymore. The missing miner had done the job. The picture was complete as far as they were concerned and it was an ugly one.

They hated the job that they had to do next. They called for the other men to come, talked it over, and started to backtrack. When they got to the place where the big track joined the smaller ones, they followed the larger track. It was slow going; they had to fight and claw their way along. When they came to white logs of down aspens bloodstains showed up like a red light in a snow bank. They hadn't traveled more than three hundred feet when they found the missing man.

The sight wasn't a pleasant one. The guy had practically been torn to pieces. What the men found first, back where they saw the brush moving, was a dead grizzly. She had been shot five times. Once back of the shoulder and four times in the head. Any of the shots would have been fatal, but they hadn't done the job quick enough. A big bear with his clumsy gait looks slow, but he isn't, by any means. When he wants to, he can cover the ground with the speed of a greyhound. What happened was, the miner didn't see the cubs. They were the ones that ran down to the creek when the men approached the brush.

The man spotted the grizzly when he went to get a pail of water. He dropped the pail and ran for his gun. He hated bears. They had caused him lots of trouble in days gone by. He had to keep his bacon hanging from a limb, because any smell of grease or meat coming from the cabin would lead a bear to tear the door down. The cubs were playing in the willows and he didn't know they were there. He was a mountain man, and understood grizzly. When he first saw the bear he ran to the edge of the meadow for a better shot. After he shot and knocked the grizzly down he crossed the creek to put the finishing bullet into her. But when he crossed the creek he scared the cubs and they started to squeal. And by the time the man got in the down timber he didn't have a chance.

A big-game hunter knows, for purposes of safety, you have to break any heavy animal down in front. You've got to hit the shoulder to put the leg out of commission. The miner knew that, but his shot was high and too far back. If the first shot had broken the shoulder the animal could never have reached him. After he got in the down timber he couldn't get out of the way. He thought the bear was hit harder than she was or he'd never have acted the way he did. He was a crack shot for he'd placed four shots in her head as she charged him. The critter traveled less than five hundred feet before she died. She was fatally wounded but had the strength to get to the man and rip him apart. If he'd known she had cubs he'd never have gone in the woods after her and if he hadn't scared the cubs and made them squeal the mother would have died in a few minutes.

The men found the man's heavy rifle fifteen feet from his body with the stock broken off. The bear had knocked it there the first time she smacked him. Sherman suspected a bear from the start, for he'd seen grizzly and cub tracks on the hills where he'd been prospecting. After the bear incident Sherman kept prospecting, but the kids stayed closer to camp.

IN OCTOBER the family left Hahns Peak for Steamboat Springs to spend the winter. We moved into an old shack Sherman fixed up. He went to work in a wood and feed yard; he also got some work with his team. Dora spent her spare time schooling the kids. I won a .22 rifle that winter for learning the multiplication tables. I kept the little single-shot Stevens for many years.

When bad weather set in, Sherman rigged a target so we could shoot out of a window. About fifteen yards from the house he set a post in the ground. He rigged a big spool on the post and one on the house. An endless cord ran around the spools with a clamp attached. The clamp held a target. All we had to do was slide the window open and shoot. When we wanted to change targets we could drag it in by pulling on the cord and we didn't have to go out in the snow. The whole family learned to shoot that winter. I got good enough to hit a target the size of a quarter most every time. When I first started, Dad made me a deal. I could shoot ten times a day if I kept the gun barrel clean and the thing well oiled. If I ever pointed the gun at anyone I couldn't shoot again for ten days. If I had the gun loaded around the house it meant another ten days without being able to shoot. I sat around holding the little weapon most of the time. Dad told me many times if I ever let the gun go off anywhere he'd smash it to bits over a wagon wheel.

In the spring of 1901 we left Steamboat Springs and headed for Idaho. We traveled west over a road that would be near Highway 40 now. After about a hundred miles we turned north and came to Green River near Bridgeport, Utah. The road was very poor and little traveled, but fish and game were plentiful. Ranches and stations were few and far between. When we did meet people at a ranch or station they'd look at us long and hard before becoming friendly.

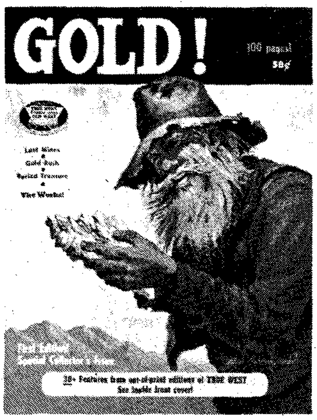
There was good reason for their actions. In those days there were many undesirable rigs on the road, like gypsies, peddlers and road shows. Many of them made their living by thievery. They were called wagon tramps. If a peddler couldn't sell you anything he'd trade you a washtub or water bucket for some eggs, ham or a couple of chickens. Then he'd sell or trade it someplace else. The road show guys were the ones to watch. They were a smooth-talking, short-changing gang that sold or traded worthless merchandise. Then there were the horse traders. They'd beat the pants off you in a horse trade but had money and paid well for things they needed. When people recognized our family as an honest prospecting outfit there wasn't anything they wouldn't do for us.

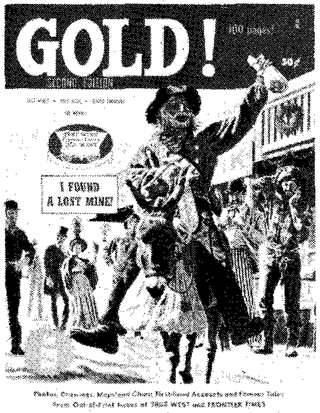
There were many hazards while traveling in those days. We had to take good care of our rig. If we broke something we had to make our own repairs. All supplies had to be checked and replaced when we reached a store. Ammunition was our living. We were always careful with that and kept an ample supply. Dad loaded his own shotgun shells. Bad men and horse thieves were operating all over the country. Travelers from the East with unbranded stock were easy pickings. Many travelers lost their horses in broad daylight.

We had our first experience with horse thieves along the Utah-Wyoming border. One day as we were jogging along a couple of rough-looking guys rode alongside our wagon, one on each side of the team. One man said, "That fat mare looks like a horse I had stolen a few days back," pointing to Old Nell. The other guy said, "That's our horse sure as hell." Both men wore six-guns and had a rifle in the boot. Dad jerked his Winchester from the scabbard and said as he levered a shell in the barrel, "Your bluff is no good. If you two s-o-bs don't start riding right quick there's going to be two dead men laying out there in the sagebrush." And ride they did. All us kids can remember watching the dust they made as they hauled ass away from there.

MOST OF OUR roads were made by just driving across the country. Many times we used a pick and shovel to dig a trench around a side hill for one set of wheels to ride in or to dig down a bank for crossing a gully or stream. If a road had been washed out we'd make a new trail around the place. Others would do the same. Many times there were several roads around a bad place. People weren't confused, because they knew they'd hit the main trail farther up the line. Sometimes we had good stretches of roads.

On a regular stage run we'd always pull off the road and let the stage pass.





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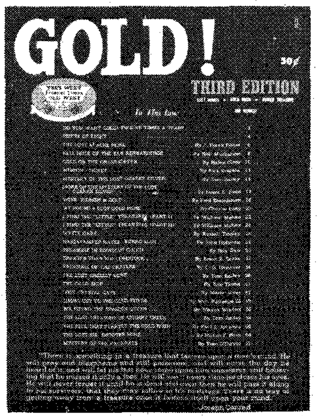

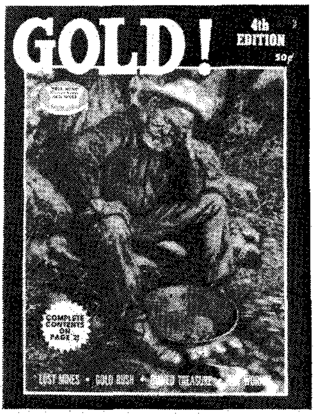

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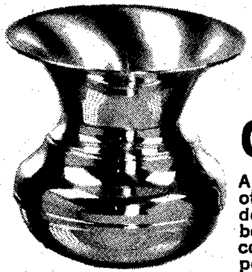

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On mountain roads I'd walk well ahead and warn freight wagons, stages or other travelers where our rig was. It would have been a catastrophe for two loaded wagons to have met on a narrow road. Sometimes rigs headed our way would pull out in a wide place and wait for us to pass; sometimes we'd wait for the other guy. Sometimes it took a lot of jockeying around to get by a wagon at all.

It was a sight to see when a fast-moving stage met a big freight outfit on a narrow road. I've seen stage drivers pull off in a turn in the road and have two horses climb the hillside. After the freighters passed the driver would back the stage on the road and take off. Many times we'd be held up for quite a spell when heavy freight wagons had to rough-lock. It took a lot of time to pull the wagon on a shoe and secure it; it took as much time to loosen the chains and pull the wagon out of the shoe after they'd got down from the steep place.

In the rugged mountain country of Idaho, Nevada and California we used to see many skeletons of work animals that had been killed when a freight or ore wagon got away and crushed them. Dad was a wonderful guy to take care of his team. When we had lunch the horses got a feed of grain. On a steep hill he never pulled them very far without a long break. He washed their shoulders and collars every night, and kept them well shod. He always claimed a well-cared-for team, a well-greased wagon and a good-fitting harness was money in the bank on a long camping jaunt.

Nell and Bess, our team, were a very strong span. They were the best trained camp animals I've ever seen. Any of us kids could play on, under or all around them. Eva was a toddler, but she could take a nose bag and catch either of them any time. We all fed them sugar when we got a chance. Mom had to hide the sugar to keep us kids from feeding it to the mares. They were so gentle they'd slobber over us at the dinner table, trying to locate the sugar bowl. In many parts of the country we had wild horses to contend with, particularly when we got to Nevada. In that kind of country we had to keep the mares picketed near camp. When wild stallions became too troublesome we had to destroy them.

We always had a surplus of grain, bacon and flour. Bacon rind saved the day for many travelers when they had to use it for a wheel lubricant, and a good camp cook can do wonders with a pan of flour and a can of bacon grease. Many pioneers prepared grain they carried for their livestock and ate it. We seldom had to do much hunting for game. It was along the road most everywhere. We never killed more than we could eat and we killed only for food. When we had a long stretch ahead of us where there was no prospecting, we'd travel five or six days and lay over two or three. During the rest periods Mom would bake bread enough to last a week or so. She baked it in large Dutch ovens, and what bread it was.

We also prepared our jerky on the lay-overs. When we jerked a deer or antelope everybody worked. Dad would skin the animal and lay it on the table; then he and Mom would cut every bit of it in long thin strips. Each one of us kids had a stick with a wire hook fastened to the end. We'd already have a big pot of boiling peppery brine. Each of us would hook a hunk of meat, hold it in the brine for a few seconds, then hang it on a wire about three feet from the ground. Flies didn't bother it much because the boiling water cooked it a little on the outside; the pepper also helped. If we did have trouble with flies we burned green brush under the meat. That way the smoke not only kept the flies away, it also helped cure the meat. We nearly always had a few bags of jerky hanging around. If we kids weren't eating a hunk we had a pocketful handy.

None of us kids knew you could buy meat and bread in markets until we were well grown up. We seldom bought any candy. We liked the taffy Mom used to make when the whole family engaged in the pulling of it. In many places we got all the fruit and berries we could eat for the gathering. Mom put up gallons of it.

WE TRAVELED north along Green River to Bridgeport, Utah. There we crossed the river and headed northwest towards Fort Bridger in Uinta County, Wyoming. We were headed for Jackson and intended going into Idaho from there. Maps didn't mean a thing at that time. The country had been pretty well surveyed topographically, but only the main traveled roads were marked. Most of the trails we followed were only known to people living in those parts. We took a stretch at a time and when we got to a place, we got instructions to the next one. We had many warnings not to take certain roads, but we went anywhere we wanted and never had much trouble. Dad figured if one guy went over the roads, he could, and he always did.

As our family jogged along between Fort Bridger and Green River in southern Wyoming, we traveled over some of the trails the Mormons took when they made their trek to Salt Lake. In one ravine, among huge sandstone boulders, we found several graves marked with handsome wrought iron fences. Chiseled on the rocks was the inscription 1851. We didn't know if that date was the time of death or when the fences were erected. No doubt they were the victims of the pushcart brigade. But the pushcart travelers didn't carry beautiful iron fence grave markers. When were they erected? Who went back to put them in place? Were the victims killed by Indians or by starvation and exposure? We looked a long time at those lonely graves. . . . The folks who went back and put up the fences were a very special brand of person.

It was late afternoon when we stopped on Big Piney Creek a few miles south of the camp of that name. We camped among a group of stranded travelers. The caravan had been there ten days. They'd stopped to rest their animals and prepare food for the trip into Idaho. On their second night there, horse thieves had stolen all their horses. If there hadn't been plenty of game and water the travelers would have been lucky to have gotten out with their lives. One of the travelers was a prospector named George Prager. He was working his way to Idaho to start a mining career. He'd just gotten out of the Army, where he'd been a Rough Rider under Teddy Roosevelt. The man was from the Black Hills and had a wife and baby. The other travelers were farmers heading for Twin Falls, Idaho, looking for land. Twin Falls had an irrigation and land boom at the time and people were flocking there by the hundreds.

The thieves were experts because they'd driven off twelve head of stock without making a sound. Some of the farmers had extra animals and most of them had been hobbled. Prager lost no time telling Dad the story and that he'd followed the thieves ten miles. Not being able to keep up on foot, he'd returned and was planning on trying to find a ranch, get a horse, and start out again. Prager claimed there were about four riders and they were driving fifteen or twenty head of horses.

Without hesitation Dad told him they could take his horses and try and recover the animals. Our team was a big span of work mares, but fast walkers under a saddle. Our plans were to rest a few days, jerk an antelope, and bake bread enough to get us started into Idaho. The other travelers had already done that.

BOTH MEN had good rifles and an extra box of ammo loose in their pockets. Dad had his .30-40 Winchester. Prager had a brand new gun; I don't remember the caliber, but he was so proud of the weapon he had the entire stock covered with leather to keep it from getting scratched. They each had a blanket, canteen, poncho and enough jerky and bread to last ten days or more. They didn't dare do any shooting for game on account of noise. The thieves were heading towards the Big Sandy country near the Continental Divide about fifty miles east.

There's just plenty of men who would rather lose two or three horses than take a chance on a gunfight, particularly when they had families. But our dad and Prager were two very unusual men, and they happened to meet at a very unusual time. Both were dead shots and not afraid of anything that walked the face of the earth. Prager was about twenty-seven, Dad in his late thirties. Dad had a lot of experience with tough guys. Prager had fought Spaniards with a bayonet.

We were getting along all right. With a few days' rest we could have headed on for Idaho. But Dad felt to help the travelers was the right thing to do; he had the only horses for miles. Besides he liked Prager. The two men talked the same language, and both were prospectors. The two men became fast friends and in later years worked together.

They were gone ten days. One afternoon the travelers saw a dust cloud. It got closer and closer. All the travelers had bloodshot eyes from watching the rolling Wyoming hills in the direction the men had gone.

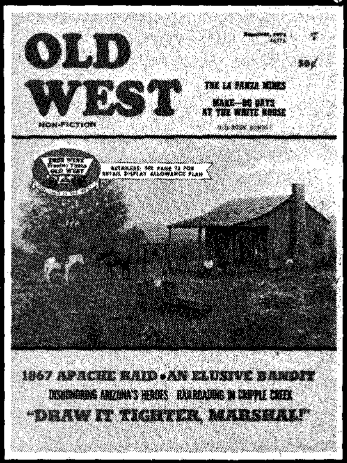
It was late in the day when the men got to camp, driving twelve head of horses. In the distance five or six more animals were making their way towards camp. They'd followed the herd the men had driven in. Everyone had their horses returned. A few of the travelers asked questions about how they'd managed to recover the animals. Sherman and Prager weren't talking and they never did talk much about it. It was like getting hot water from a snow bank to get either of them to tell what happened. All they'd say was, "It didn't take an Indian scout to follow twenty-five head of horses. We came up on the thieves late on the fourth day. All we had to do was get the drop on the guys, disarm them and send them on their way." Well, everyone knew that horse thieves and robbers were on the lookout at all times. It took a lot of know-how to corner a gang.

It was many years later, when I was a grown man, that I managed to put the story together; and even then neither of them would ever admit doing any shooting. From many talks with Prager, and constant questioning of my father, I managed to get the story like this:

THEY CAME on the gang the fourth day. Dad was the first to see a horse switch his tail. The animal was hobbled and feeding in a small meadow down the creek from the main herd. The meadow was about a mile long and from a few feet to fifty yards wide. A small stream trickled down near the middle. As soon as they spotted the horse they rode over the ridge and stalked on foot. They were very careful to keep our horses close together. These animals had been together so long they'd whinny and snort if either of them got fifty yards apart.

Prager had a small spyglass and after the men had gone about a hundred yards he saw his horses hobbled and feeding with the herd. He also recognized several horses that belonged to his friends. Dad and Prager were crawling in the sagebrush. Farther on they saw the camp of the outlaws. They were sure then they had the right men. How to take them by surprise was the question. They kept low and as far away from the herd as possible. They knew a horse was a pretty good watchdog in his own right.

From a distance of about three hundred yards they watched the camp. There were three men sitting in camp. Two were bearded white men, one was part Indian with long hair. The men were talking and sipping coffee from cans. They didn't act as if they had a care in the world. The camp was in the head of a canyon, high in the foothills and miles from the nearest road. There were some short willows and a few scattered cedars. No doubt it was a basecamp where they rested and fed horses before driving them to Colorado or Utah, or any other place where they'd be sold or traded.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Six men had used the camp at one time. Bunks had been made by piling rocks in the shape of a bed and filling the inside with leaves and brush. The bunks were banked with dirt and drained on the upper side. At the head was a four-foot pole in the ground and a long pole from that to the foot. A tarp, stretched over the pole and staked down, made a lean-to that a man could sleep under in any kind of weather.

Half an hour before sundown another man came down from above and joined the other three. Sherman and Prager were worried then. The man was carrying his rifle and came down from among rocks and scrub timber. They figured he'd been a lookout and possibly could have seen them. They watched the camp till dark. None of the men showed any signs of being uneasy or made any attempt to get a horse saddled.

As darkness came, the hunters went back to the horses, led them nearly two miles north and picketed them in a narrow canyon. They sat around eating jerky and drinking from their canteens most of the night. Later they put blankets around their shoulders and leaned against rocks, taking turns trying to sleep. They both admitted it was a long night and plenty chilly in early morning. They wondered if the lookout had seen them and if they'd get away in the night. That was a chance they had to take. They wondered if they'd made a mistake by not trying to take the guys that evening.

Long before daylight they crawled within talking distance of the camp and waited for the outlaws to get up. Sherman and Prager stayed about fifty yards apart. Just what plans they had will always be a secret. They never would tell anybody. They did tell how the Indian got up at daylight, walked from camp a few feet barefooted and in his drawers, urinated and then built a fire.

From my experience of hearing lawmen tell how they captured bad men I can think of many ways they could have taken the thieves. A lawman named Fitzgerald was marshal of Prescott, Arizona, in 1913. George Ruffner was the sheriff of Yavapai County. Fitzgerald told me and a few miners, as we sat near the Bucky O'Neill Monument in the public square, how Ruffner took a bad man who had murdered two storekeepers near Prescott. Ruffner went after the murderer and came up on the guy so suddenly that each man was afraid to draw his gun. The men just sat on their horses and talked. By some ruse he would never tell, Ruffner got the drop and brought his man in. That was in the early 1900s.

Just what happened that July day in 1901 between Sherman and Prager will never be known. The men took the secret to their graves. All they would tell was that they got the drop, disarmed the guys and made them ride the hell out of there. They did tell all about their camp, and about finding a haversack with a half a dozen watches and several six-guns in it. There were two pack saddles and a good supply of canned goods in the camp. Each of the outlaws had a six-gun and a rifle in his bunk. The hunters took only what belonged to them and left everything else just as they found it.

No doubt cattlemen in that country have found the outlaw camp long before this. No doubt people in and around Big Piney and Marbleton can remember the incident. A few years later when we lived in Idaho we heard stories of the fight. One report was that four outlaws were killed and a posse of ranchers lost a man. Another was that one of the outlaws was a Wyoming rancher who had the reputation of branding his kids. Another story was the outlaws got in a fight over a dice game and fought it out. Prager and Sherman just smiled.

Motion Pictures Vignettes

(Continued from page 11)

thrills of the Saturday matinee audience.

Neal Hart quickly passed into obscurity, making his last starring features about the time his cousin Bill made his final film, TUMBLEWEEDS (United Artists—1925). Unlike William S. Hart, who retired altogether from the screen, Neal Hart remained active in pictures—visible for years in bit parts, supporting a newer crop of Western stars.

Neal died on April 2, 1949, just three years after William S. Hart passed on. Few of his films exist today and, as the years pass, even the memories of those who saw them will be lost, and with that loss another small part of our Western heritage will be gone forever.

Little Jo

(Continued from page 39)

sheep ranches in western Idaho. He broke and trained wild range horses for anyone wishing to hire him. Jo took part in a Wild West Show, cattle drives, and helped in the sheep stockyards. He worked hard and could save money. He never drank and never took part in any social life. Jo never visited a doctor or dentist.

In the early 1880s, the cowboy purchased a little place on Succor Creek in Malheur County, Oregon, adjacent to the Emery ranch. This became Jo's home. He stocked the ranch with cattle and horses and fixed up a dugout in the side of a hill for his living quarters. Little Jo loved the little town of Rockville and the twenty-one people who lived there. He took part in civic affairs in Rockville and all Malheur County. He voted in the elections and served on juries.

Little Jo mailed two letters a month—one to Buffalo, New York, and one (with money enclosed) went to an address in California. Jo never explained to anyone who received these letters.

Even after he had this ranch of his own, he still took on any and every small job that came along—wrangling sheep in the corrals at the Rocks during shearing time, and driving herds of bucks from one range to another. Early in the spring of 1897, Jo was helping shear sheep on the Otto Albert ranch near Payette. Otto knew Jo's ability to ride and handle broncos and told him that any cowboy who could manage wild horses like Jo could should be riding in a Wild West Show instead of shearing sheep to fill the gaps between buckarooing on the ranch. This interested the boy very much, and he asked where he might apply for such a job. Otto was well acquainted with a man near Reinbeck, Iowa, who had been with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show at one time and was starting a show of his own. Otto offered to contact this man and arrange for Jo to spend the season with the show. This Otto did, and Jo hired the Malloy Boys to care for his ranch and cattle until he returned in the fall.

WHEN Jo arrived in Reinbeck he was met at the train by a little fellow no larger than himself. This man was dressed in a Buffalo Bill outfit. He stepped up to Jo and introduced himself as Andrew Whaylen. Andy, as he was called by most everyone, was a wealthy man and a great lover of show business. His show was small, but what there was of it was good. The show stock and wagons were kept on the Whaylen farm northeast of Reinbeck. The Chicago Great Western Railroad ran through his farm.

The first performance of the season was to be put on near the Whaylen Farm in a bluegrass pasture along Black Hawk Creek. Andy got posters made which read: "Whaylen's Wild West Show. The Greatest Show on Land or Sea." Twenty-five dollars was offered to anyone who would bring in a horse that Jo Monahan could not ride. The show drew a good crowd and a horse was brought in by Pat Emmet. This animal was a good bucking horse and threw all the local riders, but Jo rode the horse without much trouble.

Then the show started out on the circuit. The outfit had three closed wagons, all painted black with yellow wheels and yellow lettering on each side which read: "Whaylen's Wild West Show. The Greatest Show on Land or Sea." One day Andy read a newspaper article about one Albert Smith with the Vitagraph Film Company who had traveled to the William McKinley home at Canton, Ohio, and had taken a moving picture of him and his home. The article went on to say that the moving picture was the coming thing, and that cameras and projectors would soon be made on a production line. This article interested Andy so much that he wrote Albert Smith and asked if he could come to Whaylen's farm and take a movie of the Wild West Show. Smith wrote back that he was on his way and that this would be the first western movie ever filmed west of the Mississippi.

The show was filmed and Jo Monahan made an excellent bronc ride. Andy later bought a movie projector and was said to be the first person in his part of the country to own one. When the show closed for the winter, Little Jo returned to his ranch at Rockville. Andy changed the name of his show to "Andy's Electric Theater" and showed the first movies presented in the central states. He packed the opera house in almost every town.

Jo increased his cattle herd at the ranch and planned to spend all his time ranching, doing no more odd jobs and no more traveling. Then in late December 1903, Jo started out with his herd for winter pasture on the Boise River. When he reached the Malloy ranch he became ill—too sick to continue. The Malloy boys took the cattle on from there. Mrs. Malloy cared for Jo as best she could but pneumonia set in; and in the first week of the New Year, Jo, while sitting in a chair in the front room, was seized with a severe coughing seizure and died.

Neighbors were notified, and men came to prepare the body for burial and to build a pine box. The men who prepared the body that day learned the secret that Jo Monahan was a woman. Neighbors and friends met in the Malloy home after the services and talked about the surprise and wondered who would be the heirs to Jo's estate. Other questions that came up that day were: Was Jo Monahan really her name? Were there any living relatives?

The neighbors buried Jo in the old community cemetery on the Hat H ranch at Rockville. This grave was the end of the trail for Little Jo Monahan and the end of a masquerade and secret which Jo had held for over twenty-five years.

BILL SCHNABEL, a rancher of the area, recalled that he had mailed letters for Jo to an address in Buffalo, New York. He wrote the Buffalo chief of police in an effort to locate any heirs. It just so happened that a Miss Anna Walters was employed at the time as a police matron in one of Buffalo's precinct stations. Miss Walters stated that it had been nearly forty years since Johanna Monahan had left Buffalo. She had been adopted and raised by Miss Walters' mother, Mrs. Catherine Walters. Jo's own mother had died when she was eight, and she had been left in the custody of a step-father who had treated her cruelly. Jo remained at the Walters' home until she was fourteen years old. One day she suddenly announced that she was going west to make her fortune and took her departure.

Jo wrote often to the Walters but never once mentioned that she was masquerading as a man. She wrote of her life—providing meat for the mining camp, buying the cattle ranch, and raising cattle. She wrote about being with a Wild West Show, and being in the first western movie ever filmed west of the Mississippi.

When Bill Schnabel's letter arrived in Buffalo, the newspaper there ran a picture which Jo had sent to the Walters family. She had had it taken in a railroad station in Waterloo, Iowa while waiting there for a train to return to Rockville after finishing the season with Whaylen's Wild West Show and after taking part in the motion picture. The newspaper headlines read: "Buffalo Woman Poses as a Cowboy in Idaho for Twenty-five Years." This story was picked up by other newspapers, and by late January 1904 the story had appeared in almost every state in the Union.

When the story of the woman masquerading as a man reached Kansas, a group of people said that the woman was "Kansas City Kate," who had been a saloon dancer and had shot two persons. Kate had ridden out of Kansas on a horse, and had never been seen or heard from since. However, the people of the Snake River region could not believe this of Jo and the story was later discredited.

A few months after Jo's death, a letter arrived at the Rockville post office addressed to the postmaster, who was then Mrs. Libby Proud. It came from a young man in California who was seeking the whereabouts of his mother, Josephine Monahan. This young man had been left in California to be cared for by others, and he believed Jo Monahan to be his mother. Somewhere along the trail of Jo's wanderings from a far city back east to California and on to Idaho, Oregon, and Iowa, lay a secret. But little Jo never talked much about her life. There are many, many other versions of her life and background and we may never know which one is true.

All that remains of her lonely little dugout is a slight depression at the foot of a hill near the Joe Fenwick ranch. A few old-timers are left who wrangled with Little Jo, and they love to tell her story. Several years ago a new stone was placed at Jo Monahan's grave.

Was the old saying true—that Sunday would never cross the Mississippi?

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Toughest School in the County

(Continued from page 27)

where up north and had settled on a rented farm. There were some older boys in the family, beyond school age, and their six-year-old brother, Wallace. The older children had taken pride in seeing just how tough they could make their kid brother, a little tow-headed freckle face. Wallace was too sissy a name so they called him Buck. They taught him all the cuss words they ever heard of, how to roll his own cigarettes, and how to chew tobacco and spit the juice through his teeth.

Little Buck was always the center of attraction for us kids during recess or the noon hour. He knew more profanity than a muleskinner and could hit a bulls-eye with tobacco juice at six feet. Smoking was not allowed on the school grounds, so at noon a group of us quite often went over to an abandoned farm just across the road and crawled down into a cave the discouraged homesteader had dug there. Coffee or corn silk made good smoking if we didn't have tobacco. Several of the boys learned to chew tobacco, since Buck's brothers kept him well supplied. Chewing tobacco was not for me.

There were a half-dozen little first-graders in school that year in addition to Buck Riley. When time came for them to recite their lessons Miss Thomas would call them up to her desk on the rostrum. This enabled her to sit in her chair and rest her feet with the youngsters gathered around her. When three months or so had gone by and the little ones had learned something about figures, letters and reading she had them up one day and began explaining the rudiments of fractions. After carefully explaining such differences as a half, a third or a fourth she addressed little Buck and said, "Now, Wallace, which would you rather have? A half an apple or a fourth of an apple?"

Buck promptly replied, "I'd rather have a fourth of an apple."

Miss Thomas patiently went through all her explanation again and said, "Now, Wallace, wouldn't you rather have half an apple?"

Again Buck replied, "Nope. I'd rather have a fourth of an apple."

By this time the rest of us in the room were listening to the argument up front, our ears cocked and our mouths open. The teacher was becoming impatient and embarrassed. Finally she opened a drawer of her desk, took out a big red apple and a knife and cut the apple in two. She laid out one half in front of Wallace, then cut the other half in two and laid a fourth alongside the half. "Now, Wallace, wouldn't you rather have a half of an apple?"

The reply was the same. "Nope, I'd rather have a fourth."

Miss Thomas settled back in her chair and demanded, "Wallace, will you please tell me why you'd rather have a fourth of an apple?"

Little Buck squared his shoulders and shouted right back at her, "Cause I said it first an' by God I'm gonna stick to it!"

Last winter a cousin from Oklahoma was visiting me in my camp on the Colorado River. Clyde has kept posted on all the old-timers. When I had recalled the incident of Miss Thomas and Wallace Riley's apple Clyde said, "Fanny Thomas is still living. She lives in Enid." She will be crowding ninety. If Miss Thomas should by chance read this story I'll wager she still remembers that particular arithmetic lesson.

FARMERS around our part of the country planted wheat on the same land year after year. Of course they always kept a few pigs, occasionally a half-dozen steers to market, and such things as chickens and eggs. But wheat was the money crop. Not many farmers knew anything about crop rotation and diversified planting—they just kept on planting wheat.

In the fall of 1904 Pop and I got ready for the wheat harvest. He would run the binder and I would do the shocking. I was not very big for a harvest hand but was proud of the fact that I could shock as much wheat as any man. My two older brothers had left home by that time, the oldest to settle on his claim down in the Comanche country which he had acquired in the opening of 1901, the other to strike out on his own. So I was the lone helper on the farm.

Pop took the three-horse binder out to one of the fields and cut a few rounds, occasionally stopping to walk through the standing wheat and sample a few heads. After an hour or so he brought the binder in and backed it into the shed. When I inquired if we were not going to cut wheat he replied, "There isn't enough grain in that wheat to feed a chicken. It's nothing but straw."

It was a very discouraging year. The threshing outfit that had come around every fall, powered by the old steam engine, did not show up in our neighborhood. The land had been wheated to death. When the rains came to soften up the soil, our crop was plowed under. Money was scarce. One morning at breakfast that winter Pop dropped a bomb into the midst of the family still at home—my mother, three sisters, and me. He had thought it over for a long time and had decided to quit. In the spring we would have a public sale, get rid of the stock and farm equipment, and rent the farm. Then we would take off in covered wagons and move to Colorado where he and mother had lived during their early married life in the late '70s and the '80s. There was work to be had out there that would beat farming and Colorado's climate was better than the climate of Oklahoma.

"Yeah, it is kinda big, but it comes in mighty handy in a gun fight!"

So it was that April 1905 found us strung out on the road to Colorado—four covered wagons, eight head of horses and mules, and fourteen people, which included kids and grown-ups. Another family that had become discouraged with farming had decided to join up with us on the move. It took us six weeks to make the 800 miles, camping along the road, the boys shooting rabbits and quail to keep the outfit supplied with meat. We had a wonderful time.

Out in Colorado that fall I qualified for the seventh grade in school. This was my first experience with grades. We were simply in the first reader, the second reader, and on up to the eighth reader, which was as far as we could get. The second school term in Colorado found me in the eighth grade. That was a great year for me. When I received my eighth grade certificate my school-days would be over and I could go to work. There was a high school in the town where we were living and quite a few of the boys and girls went on to high school. But not for me. Why should I waste my time studying Latin and all that baloney when I could be working? An eighth grade education was good enough for anyone.

A couple months before the end of the school term that year, when I would receive my eighth grade certificate, I went home one evening and found my mother had news for me. A friend over in town who ran a one-man, one-horse butcher shop had called up that day and asked if Billy could take a few days off from school and run his delivery cart. His delivery boy had quit the job and he needed help. The job paid six dollars a week. I jumped at the chance. In addition to earning money driving the butcher cart I could learn something about the meat business. To heck with the eighth grade certificate.

When I had been on the butcher cart job a couple of weeks I met up with my eighth grade teacher on the street one evening. She wanted to know why I was not in school. I told her I had gone to work. "Billy," she said, "you should finish the term and get your eighth grade certificate. I know how old you are. You are not sixteen yet. According to law you should be going to school. If I reported you to the probation officer he would come and get you."

Miss Britt had me worried for a time. Every day I was expecting the probation officer to show up and make me go back to school. But Miss Britt evidently thought better of it and did not report me. I kept on working. By the end of my first year in the butcher shop my salary had been increased to nine dollars a week and I was learning something about the meat business. How well I remember the prices of meat in those days—liver a nickel a pound, round steak two pounds for a quarter, shoulder steak and pot roasts three pounds for a quarter.

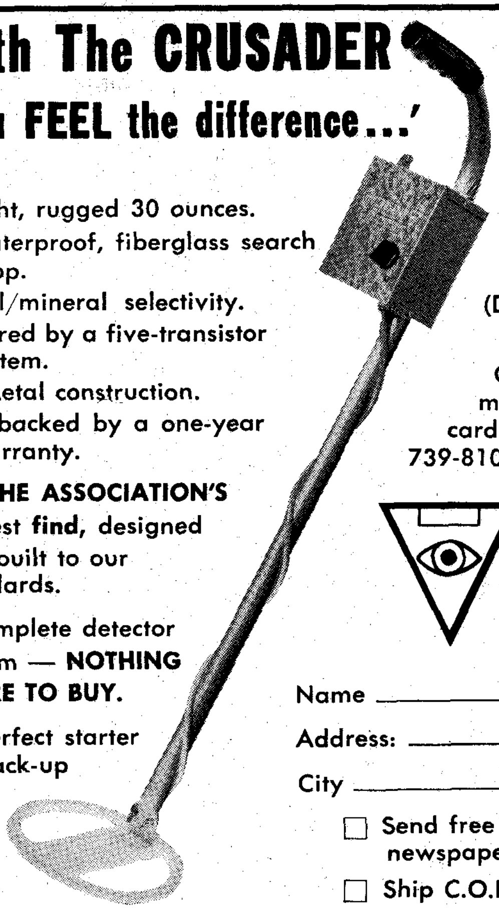
Then during the spring, when I was seventeen, I had a long letter from my cousin, Lester Melendy, in Oklahoma. It changed my outlook on life and caused me to lose interest in the meat business. Lester was a couple years older than I. After going as far as he could in the country school he had taken a three-months course in the Central State Normal at Edmond and had become a schoolteacher. He was finishing his second term as a teacher. The pay for male teachers in Oklahoma had gone up to fifty dollars a month. If I would go to school with him at Edmond for three months I could become a schoolteacher. He was positive I could pass the examinations and thought I should come right away and get in on some of that easy money.

THE FIRST OF JUNE found me on a Santa Fe train headed for Oklahoma and prospects of becoming a fifty-dollar-a-month teacher—real money. Someone now might wonder how in heck a kid could become a schoolteacher when he hadn't gone through the eighth grade, but the truth is that at that time the State of Oklahoma was checkerboarded with one-room country schoolhouses, one on every three-mile corner. Any boy or girl of sixteen or over who had a fair knowledge of the three Rs and could spell hippopotamus, stood a good chance of becoming a teacher. They were very much in demand.

Board and room at the Pickerel boarding house cost twenty dollars a month, with three square meals a day. We had electric lights but no running water. A washstand in our room with basin and large pitcher which we carried upstairs from the well and pump in the back yard made up for the water shortage. Shower baths at the gymnasium on the campus compensated for the lack of a bathroom at the boarding house.

During those three months at Edmond, Lester and I really burned the midnight oil. Lester was going for his first grade certificate that year. My only hope was for a third grade certificate. Under the system a prospective schoolteacher could acquire only a third grade certificate good for one year, regardless of his education. After one year's experience as a teacher, providing he passed the examinations, he would be issued a second grade certificate, good for two years. Then came a first grade certificate, good for three years—and after that a life certificate.

Attendance at the summer short terms in normal schools was made up of two distinct classes of boys and girls, one being those from the country schools who had never seen the inside of a high school, the other being those from towns



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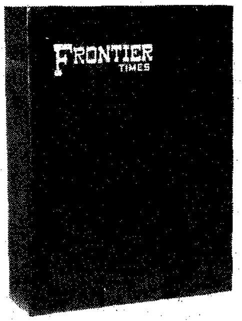

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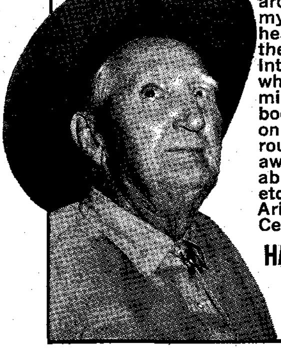

Old Hackberry is still around. I'm rounding up my buffaloes fixing to head west in July for the Gallup (New Mexico) Inter-Tribal Ceremonial which takes place the middle of August. If anybody wants me to put on a one night show en route, write or call right away. Will also be available for rodeos, fairs, etc., in New Mexico and Arizona after the Gallup Ceremonial.

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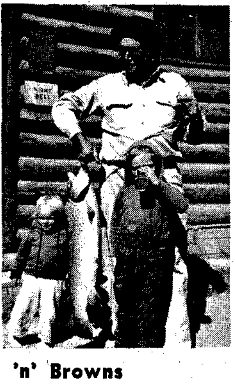

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large enough to support a high school. The high school graduates had a tendency to look down on those that had attended only the country schools. But the country boys and girls had the edge on the high school graduates from the towns. Those from the country, having no access to a high school, had usually spent two or three years in what was termed the eighth reader before reaching age sixteen. Those from the towns had hopped through the eighth grade and into high school. Fortunately the examinations were based on the eighth grade level in which the country boys and girls had been drilled for two or three years. (Someone in the office that year ran a check on the background of those who flunked the examinations and found that ninety per cent of them were high school graduates.)

Central State Normal at Edmond had become a very popular school, and attendance had built up to the point where there was a shortage of classrooms. Professor Oakes' course in Oklahoma history was so popular that he couldn't find a room large enough to accommodate his students. He would assemble his class in the auditorium at six o'clock in the morning and be through with the assignment before other students got out of bed. So those of us enrolled in his course would roll out by 5 o'clock, receive our instruction in Oklahoma history, then return to our boarding houses for breakfast, ready to begin the day's work.

Professor Oakes was a lanky, rawboned man of middle age, and nuts on Oklahoma history. Never a morning passed that he did not have an amusing and entertaining story to tell of events when Oklahoma was a territory. One I remember in particular.

IT SEEMS two young farmers from up Missouri way were camped on the line waiting for the opening gun in '89. I do not remember their names but for the sake of identification will call them Bill and Jim. Bill, with a wife and two little girls, was the garrulous type. Jim, with a wife and two little boys, was quiet and easy going.

After becoming acquainted Bill boasted that when the opening gun was fired he was heading for the Skeleton Creek country where he had been told he would find the best farm land. Once down there he was going to select the best quarter section in the area and no one could run him off, even if he had to use the old six-gun that was strapped to his thigh. His advice to Jim was, "When you settle on a claim stick with it and don't let some *hombre* come along and run you off." Jim also had a gun but he didn't boast about how he might use it and didn't keep it on prominent display.

Bill owned a team of rangy horses and a light spring wagon. He boasted of the speed of his horses and how he was going to out-distance everyone else once the run had begun. Jim owned a covered farm wagon drawn by a span of tall Missouri mules.

When the opening gun was fired, Bill put the whip to his horses. Jim headed his mules in the general direction of what was termed the Skeleton Creek area and was satisfied with keeping up a brisk walk. By mid-day he began to pass all sorts of broken-down buggies and light wagons whose owners had attempted excessive speed over rough ground. They were strung all over the prairie. He had lost sight of Bill and had not seen him since the opening gun had fired.

Before nightfall Jim came onto a quarter-section that looked good to him. After checking the area and making certain no one had preceded him he found the corner markers and drove his stakes, then made camp for the night on the little creek that ran through the claim. When Jim got up next morning and had a fire going under his coffee pot, his attention was attracted to a little column of smoke rising from a small gully a couple of hundred yards away. Buckling on his gun belt he started over to see who had settled on his claim.

Half-way over he met Bill who was coming over to investigate Jim's smoke. With thousands of quarter-sections to choose from, the hand of fate had directed them to the same claim. An argument ensued. Bill swore that no one was on the claim when he came in during the night, having been delayed by a broken axle on his light wagon. Jim insisted that he was the first one there and offered to show Bill the stakes he had driven by the corner markers.

Bill was stubborn. He had boasted to Jim that once he settled on a claim no one could drive him off. It was an embarrassing situation. Finally Bill said, "Jim, you've got a wife and two kids and I've got a wife and two kids. If we fight with guns one of us might leave a widow and some orphans. I'll fight you bare-fisted for this claim."

Jim was agreeable, so they laid aside their guns and went to it. They were well matched as to size and weight. Neither knew anything about scientific boxing. They just stood up and slugged. In a few minutes they were rolling on the ground in a clinch—kicking, slugging, and biting. When both were winded and the fight seemed to be a draw Bill got to his feet, buckled on his gun, and took off for camp.

Jim's wife swabbed his black eyes and bruises and they stuck by their camp. That afternoon Bill paid them a visit. His wife had done a good job patching up his injuries. He was not carrying his gun. Bill shook hands with Jim and said, "Jim, I've decided to move. The man who settled on a quarter-section just west of this one found another he liked better and moved on. I've decided that you will be a damn good neighbor so I want to apologize for fighting you."

I suppose the proper ending of the story would be that Jim's boys grew up and married Bill's daughters and lived happily ever after. But Professor Oakes didn't get that far. He just left them camped on their claims with no improvements and no broken sod.

WITH THE END of August came examination time when these hundreds of aspiring young schoolteachers would write and sweat for three days over their examination papers. It was hot down there in August. Few papers were turned in that were not smeared with drops of perspiration that had dripped off the nose of the student.

A week or so after the examinations, we returned to our old home district up in Kingfisher County, Lester with his first grade certificate, I with a third grade and very proud of it. I was eligible for a schoolteacher's job at fifty dollars a month. I was seventeen years old, weighed 120 pounds, and to age my appearance to the point where I might be accepted, I wore a brown derby hat, the type later made famous by Al Smith.

Back in Kingfisher County, with my folks in Colorado and the farm rented out, I made my home with the Melendy family whose quarter-section joined my father's homestead on the north. Aunt Philura, mother of the family, was my mother's sister.

I was hired by the school board in the first district where I made application, just a few miles from our old home district. My savings from the butcher cart job out in Colorado were by this time about depleted and my pockets were not overloaded with money. So I got a job hauling water with a team and tank wagon to the steam engine that supplied the power for the local threshing outfit, and finished out the summer.

The Sunday before the school term was to begin (the fore part of October), I borrowed a horse and buggy from my Uncle Henry, tied my trunk onto the back end, and moved down to the farm where I had engaged board and room for the six-months term. Board and room on the farm cost ten dollars a month.

The school term was uneventful. We started off with a registration of forty, building up to forty-five during the winter when a few of the older boys had no work on the farm and showed up for a few months' schooling. Some of the older boys and girls were my age or older, but by studying nights all the time I managed to keep one jump ahead of them. At the noon hour when the weather was decent a baseball game was always organized by choosing up sides. The schoolteacher never missed getting into a game. When school was closed for the day I was my own janitor, dusting and sweeping the house each evening, carrying in coal and getting ready for another day. It was a very pleasant winter.

Springtime rolled around on schedule and with it preparations for the last day of school entertainment to which everyone in the district was invited. There would be speeches by the older pupils and recitations and songs by all ages for the entertainment of the proud parents who always showed up en masse.

The climax to our entertainment was to be a drill. The older girls helped me organize it and train the participants. This was a march of fifteen of the younger set, decked out in their Sunday best and carrying American flags, cutting in and out in their circling on the ostrum up front, high stepping to the tune of a march played on the organ by one of the girls.

When our entertainment began on that last Friday evening of the school term, the house was packed. In fact it was overflowing, with twenty or so of the younger men milling around outside, occasionally poking their heads through the open windows to witness what was going on. Oklahoma was a dry state, but Wells Fargo did a good business between Oklahoma towns and Kansas City and St. Louis. A few days prior to our entertainment someone had received a shipment. I guess those on the outside enjoyed the evening more than those on the inside.

When our entertainment was about over and the youngsters on the rostrum were engaged in their grand march, Mr. Sebring, chairman of the school board, worked his way through the crowd and motioned for me to stop the show. I signaled the girl at the organ to cease playing, wondering what it was all about. Mr. Sebring then shouted, "Mr. Harris, you've taught the best school we ever had here. The other members of the board and I have decided we should have another month of school. If you'll stay another month we'll give you sixty dollars."

Stay another month! My trunk was packed, ready to be hauled to Crescent City the next morning where I would catch the train for Colorado. The butcher for whom I had worked had written me that he had sold his butcher shop and had taken over a cattle ranch high in the mountains not far below Cripple Creek. If I would get out there the first of April I could ride on the spring roundup. I stood there a few seconds peering at Mr. Sebring with my mouth open. If I stayed another month I would miss the spring roundup in Colorado. But sixty dollars—*sixty dollars!* I had never heard of a country schoolteacher being paid that kind of money. My mind was in a whirl.

The sixty dollars did the trick, so I nodded okay. Mr. Sebring's announcement that we would have another month of school brought loud cheers from the audience. I signaled the girl at the organ and the grand march continued. That night I went back to the farm where I boarded, and unpacked my trunk.

Monday morning when I rang the bell and the youngsters traipsed in I found that instead of forty I had exactly twelve in attendance. The absent pupils all had the measles. It was a very quiet month, with attendance never exceeding fifteen. As soon as some of those who had had the measles began to filter back, others began coming down with the disease. When Mr. Sebring brought me the warrant for my month's pay he said, "I guess the school board shot sixty dollars of the taxpayers' money and didn't get much out of it. But how in the heck could we know the kids were all going to get sick?"

Spring weather was late that year in Colorado and I made the roundup after all. It was a wonderful two weeks spent in the high Rockies.

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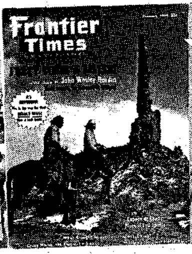
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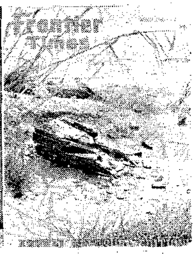
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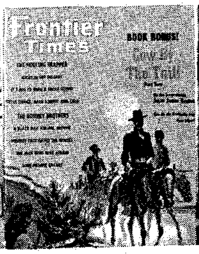
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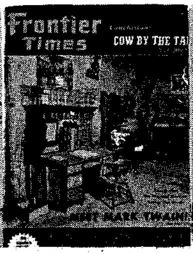
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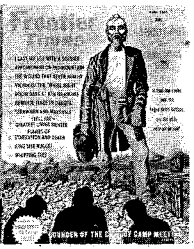
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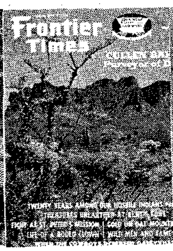
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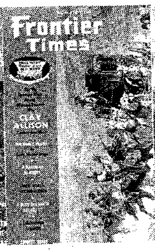
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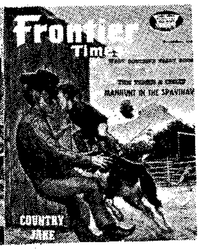
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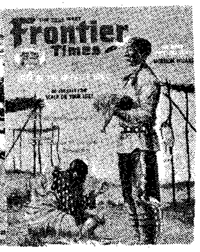
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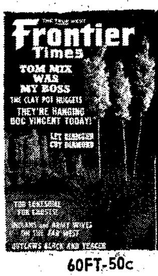
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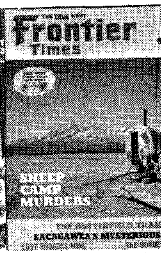
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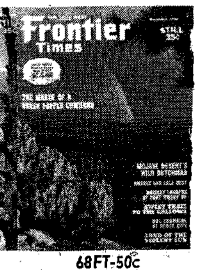
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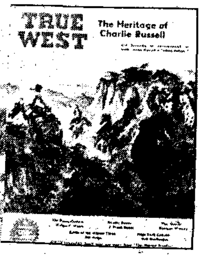
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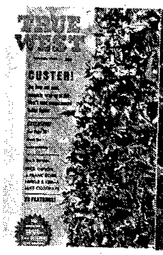
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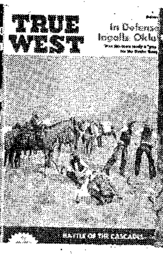
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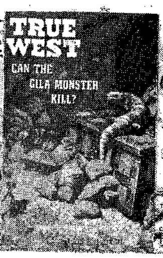
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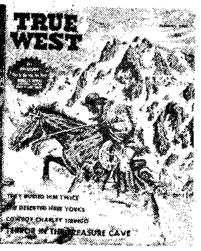
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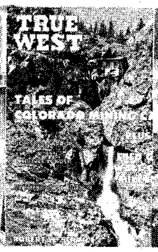
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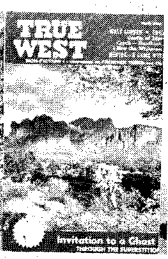
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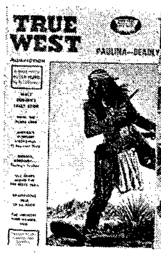
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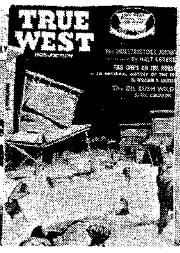

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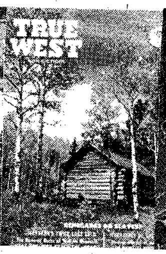

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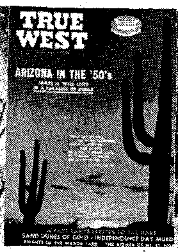
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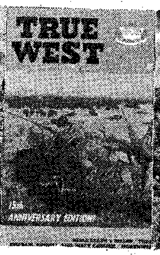
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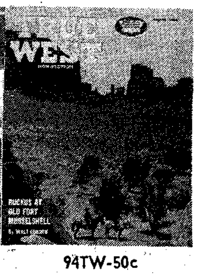

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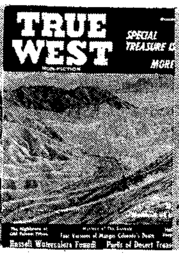
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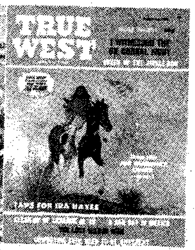

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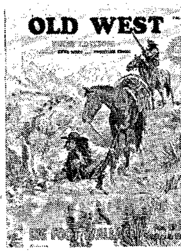
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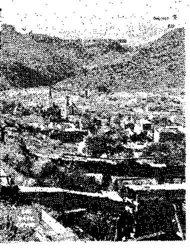
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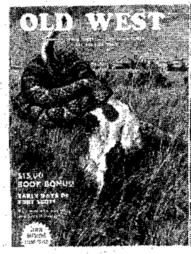
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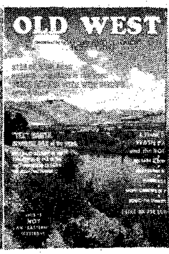
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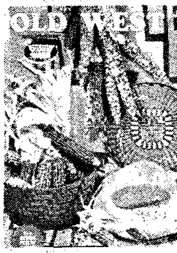
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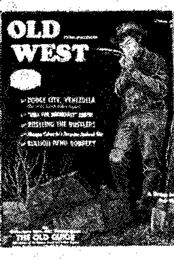
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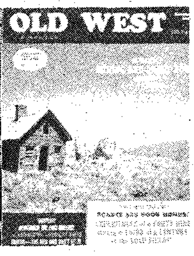
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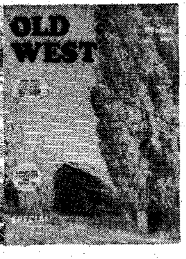
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Over-Kill in Apache Land

(Continued from page 19)

keep the peace, he found the lieutenant and told him he was disavowing the peace between them. He pointed out that the white man had twice broken his word.

When Eskiminzin fled Camp Grant, he stopped to visit an old friend, a rancher named McKenzie who lived near the Indian camp. Eskiminzin had often availed himself of his friend's hospitality. When Eskiminzin started to leave, and McKenzie was about to set off for his fields, the Indian suddenly drove his lance through his friend's heart.

Whether Eskiminzin did this to show his band that no white man was to be trusted anymore, not even a friend, or whether he could not resist a small measure of revenge against the race that had wronged him unmercifully, is a matter of conjecture. Agent Clum put the matter in good perspective when he wrote, "Is it not more wonderful that he stopped at the death of only one of a race with whom he had formerly maintained relations of perpetual war, and who since a truce had been declared. had exercised so much treachery an cruelty toward him and his people?

"The enemies of Eskiminzin emphasize his crime by saying that the man he killed had befriended him. They appear to lose sight of the fact that all this treachery, cruelty and murder toward the Apaches was enacted after the most solemn assurances of friendship and protection had been made to the Indians by commissioned officers of the American government.

"Is it not strange that we can pass lightly over the one hundred and twenty-eight treacherous and cowardly murders instigated by white men, while we carefully treasure the memory of a single killing by an Indian and after a lapse of twenty-three years point to him and say, 'This man murdered his friend,' without even giving him the benefit of the circumstances which instigated the crime."

ESKIMINZIN as a youth was no more compassionate than his fellow tribesmen. He, like most Apache children, soon discovered that the more vicious and ingenious torture he could inflict on a captive creature, the more proud and pleased his parents were. His education consisted of learning the trades of raiding and killing. In the years before his Camp Grant residence and his complete about-face, Eskiminzin was a typical cruel Apache.

H. F. Goodwin, a former Governor o Arizona Territory, related in a pape read before the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society on March 1, 1887, tha Eskiminzin in his early days was indee the terror of Tucson. His reputation fo cruelty rested on something more substantial than simply being the scapegoat for Cochise's depredations. Evidence of Eskiminzin's early life revea that before giving up to the authoriti at old Camp Grant, and making a vo to keep the peace, Eskiminzin had bee no better than the general run of hostile

As an illustration of his viciousnes

Goodwin tells of the attack in September, 1867, on two sutlers of old Camp Grant who were en route to their farm. They were ambushed and killed by Eskiminzin and his warriors. One was found tied to his wagon wheel, head down over a fire, feet completely burned off, his body viciously tortured. Goodwin tells, too, of two killings by Eskiminzin on the San Pedro River near Tres Alamos in the same year. Several men bringing hay to the army post were killed only three miles from Camp Grant. The following year Eskiminzin fell upon an army ambulance containing a major and a number of soldiers and killed almost all of them.

Nelson A. Miles recorded one refined piece of torture characteristic of the Apaches which was also attributed to Eskiminzin. He was said to have buried a captive white man to the neck near a giant ant hill. The captive's mouth and eyes were coated with honey to attract the ants to their gruesome task. The victim survived two days while the ants ate the flesh from his skull.

No, it was not that Eskiminzin was a white blackbird. The peaceful road was not his natural inclination. It was not mercy nor good will nor even on-creeping civilization that propelled Eskiminzin toward the road of peace. It was bedrock intelligence and hard logical thinking. War, he came to realize, meant annihilation.

Now wandering dispiritedly through the sheltering mountains after deserting Camp Grant and killing his friend McKenzie, Eskiminzin's band was soon as miserable, ragged, hungry, cold and sick as when it had surrendered to Camp Grant in the first place.

When rumors reached the chief that the Great White Father in Washington was sending a man to talk to the Indians of the area, Eskiminzin came back to Camp Grant to talk to the commissioner, Vincent Colyer. The commissioner seemed sympathetic to Eskiminzin's request for help and promised to send word to him in the mountains when he might bring in his band again. Time passed slowly as Eskiminzin awaited the word.

NOT LONG AFTER, he picked up information that a wagontrain was to be sent from Fort Lowell to the sutler's store at Camp Bowie on July 12. There was to be, besides the usual camp equipment, seven wagons drawn by ten oxen each. Hope for a little revenge against the whites may have entered into Eskiminzin's plans but mostly it was the supplies on the freight wagons that interested him. Without them his band could not long survive in the mountains.

The wily warrior laid his plans to stage the attack at the crossing of Cienga Wash, some fifty miles southeast of Tucson. Old members of the band and the women and children were hidden in the mountains where they could watch the outcome of the battle and see whether feast would follow the battle or if it would be the familiar flight and famine.

The whites, as they often did, forgot that it was the straggler the Indians attacked. The fast stepping infantry had far out-distanced the plodding oxen. Eskiminzin and forty warriors attacked the last wagon using only lances and bows and arrows so the sound of firing would not alert the infantry, then almost a mile away.

Unseen under the canvas of the last wagon, several goldbricking privates who were supposed to constitute a walking rear guard, opened up at the Indians at close range. The infantry, hearing the firing, were soon upon the scene and the ambush was quickly finished. Eskiminzin, as usual, held the short straw. He had been shot in the left arm.

Several soldiers and teamsters had minor wounds and one soldier had been killed, but almost half of the unlucky chief's warriors had been wiped out. Again, only flight remained to the Arivaipa.

No word came from Colyer to return to Camp Grant. In May 1872, the despairing Eskiminzin learned that a new commissioner, General Oliver O. Howard, had come as a direct emissary from President Grant. Again Eskiminzin trudged back to Camp Grant. This time he was successful.

General Howard had both power and good will. The woeful Arivaipa returned and received food and blankets. Best of all, through the efforts of General Howard, six of the Arivaipa children who had been kidnapped on the day of the massacre were returned to Camp Grant to live with their surviving relatives. The remainder, probably held in slavery in Mexico, were never heard from again. The General further promised the forlorn Indians they would be allotted land for a reservation and a permanent home.

In February 1873, the Arivaipa moved from Camp Grant to the newly established San Carlos Reservation.

A SMALL party of Chiricahuas, overly fortified with home-brewed tulapi, killed two teamsters in an attack on a flour train on January 3, 1874.

Eskiminzin called the chiefs of all San Carlos Apache bands into council. He reminded them of the Arivaipa's experience when they had been massacred for someone else's crime.

He told the chiefs the whites would not bother to establish who the guilty Indians were—all would be made to suffer. Fear-crazed with the memories of their attack at Camp Grant, the Arivaipa hastily forsook the reservation. Again they sought refuge in the mountains. But if the mountains afforded hiding, they provided little else and the Arivaipa were again wretched beyond endurance.

The news of the Chiricahuas' killing two teamsters and of the subsequent flight of most of the Indians from San Carlos, reached Fort Apache. There the authorities gave the order to send troops after all the fleeing Indians and to "take no prisoners."

After leaving San Carlos, the different tribes did commit several killings. On February 3, a party of thirty or forty Apaches under a renegade named Pedro killed two men, two children and a woman among the settlers near Camp Grant. A month later a man was mur-

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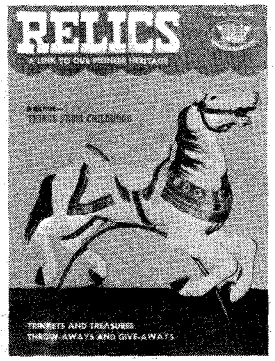

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dered near Florence by the truant Indians. At San Carlos itself a Lieutenant Almy was killed.

It can hardly be imagined what the soldiers' orders to take no prisoners meant to the Apaches. The experience of one fleeing band, the Coyoteros under Cassadora, dramatizes the impossible situation. This group had eluded the pursuing cavalry for fifteen desperate days. The Indians were on foot, their clothing tattered, their stomachs empty. It was not just a party of young healthy warriors; it included the sick, the old, pregnant women, and small children.

ARMY SCOUTS reported the Indians were dead ahead; perhaps tomorrow would wind up this campaign. The soldiers had made camp for the night and were enjoying their evening meal. A solitary squaw approached camp and asked to talk to the officer in command. She asked that the Indians be permitted to surrender. The band was in terrible distress she said. They were completely helpless. The captain refused. He pointed out he had no authority to bring in prisoners; he had been ordered to exterminate them! He directed the squaw to return to her band immediately.

Early the next morning the sentries woke Captain Hamilton. A large group of Indians were approaching camp. All, including the children, had their hands over their heads in a gesture of surrender. Captain Hamilton walked out beyond his picket lines to talk to the Coyotero chief, Cassadora. Clum quoted Cassadora as saying, "We knew we would all be killed very soon and we did not want to suffer any longer, so we have come to your camp to die by the bullets from the rifles of your soldiers. That will end all our troubles and suffering in a very few moments."

The captain was suddenly aghast at what his orders directed him to do. He looked into the small pinched faces of the Indian children. They were still waving their thin arms overhead in a pitiful motion of surrender. They were blue with cold in the early morning chill and shaking with fear. Suddenly he knew he *couldn't* shoot children. Later he made the remark that he had rather lose his army commission than be compelled to slaughter these Indians in cold blood. By February 18 Captain Hamilton had the Coyoteros of Cassadora back in San Carlos. The order to take no prisoners was rescinded.

The Arivaipa who, since the massacre, had lived in mortal fear of the whites, stayed away from the reservation longest. Eskiminzin finally took his abject band back in March 1874, by invitation of a Dr. White who was in charge of the Agency at the time.

The Arivaipa in their flight had committed no crimes. But the unlucky fate that had pursued Eskiminzin so long was still nipping at his heels. The regained peace and safety of San Carlos was not to be for him. A Major Randall at Fort Apache ordered Eskiminzin and six of his sub-chiefs placed in leg irons and sent to "New" Camp Grant (east of the massacre site of old Camp Grant). Here the Arivaipa captives, the prodding tips of the soldier's bayonets always urging them to further industry, made adobe bricks and slept on the ground in their chains. This was Eskiminzin's lot for six months.

Finally the sun did break through the clouded existence of his life for a time. It was when John R. Clum was appointed agent for the Indians at San Carlos. On his way there he stopped at New Camp Grant, met Eskiminzin, and felt great sympathy for the stolid Indian who, in spite of chains and menial prisoner's work, somehow remained a man of dignity.

Clum asked what charges had been lodged against him. He was told that Major Randall at Fort Apache did not like him. Nothing else was charged against him!

Clum brought Eskiminzin a letter from General Howard. Clum recalled how both General Howard and Vincent Colyer had expressed their confidence in Eskiminzin, neither of them attributing either cruelty or treachery to him. Both felt he had permanently turned his back on this facet of his life. Clum arranged his release.

BACK at San Carlos, Eskiminzin had expected to be dropped as chief by the Arivaipa, but they welcomed his return.

The next three years, for a change, were kind to Eskiminzin. Clum was wise, constructive and honest in his dealings with the Indians. For one thing, he had the revolutionary idea that Apaches were human beings capable of responding to kindness and intelligent handling. He realized the Apaches needed a consistent policy by the government, not the vacillating treatment they had been accorded. It was sheer foolishness to maintain a Department of the Interior to champion the Indian and a Department of War to exterminate him!

Clum appointed Apache police for the agency. He set up an Apache court system with Indian judge and jurors, retaining only the role of chief justice for himself.

Clum and Eskiminzin became fast friends. Both realized the concentrated effort the other was making toward understanding and cooperation. As time went on Eskiminzin became a sort of buffer for Clum in his affairs with the other Indians. Consistently and eloquently, Eskiminzin pled with the other tribesmen to follow the peaceful road and abandon raiding and killing. He proved himself both industrious and intelligent. He said he had no further wish to avenge the past. He insisted his "heart was not bad" and that he wanted to forget the past and get on with a successful future with his new family. He was noticeably kind to his new family acquired since the massacre and tried to take good care of them.

Land was allotted to him on the Rio San Carlos. He struggled energetically to clear the brush from his acres; he dug irrigation ditches and tilled his land carefully. Clum lent him farm tools and a team of oxen from the agency.

Then suddenly Eskiminzin's horizon widened beyond anything his untutored mind could have conceived. Clum decided to take a group of Indians with him when he journeyed east for a visit in the summer of 1876. It was time to demonstrate to the country that Apaches were human and capable of becoming civilized. Eskiminzin was one of the group chosen. Wild West shows were to be staged at different places to pay for the trip.

IT WAS a prodigious project, as Clum well realized. "The plan for taking a score or more Apaches on a tour of the East during the latter part of 1876 seems to me a very bold undertaking . . . but the feature that astounds me now is my confident plan to take 'wild Indians' fresh from their remote Arizona mountain trails and within a month transform them into effective actors on the American stage, and yet that plan was actually carried out with fair success, in so far as the merits of our wild west stunts were concerned.

"In making up my party for this trip Eskiminzin was the first Indian invited to go. He was greatly pleased and entered into the project with his usual enthusiasm. Throughout the trip he exerted a most helpful influence in maintaining harmony and good cheer, which was a matter of no mean ability."

One incident of the tour demonstrates how highly Clum, by this time, regarded Eskiminzin. The episode Clum describes happened on the return trip, and is recorded in *Apache Agent: The Story of John P. Clum* by Woolworth Clum, Houghton Mifflin Publishing Co., 1936.

"As we were passing through Ohio, a grim-visaged railroad conductor entered the coach in which the Indians were traveling. I chanced to be in the coach at the time, and was conversing with two or three other passengers near the door through which the conductor entered. He glanced savagely at the Indians and exclaimed, 'The damned redskins, I'd like to have their scalps hanging to my belt,'

'Have these Indians harmed you or your family or your friends?'

"'No,' he snapped back, 'They have not, but they are a bunch of bloodthirsty savages . . . the damned red devils,' etc. ad nauseam. After he emitted a little more similar rough stuff, I pointed to Eskiminzin and mentioned some of the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of the white race; the cruel massacre of his family and friends; his imprisonment at hard labor in chains. Then I added:

"'That man is an Indian, an Apache, you call him a bloodthirsty savage and yet Eskiminzin says he has no desire for revenge; that he wants to forget his past wrongs and live a good useful life. That's the kind of savage he is, and yet he has always lived in the Arizona mountains, while you have enjoyed the advantages of a Christian civilization. What do you mean by bloodthirsty? What kind of a savage are you?'"

After his return to San Carlos, Clum set out to visit the different Indian amps on the reservation. In January 1877, he invited Eskiminzin and a half dozen other Apache friends at San Carlos to accompany him to the Chiricahua camp.

On the trip east, Tah-zay, son of the dead Chochise, had died in Washington. Nah-Chee, also a son of Cochise, in a bad humor asked Clum why his brother had died. He had been young, strong and healthy when he left on the trip, Nah-Chee pointed out, and unless someone with influence over evil spirits had arranged his death, Tah-zay should have returned, too.

"It was a serious moment," Clum wrote. "These Indians entertained dire superstitions. They feared evil spirits that could cause sickness and death. Their medicine men were employed chiefly to drive away these unseen spirits and they might kill, without fear of penalty, anyone suspected of being in league with such unwelcome visitors from another world.

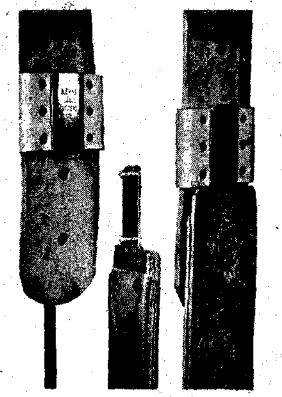
"Nah-Chee had me at a great disadvantage. His audience was in full sympathy with him—both in his bereavement and in his uncanny superstitions. Furthermore, he had about him a goodly company of stalwart warriors ready and willing to do his bidding, while I was alone with my half-dozen Apache friends from San Carlos.

"There was a brief period of ominous silence during which I was making a frantic mental search for some reply that would appease, if not satisfy, the dangerous mood of Nah-chee. But that reply was never uttered. All necessity for a defense on my part vanished in an instant. The crisis had developed a genuine diplomat in the person of my staunch and capable friend—Eskiminzin.

"Abruptly he began speaking, and in a very grave and quiet manner he related the details of the illness and death of Tah-zay. Eskiminzin's natural inclination to stutter lent an added impressiveness to his address. He told of the wise and serious paleface medicinemen, and the neatly clad nurses who had attended and watched over the sick Indian; of our anxiety because of his illness, and of our great sorrow when he died; of the manner in which the body was prepared for burial, and of the coffin of polished wood with its plate and handles of bright silver. When he described the funeral he became eloquent as he spoke of the great men who came as a tribute of respect to the dead Apache. General Howard, who made the treaty of peace with Cochise—the father of the dead man—was there, and so was the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who represented the Great White Father at Washington.

"There were other great men present whose names he did not know, but he would always remember the very good man (Dr. J. E. Rankin, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Washington, D.C.) who talked about the 'Great Spirit' and read about Him from a book, and told us that He was the God of the Apache as well as of the white man.

"Then he described the wonderful 'glass wagon' in which the coffin was placed, and the many grand 'coach-wagons' with glass windows and little doors



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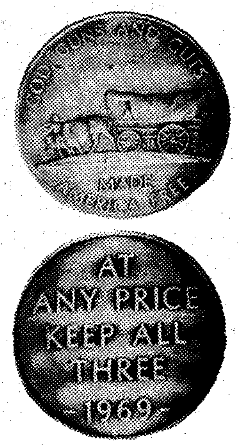

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and soft cushions—all drawn by beautiful black horses—and rode to a beautiful place on the bank of a river (the Congressional Cemetery on the east branch of the Potomac) where there were many trees, and all about were hundreds of stones of different shapes with writing on them and there was a great fence all around the place.

"And now, a grave had been prepared for Tah-zay in this beautiful place, and there we buried him—and we were all very sad—but we had done everything that was right and good for Tah-zay while he was sick and after he died.

"The magical effect of this tragic recital was at once apparent. In a few words I corroborated the facts as related by my friend. Nah-Chee's countenance was still serious, but when he spoke his voice was calm. He said he believed we had spoken the truth; that our words had sounded pleasant in his ears, and that they had softened the pain in his heart. Soon after this the conference was concluded, and Nah-Chee never again referred to the subject of his brother's death."

IN 1877 Clum resigned as Indian agent for the San Carlos Indians. Before his departure he had a long talk with Eskiminzin who said, "This is a sad day for me and all the Apaches. We have had a good time since you have been with us. No one knows what will happen when you are gone. Many bad things happened to us before you came, and we had much trouble and sorrow. When some of these things happened I was blamed. You know all about these things. If there should be trouble again I will be blamed. I have not made trouble and do not want to make trouble for anyone. I want to live at peace and make my own living and raise things for my family to eat. I can do this and I will do it. I will leave the reservation, then no one can blame me for what happens here. I will make a home for myself and my family and we will live like the other ranchers do—like the American ranchers and the Mexican ranchers live. Then I will be happy and contented and no one will blame me for what others do."

Clum realized this independent stand took great courage on Eskiminzin's part. He realized too it made good sense. Doubtless Eskiminzin, with his luck, would be blamed for any wrong deeds done on the reservation.

In the summer of 1877 Clum moved to Tucson, and Eskiminzin to a piece of land sixty miles north of Tucson. The next two years were busy ones for Eskiminzin; he made his farm on the San Pedro a going concern. He did, however, manage to visit Clum occasionally in Tucson. The merchants there extended him, the former terror of Tucson, considerable financial credit. In 1880 Clum moved to Tombstone and the distance precluded further visits.

By 1888 Eskiminzin had his land cleared of stumps and brush. He had dug irrigation ditches, built adobe buildings on his farm, he had fenced his fields, there were teams of horses and a herd of cows on his farm. His family was well dressed and well fed. They and the several other Indian families who had joined Eskiminzin looked like Mexican-Americans. Even a little fun had come into the Indian's life; there was dancing and feasting to enjoy. Remembering what his life had been, Eskiminzin could hardly believe good luck could last so long.

It had about run its course, too. Avaricious whites had decided his farm looked too good for a "bad Indian." A Tucson mob set out to drive him off his land, and appropriate his property. Clum quotes Eskiminzin on this incident which occured on his San Pedro farm: "I took up a ranch on the San Pedro, cleared the brush and took out water in a ditch which I made. I plowed the land and made a fence around it like the Mexicans. When I started I had 3 horses and 25 head of cattle. I was on the San Pedro 10 years; then I had 17 horses, 38 cattle, a large yellow wagon for which I paid $150, four sets of harness, for which I paid $40 and another wagon which cost $90 but which I had given to some relatives. I also had many tools.

"For about three years I drew rations from the agent; after that I did not draw any more till I was sent to the agency by Lieutenant Watson. . . . I bought all my family's clothing and supplies with the money I made. About four years ago (1888) Lieutenant Watson came to my ranch and gave me a paper from Captain Pierce, the agent, and told me I had better go to San Carlos Reservation; that citizens would kill me if I did not; that there were about 150 citizens coming with pistols. They came the next day after I left my ranch and they shot at my women, putting bullets through their skirts, and drove them off."

ALL ESKIMINZIN'S progress and industry were lost, but the San Carlos officials realized he was not at fault and sent Lieutenant Watson to survey a new piece of land for him on the reservation. Again Eskiminzin took up the backbreak task of clearing land, digging irrigation ditches and starting again from scratch. He wasted neither time nor energy whimpering over his atrocious luck.

But misfortune made another trip to the door of the old chief. One of Eskiminzin's daughters was the wife of the Apache Kid, the most notorious renegade in the territory. Rumors, possibly instigated by someone jealous of Eskiminzin's achievements, circulated the story that the Kid often visited his father-in-law's house to secure supplies and to gain information about troop movements. Swift and sudden as a flash flood, Eskiminzin was arrested and tossed into the guardhouse.

Clum describes this, the last injustice to overtake his friend, ". . . without trial, without giving the accused the benefit of a single witness—the old Indian is taken from the reservation guardhouse at midnight and sent away into exile—as a military precaution. He is again 'disliked' by some in authority and it is once more alleged that he is a bad Indian."

Even during this last injustice, Eskiminzin sought to lead a constructive life. He did not give in to his grief and homesickness but took to gardening for the Apaches who were at the military prison, Mt. Vernon Barracks, Alabama.

One day in 1894 John P. Clum found him industriously building a compost heap with the aid of two squaws. Eskiminzin was overcome with joy to see Clum. He flung the pitchfork he was using away and embraced his old friend fondly. Clum asked him why he was again a prisoner. With his characteristic stutter, aggravated by emotion, he replied, "Cle-el-chew en-chy, Nee bu-kin-see. (Great lies, you know.)"

Clum pled with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington to release the much wronged old Indian. On May 31, 1894 he wrote to Daniel M. Browning, Commissioner of Indian Affairs: "It is alleged he is a treacherous, cruel, bad Indian. I have sought for proof of these charges, but find that the unfortunate Indian has been condemned, sentenced and exiled, not only without trial, but without the filing of specific charges. The order exiling him from Arizona was a 'military precaution'—it certainly could not be regarded as a military necessity. There are those who believe in Eskiminzin as fully as I do, among whom are some officers of the army. General Howard, who knew this Indian before I did, still has confidence in him; Captain Wortherspoon, who has charge of him during his confinement at Mount Vernon Barracks has only good words to speak for him."

The sight of his good friend, Clum, buoyed up Eskiminzin's spirits and he finally made a plea in his own behalf. He said, "Since I put down a stone with General Howard many years ago [twenty-two] and promised I would never do anything wrong [as long as the stone should last] I have not broken my promise. I ask to be sent back with my family to San Carlos, and given the land surveyed by Lieutenant Watson, that it may be given me forever. And I will never ask for rations, or anything else for myself or my family from the government. I want to work like a white man and support my family. I can do it and I will always be a good man."

CLUM wrote about his old friend's going home, "Eskiminzin's last wish was realized, his wish to return to San Carlos where he might spend his last days amid the mountains and mesas and valleys that were his before the paleface came, and that his last breath might be drawn from the fresh air of his Arizona homeland. This happy realization must have flowed like a grateful balm to many cruel memories soothing his chastened soul and making him—on the rim of the Great Divide—still capable of forgiving those who had wronged him."

On May 31, 1894, Eskiminzin was returned to Arizona secretly so its citizens could not protest his return. Clur regretted not being able to bid him goodbye. He wrote, "It would have been an inspiration to . . . grasp his hand in fina farewell, and hear him say once more 'She-gee, She-Kizzen!' [My friend, my brother!]."

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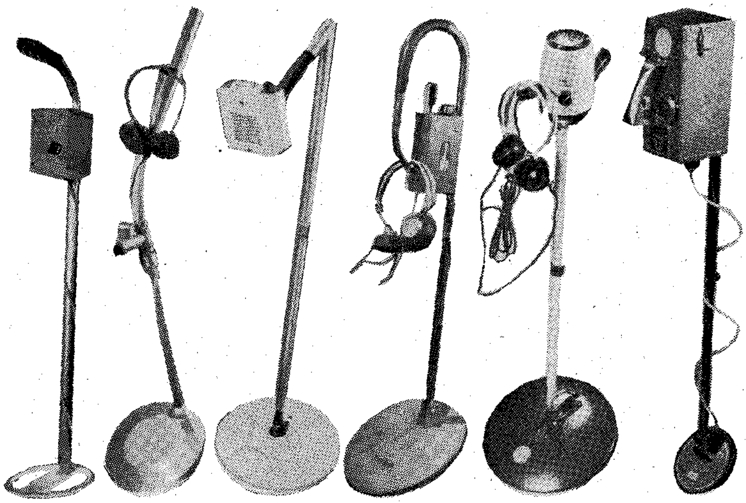

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ured to hard luck, did not long survive the happiness of returning home. He died within a few weeks. The ugly flapping buzzards Lieutenant Whitman had watched on the long ago morning in March 1871, when the Arivaipa first arrived at Camp Grant had, as he feared, been prophetic. But it had been the Indians, not the soldiers, who had had reason to regret the association. Incredible suffering and hardship had been their lot and none had suffered more than their chief, Eskiminzin.

"My God, My Hero, My Ideal"

(Continued from page 33)

Sanctuary to Memory.

For long years Juanita kept the place as her father had, a rendezvous for artists, poets and singers. As John Noble expressed it, you weren't really part of Oakland society unless you were asked to participate in one of the colorful pageants Juanita organized to honor her father. Even Joseph Knowland was a conscientious participant. But the jug with which her father solidified his hospitality reposed in a museum.

CINCINNATUS HINER MILLER, whose most popular pseudonym was Joaquin though he had others: Agricola, and Professor Bones—was born in 1837, and came West to Oregon by covered wagon. In an article published in the Sacramento *Daily Union* of 1873 there is the story that young Miller ran away from school to live with a Modoc maiden in her native village. In Miller's "songs" he tells of his Indian bride. "Not so lonely now. I love a forest maiden. She is mine." Credence to the story is given by the fact that the poet brought a half-Indian girl named Cali Shasta to California to civilize. The encyclopedia tells us that he lived with his Indian wife two years.

Leaving the Modocs, Cincinnatus was drawn to the newly opened gold fields of Idaho. Wallula in Washington Territory was the end of the boat travel for the inland settlements. Fort Walla Walla and the wild and woolly town that grew up around the army post was the point of departure for the mines. Gold towns boomed, burned, and died. In describing one of these settlements an old-timer said, "I have seen Main Street so crowded with men and mules I could hardly make my way along it. Ten thousand men, talking, laughing, singing and fighting, crazy with gold or the desire for it."

Nothing ever indicated that Miller was crazy for gold but he did love the atmosphere of gold towns amid high mountains. Stories are told of his fearless dependability through Indian country and grueling blizzards as he carried the mail.

"I remember," Juanita told me, "having heard, concerning the period of Father's life when he rode Pony Express, that he answered a cable from Ike Mossman of Walla Walla for a good rider who was not afraid of Indians, to take out mail and at times supplies to the Salmon River district, and after a change of horses to carry gold back to Walla Walla." This position Miller accepted, even to forming a partnership with Mossman, setting up a school and law office. Of the last two ventures we have but small record.

"While he was resting and waiting for the change of horses [on his Express runs] my Father read a newspaper that had poems he admired greatly," Juanita said. Miller wrote to the poetess and they became ardent correspondents with a mutual interest in verse. He became filled with a great desire to meet the girl whose letters and poems filled his dreams. And so one day he mounted his horse and, in his words, rode hundreds of miles through the valleys and over the mountains 'till I came to the sea, and there I first saw Minnie Myrtle."

He arrived on a Thursday; on Sunday the two were married—beginning a tumultuous life. Minnie Myrtle was later to slander her husband; to appear the neglected and abused wife. Reading of the "tall, dark, and clever" lady's talents, one cannot visualize her in the role of the abused. The Oregon poetess was no clinging-vine type but could "leap her horse over fallen logs with whip and lasso, slashing after cattle." In describing Minnie, Miller wrote: "She never, even in her hour of death, knew what fear was."

AFTER A SHORT time in the writing world of San Francisco, where neither fame nor fortune awaited the two poets, they gathered a band of cattle, some friends and their family and fought their way through Indian country to Canyon City in eastern Oregon, a newly booming gold town. There Joaquin was elected the first judge of Grant County; he practiced law, planted trees, wrote poetry and drank whiskey. As Herman Oliver expressed it: "He was drunk or he was sober but he was drunk with life."

Many, many years later the Poet of the Sierras visited his old stamping ground and wrote a vehement attack on the disreputable state of the road from the city of Burns to Canyon City, seventy-five miles in length. So vociferous was the aging poet's bombast that the city got busy and built a good wide road into the once fabulous town and called it Joaquin Miller Highway—probably the greatest tribute America ever paid her peripatetic poet. It is now a segment of the Three Flags Highway which extends from Canada to Mexico.

Minnie Myrtle, writing as prolifically as her husband and more successfully, did not like Canyon City. "How the wind sweeps down the narrow canyon, how madly it besieges our little home," Minnie wrote. "Sitting here tonight listening to the storm I feel like doing a little wailing myself." Tired of it all she finally left the mining town and went back to the sea. The eulogy Joaquin wrote many years later to his ex-wife was kind, complimentary, and without self-praise.

Abe Grunlose

"Now THIS is a great spirit!"

He admitted that she was at most times a better writer than he, and that in Canyon City he was trying to administer law without learning, and to write a book [*Songs of the Sierras*] without knowing how to spell. After his wife left him he sold the home, "the new orchard we planted together and lane of roses," but he remained on in the busy town hoping to be elected to the state court. Minnie Myrtle's suit for divorce destroyed his dreams, and the disappointed lawyer-poet left Canyon City. A year later he sailed for Europe. By this time he had acquired the colorful pseudonym of Joaquin and faint recognition as a poet.

Now truly Joaquin Miller began to "ride in the clouds." In America he ha met with an indifferent public; in Europ he was immediately popular—a fresh breeze from the New World, and his fame spread rapidly. The great of London wined and dined the rugged writer who is said to have worn bearskin clothes in the presence of royalty, and to have reclined on the floor singing "Indian songs, my mother taught me." He has even been accused of nibbling royal ankles.

The poet had tea with Queen Victoria, gave advice to the King, was honored by Rossetti, and was the darling of the ladies. He fascinated Lily Langtry, paramour of Edward VII, and forty years later she came to visit him at the Heights.

Joaquin Miller was sought after and praised beyond his wildest dreams. He traveled with Browning; was admired by such as Burnes Jones, Maddox Brown and Lord Houghton. He wrote frantically to keep up with the demand and was re warded in money as well as praise. Fo a brief time he was engaged to Thoma Hardy's daughter. Joaquin paved the wa for the social acceptance of other Ameri can writers such as Bret Harte who wa jealous of him, and Mark Twain wh was his friend. The English called Joaqui "The Byron of Oregon."

WHEN HE sensed the over-enthusias cooling slightly, the poet returned t the States. He defended Walt Whitma and Oscar Wilde, visited with Tedd Roosevelt and Jack London, and spoke o the stage with Gertrude Atherton an Robert Ingersoll. However, better the may have been, no other writer ever mad such a big splash in such a big pond as di Joaquin. M. M. Marberry called hi "The Splendeid Poseur." Critics said th he had "the instincts of Barnum, t imagination of Munchausen, and t verbal aplomb of W. C. Fields." Ye Miller belittled no man however mu he himself was belittled. Something his philosophy of life is reflected in the words which Juanita gave me permissi to use:

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow soldier down into the
dust;
God pity us all; time eftsoon will tumble
All of us together like leaves in a gust
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

Though as Herman Oliver put it, "Joaquin sang of the wild freedom, wild winds, and wild and hopeless ambitions," he is best remembered today for his poem *Columbus*, a thoroughly convincing work.

Joaquin married a second time—again unhappily—an aristocratic, wealthy lady who became Juanita's mother. They were not divorced but as they seemed to have little in common Joaquin returned to his beloved West. He bought acres of land, and as he wrote to his daughter:

Here madrona, manzanita,
Here the snarling chaparral
House and hang on steeps, Juanita
Where the gaunt wolf loved to dwell.
Rugged? Rugged as Parnassus,
Rough as all the roads I've trod,
Yet the step and stone-strewn passes
Are smooth o'er head and close to God.

On his craggy wilderness, The Heights, Joaquin planted thousands and thousands of trees—later many were to be destroyed by fire—and built his unique temples. He made considerable money from his play *The Danites in the Sierras* but though he helped lift to fame such writers as Walt Whitman, Oscar Wilde, Mark Twain and Bret Harte, his own work ran the gamut from praise to disgust.

He did not give up his wandering but went to Alaska to report the gold rush and to China to cover the Boxer Rebellion. When he became ill his wife and laughter finally came to care for him. After his death in 1913, Juanita stayed n at The Heights to dedicate her life o keeping alive the memory of her ather, the man she had come to admire o greatly, the Rider in the Clouds. Juania died in April 1970.

Last Rails Across North America

(Continued from page 22)

ut the coffee had a very peculiar flavor.

"What is this, tea or coffee?" I asked e boys. They said it was supposed to coffee, so we gulped it down. But hen we drained the pot we found about half-inch of cute little round rabbit oppings on the bottom of the pot. We obably had scooped them up with the ow. Providentially, we all survived. In ct, there was very little sickness in oneer days. Perhaps it was because we ere young and had plenty of exercise, alking five to twenty or more miles per y, and had nothing much to worry out.

Emerson Bill had a camp ten miles st of us. His cook mushed over to our mp one cold winter night and came unding on our cabin door. We had been ying bridge, and it was about bede. When we opened the door, the halfzen Chinese fellow practically fell o our warm cabin. It semed that the 's over there had been teasing him and he had drawn a butcher knife on them and then ran out to get away from them. We took him in and thawed his feet and fingers with snow. Then when he was able to travel, I drew the job of taking him to Fort Fraser where there was supposed to be some kind of a hospital. It was a ten-hour ride over the drifts of snow.

In the summertime we would come home tired and sweaty from our work and covered with bites from those little stinging black flies and mosquitoes. There was no better place to swim than just in front of our cabins in the cool water of the Endako River. After supper, we would throw horseshoes. In the winter we tried to keep the snow cleared off a place on the river for skating. I soon found that in hockey I was no match for those Canadian boys. We even sent home for our tennis rackets, but used them mostly for swatting mosquitoes. In June and July flying insects were so bad we had to wear mosquito nets over our heads by day and over our beds at night. About twice a year we would chink up the cracks between the logs of our cabin with moss and clay, not only to keep the insects and packrats out, but to make it warmer in the winter and cooler in the summer.

Our food was for the most part brought in on wide-tired wagons, or by sleigh in winter. We would hang our meat high in the trees above the flies. Our food consisted of salted meats, flour for baking, and some canned vegetables. We would trade chunks of ham to the Indians in exchange for fresh fish. We always started the day with a bowl of hot porridge and coffee.

One day our Chinese cook left without notice and I volunteered to do the cooking until another could be sent in. I produced some marvelous concoctions from the massive cookbooks that were provided for each camp, but I never did figure out just how much was a pinch of salt. I either put in too much or too little. One day I thought dried codfish sounded good; but I failed to soak out the salt. You should have heard the howl from the boys when they came in hungry and tired and couldn't eat the main dish I had provided for them. We were all glad when a regular cook arrived, even though he couldn't speak a word of English.

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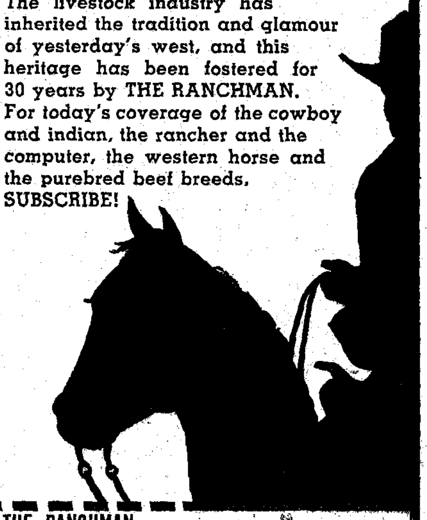
HOW WELL I remember that important day some fifty-five years ago. It was in May 1914. Most of the deep snow drifts had melted. I was there as usual with my camera. A trainload of officials had arrived from the East and another trainload from the West. Many pioneer homesteaders had gath-



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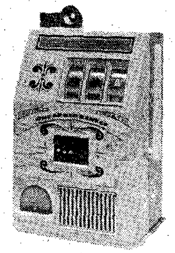

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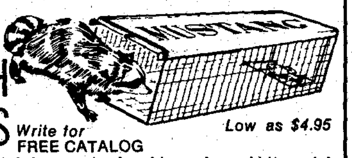

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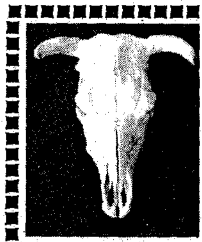

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ered with new businessmen to see the great event that was expected to start a boom which would make them all wealthy. Gamblers were there to reluctantly witness the final heartbeat of their ventures of corruption. The native Indians were there to exclaim at the wonders of the white man and to see the "much big iron horse" come tearing through the country. It was for them the beginning of the railroad age, when they could visit other tribes up and down the line for a few dimes or dollars.

It was the great day Canada had been waiting for; the day of the completion of the Grand Trunk Railway. Several generations had watched this railway creep quietly across the continent, since about 1850, and we were ready to celebrate its completion.

One final event was to be a grand race between the track laying machine coming from the East and the track layer coming from the West. A tall pole was planted where they were expected to meet. Each track laying machine was stopped a half mile from this pole. Great sums of money were bet on which would get there first. The most skilled and powerful track spikers in Canada were employed. They could drive a tie spike with two or three blows and never miss. The two massive track laying machines were oiled and ready for the race. Each was pushed by a puffing locomotive at about two miles per hour. There were flat cars behind each locomotive carrying a supply of ties and rails. The ties came forward on a conveyor along the right side of the track layer and the steel rails were swung into place on the left side. Men known as tie breakers were carrying the ties and dropping them for proper spacing. There was silence as everyone waited for the race—then at the sound of a rifle shot they were off.

I am sorry I do not know which side won. But as I remember it, the winning side had the privilege of driving the last spike—the so-called "golden spike." However, there were other contests to bet on, such as the breaking of the last rails to fit the final space. It was done by these brawny tie spikers. They would cut a couple of notches in the rails with their heavy sledge hammers, then drop one rail on another and it would break in two. The next job was to drill holes for the tie plates, and they would go together like tinker toys.

Thus was completed my work at Residency 43, and it was not long after, in the spring of 1914, when the division engineer transferred me to the bridge department at Lorn Creek down on the the Skeena River, closer to the Pacific Ocean. So again I packed my belongings on my back and mushed. This time it was much easier as most of the rail was already laid and I could ride the work trains that bumped slowly along over the skeleton tracks. Before regular passenger service was established we traveled in empty boxcars, or if we were lucky we would ride in the open flat cars which were returning to the coast to bring more bridge members and steel rail for the construction up front.

I was not the only person bumming a ride on that train. I was sharing quarters with returning gamblers, prospectors and a scattering of tough looking women, some of whom had been plying their trade up near the construction camps. Women were scarce up in that country; there were probably fifty men to every woman.

In spite of certain hardships I really enjoyed the trip to my new assignment. The little station to be known as Lorn Creek should have been called "lone" creek for there was nothing there but the bridge engineer's camp. I was given blueprints of the three bridges that I would be responsible for, and a speeder or hand car to pump my way between bridges. The bridges were to be built over Hardscrabble Creek and Sand Creek. I forget the name of the third creek. Oh yes, and they gave me a young man or two to help stake out the bridge piers and to inspect the pouring of concrete.

We put up our tent on a hill in the woods within easy walking distance of the bridge contractors' camp where we ate our meals. And what wonderful meals! The policy seemed to be to feed us plenty of pies and cakes and w would not eat so much expensive beef.

This bridge construction work w really a promotion for me. Previously had been classed as a draftsman or ar instrument man. But on this job I was resident engineer and I was proud to have the full responsibility. However, it was not easy. The foremen were antagonistic and were not inclined to be supervised by a boy. The situation in general is described in the following letter to my mother.

"Dear Mother: Well how are you this morning? It is ten o'clock here on a Sunday morning. I expect you are hurrying with breakfast to get to church on time. I wish I were there to hitch th horse and shake hands with the goo people at the church. These people ar a 'ray of hope to me.' I wish I were hom now.

"We almost had a locomotive in th Cofferdam last week. I warned the cor tractor about it, but he did nothing Then when the train came through, th temporary piling sank nine inches. Thi Hardscrabble Creek near our camp come down in torrents. All night you can hea the rumbling of rocks rolling down th stream.

"I haven't seen a sign of human li since I have been here, except of cour the men I work with and the train th comes through twice a week. But on clea days we can see black bear down on th Skeena River knocking fish out of th river with their paws and eating the The sun shines down with tremendo heat during the day and it almost freez at night, and we can see snow almo overhead in every direction.

Your loving son—Harr

Then on October 10, 1914 I wrote:

"Dear Mother: I have been very bu finishing my work. There are long ports to send in. But I hope to see y soon. I have a pass that takes me ho through Winnipeg. I will probably be Eau Claire a week after you get t letter. I rode the train down to Pri

Rupert to get my checks cashed and saw much drilling of soldiers. Canada is already in this terrible war. Tons of coal stored for our railroad is being dumped into the sea so the Germans can't get it.

"I want to come home as soon as my work here is finished, before trains are unsafe to ride.

Your loving son, Harry"

Those two years were a long time in my life, but my part in building the big railroad in Canada has earned a warm place among my memories of bygone days.

A Hundred Miles of Lonely River

(Continued from page 23)

occasion the superintendent asked if he might ride one of my horses.

Since it would take two days to make the trip, I started early. I had already decided where I would camp that night, and I didn't expect to see anyone in the entire hundred miles. Well, I did see someone but he was not sociable. There s a big island in the river called Cow sland; and I planned to camp there here Chief Joseph and his Nez Perces ad crossed the Missouri when they were eing pursued by General Howard.

I once had a friend who was supposed o have crossed the river here, but he never appeared on the opposite side. We rganized a search party and spent quite a bit of time searching for him. We never found his horse or his saddle. But we did find his boots lying on the bank n the north side of the river. And that vas the last that we ever heard of our riend Johnny.

Since there was a lot of undergrowth ear the river, I was traveling up on he higher ground. I was growing weary nd decided to rest under one of the ack-pines. Getting off my horse, I sat own and leaned back against the trunk f the tree. As I reached for my Bull urham to roll a smoke, I heard a sound s if water were dripping into the pine eedles near my leg. Without even look-g up, I suspected what it was.

I tiptoed over to my horse and had few words with him. "Grayback, I ink you and I are intruding here and ad better move out." Mounting my rse, I moved a few steps and then oked up. Sure enough, I had stopped der a burial tree. Many Indians buried eir dead in this manner. The body had en placed on a sort of platform in the ee, and a long braid of his hair had pped down between the poles. I believe e body must have been there several ys.

I shall not try to describe my emotions but my stomach was sort of uneasy, d I felt the need of a cup of coffee. pointed my horse toward Cow Island. wasn't far, and I was soon there. The er was clear and cold, so the horses d I had a good drink, and I soon had ter heating over the campfire. The fee helped but I couldn't eat much pper.

made my camp at the lower end of island, which is the largest on the er. And I thought of an incident which had occurred there. A man crossed the river to the north side and got a job on a ranch. And since he was a good, capable man who minded his own business he was liked by the other men. Then one day two strangers crossed the river and asked one of the ranch hands about a man who answered the description of the new employe. They were given no information; instead, their presence was revealed to the new man who said, "They are bounty hunters." Then he told the cowhand he was going back to Cow Island and asked the cowhand to inform the strangers of his destination. No one knows the whole story, but the bounty hunters were found dead near the spot where I camped. Each had a .45 slug in his body. The new hand was never seen again in that vicinity.

I HAD very little bedding but slept well. Next morning I rose early and found my horses nearby. Of course, I had picketed one, as I had no desire to find myself afoot in this lonely area. I made coffee, opened a can, got a sourdough biscuit, and called it breakfast.

By this time the sun was shining and the birds were singing. Much as I hated to leave the place, I had to move on. Reaching camp that afternoon, I prepared myself a good meal and I had a much better bed that night.

There were five men in this camp and they had their work well organized and everything under control. I stayed with them almost a week, then headed up the river toward the home ranch. Again I stayed overnight at the island, and again I hated to leave. The river widened below the island, but was smooth, with no rough water.

It was another pleasant day when I started on to headquarters. As I neared the Indian's burial tree, I wondered if anyone said a few words for him before they laid his body up on those poles. I decided to say a few myself and this is what I came up with: "Sorry, old boy, for intruding upon your privacy when I was here before. I did not intend to do it; it just happened. I have been taught that each of us has a soul that leaves us and goes on a long journey. I hope your journey was a pleasant one and you find good hunting at the end."

The rest of my trip was pleasant. The boys had the cows and calves out on the range, and some of us would be stationed in line camps. Mine was at Baker Springs. It was a beautiful place and I had a good log cabin where I could take it easy until the beef roundup started in the fall, when we would round up 5,000 head of four-year-old steers to ship to Chicago.

During the roundup we ate breakfast at 4 a.m., then started the day's work, and each man put in two hours of guard duty every night. But not a man complained; we all liked our jobs.

Perhaps my ride is of interest to no one else, but I have lived this experience over in my mind many times in the years since it all occurred. And I have tried to write it just as it was. My age? Yes, I have seen many moons, eighty-one to be exact.

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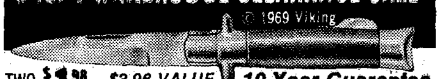

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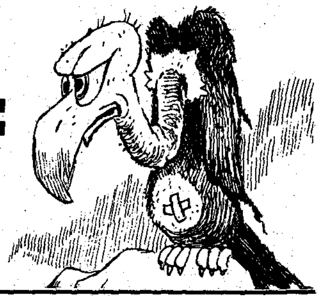

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

TEXAS LIT

Only a few old friends of this reviewer are listed by Imogene Bentley Dickey in her fine survey *Early Literary Magazines of Texas* (Steck-Vaughn, $5.95). This is not particularly surprising since most of these literary magazines were short-lived and copies are extremely rare. Dr. Dickey, of the English faculty at North Texas State University, found that over 300 periodicals were published in Texas between 1858 and 1929 and, of these, just forty could be classed as literary—containing essays, poems and stories for the home. *The Texian Monthly Magazine* was the first—published in Galveston in 1858—and only two issues (Volume 1, Nos. 1 and 3) are known to have survived. Were there more? And who can supply that missing issue, No. 2 of Volume 1, to the Texas Collection at the University of Texas Library? Perhaps there were only three issues—several of the others are known in but a single issue. *Holland's* on the other hand was published monthly for over forty-eight years —August 1905 through December 1953 and in its heyday had a circulation of more than half a million copies—the arrival of *Holland's* was always an event when this reviewer was growing up. *Grinstead's Graphic, Frontier Times* and *Southwest Review* were later friends. Dr. Dickey has performed a real service in opening up a new field for research in Texas literature—this is a contribution of distinction.

GENTLEMANLY BANDIT

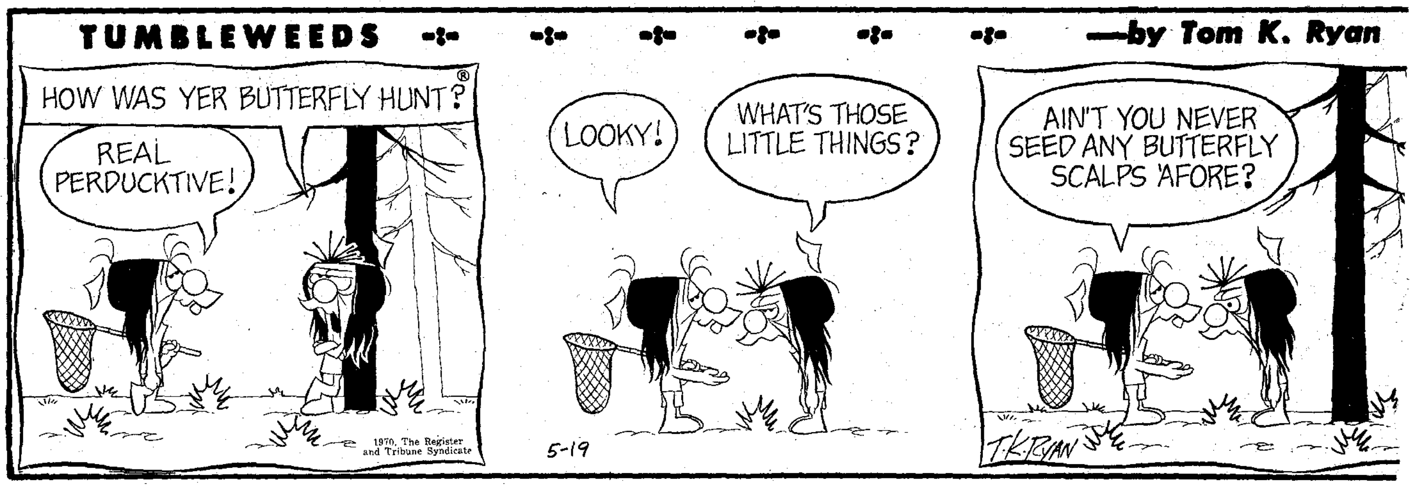
More comic than tragic are tales in *The Great Yosemite Hold Ups* (Saga-West Publishing Co., $1.25), another of William B. Secrest's collection of booklets on Western happenings. It was over sixty years ago during the early tourist boom to Yosemite National Park with visitors numbering over 10,000 a year that bandits reaped a cash harvest from stage passengers. Robbing two stages at once was accomplished, as well as the feat of photographing a robbery in progress, courtesy of the bandit, of course. The stage trip was tough, and while bandits were expensive, their brazen methods often entertained and even reassured frightened passengers. As one passenger later reported to the newspaper, "The bandit was a thorough gentleman. I can't imagine a man being more considerate of the people he was robbing." In due time, the road agents faded into the past. Secrest secured most of the information for this entertaining item from Foley's *Yosemite Tourist* and *The Fresno Morning Republican.*

ARMY OUTPOST

Fort Supply Indian Territory—Frontier Outpost on the Plains (University of Oklahoma Press, $7.95) by Robert C. Carriker should excite the curiosity of those interested in Indian-U.S. military warfare as well as pioneering by whites in the Great Plains. In 1866, General Philip H. Sheridan ordered the establishment of Fort Supply on an operational base for the U.S. Army in its campaign to protect white traders and settlers against the Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes and Arapahoes. It cost the U.S. Government forty million dollars and countless lives to contain these Indian tribes following the 1864 Sand Creek Massacre. Fort Supply, situated along oak mottes on the sandy plain south of the North Canadian River, was strategically located for military action against the Indians. In a war of extermination, Sheridan adopted a canny brand of winter campaigning against the Indians concentrated in comfortable winter quarters along wooded river valleys. Normally summer fighters and winter resters, the Indians were outfoxed as their winter-poor ponies were no match for well-armed cavalrymen on grain fed horses. The author covers the various Indian-white peace treaties and there is considerable on cattle drives, trails and pioneer ranching. Fort Supply long ago was abandoned as a military unit and was converted into a mental hospital.

CIMARRON COUNTRY

Nevermore Cimarron Nevermore (Western Heritage Press, $3.50) is the bloodsoaked history of this little known New Mexico town. The book can be bought from the author Tom Hilton, at the St. James Hotel, Cimarron, New Mexico 87714. Bloody sacrifices were a part of sacred rituals of the local Penitentes who predated the more sophisticated killers such as Clay Allison and many others in the 1870s. Some of the victims were wiped out by hired assassins; some we shot or knifed in heat of passion; shooting Mexicans and Negroes becam form of sport. Lucien Maxwell, pionee cattle king, ruled an empire that included 1,715,750 acres obtained partly from his marriage to Luz Beaubien and partly through a crooked deal in Washington. Some of the ranch was later owned by oil man, Waite Phillips, who gave 127,000 acres of Sangre de Christo Mountain's east front to the Boy Scouts of America, now known as Philmont Scout Ranch. The register of the St James Hotel holds the names of a procession of famous good and bad names including Lew Wallace, Frederic Remington, Zane Grey, Clay Allison, Elfego Baca, John Chisum, Billy the Kid, Governor Otero, Phil Sheridan, Jesse James Bob Ford, and a host of others. Fifteen homicides were committed in and nea the old hotel in the 1870s. Over the ba hung this prophetic sign: "Gents Wi Please Leave Their Six Guns Behin The Bar While In Town. This will lesse The Customary Collections For Funerals."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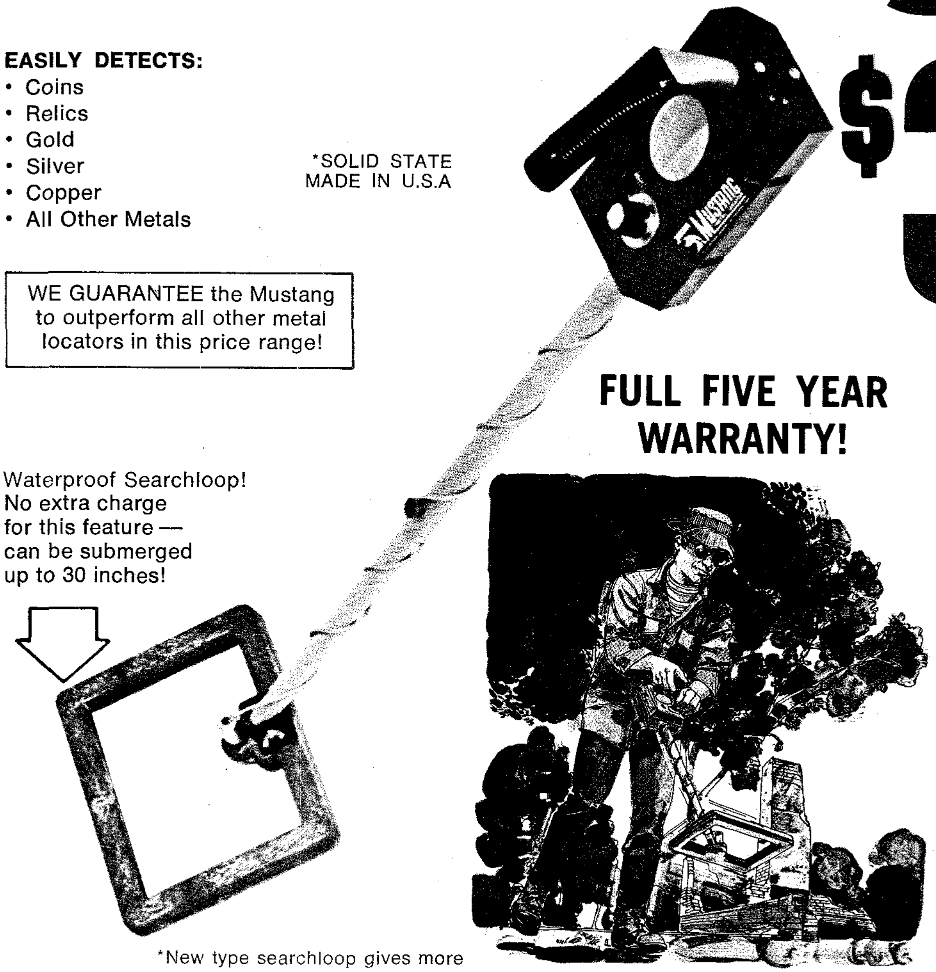

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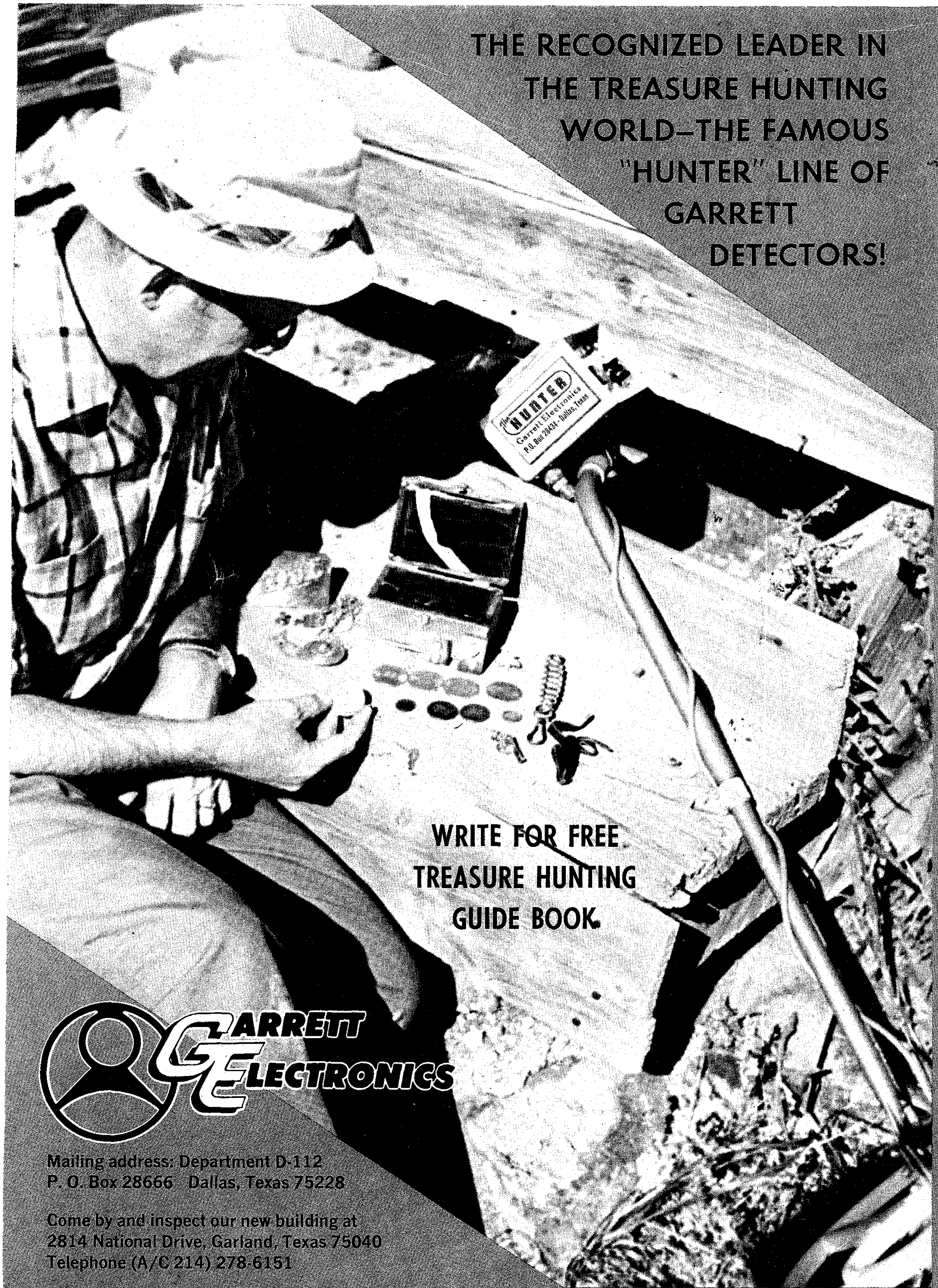
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